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LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

" I left the burying-place of the Prophet Ezechiel to go to that of the nephew of Mohammed. A wide deſert intervenes between the two ſanctuaries, and few were the thanks I gave the pious ſouls who in the burning ſands that lie between them, have built fifty houſes of prayer and not one place of reſt." *Anaſtaſius.*

[Alcock, Rutherford, Sir, 1809-1897

LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

ESSAYS; MORAL, SOCIAL, AND PSYCHOLOGICAL.

LONDON:
BELL AND DALDY, FLEET STREET.
1857.

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INTRODUCTORY.

GENTLE reader, have you ever experienced, among the minor evils of life, the hard neceſſity of introducing yourſelf to another—or ſtill worſe, to a whole company of ſtrangers; who the previous moment were either unconſcious of your exiſtence, or utterly indifferent to the fact? It may be equally a matter of indifference who *they* are, or what may be their impreſſion of you, or ſo at leaſt you will have internally repeated to yourſelf,—without feeling at all more reconciled to your momentary poſition. In ſimple truth, what others think of us and of our efforts, is never a matter of perfect indifference under any circumſtances: and wiſely it is ſo ordered, to the end that no intenſity of ſelfiſhneſs or ſuperfluity of conceit, ſhall enable us to look upon all the reſt of mankind as beings with whom we have no neceſſary connection—no common intereſts or bonds of ſympathy. On

this occaſion, more eſpecially, I cannot, if I would, delude myſelf into the belief that the reception you may accord me as a ſtranger is altogether immaterial. I am too conſcious that the hope of finding ſome few diſpoſed to receive me as a friend, and hear with kindly intereſt the things I had it much at heart to ſay, has alone over-ridden the moſt unequivocal reluctance to come forward, or claim a hearing as an author.

The writer of ſome admirable eſſays* has obſerved, in reference to the exerciſe of benevolence, that one of the impediments ariſes "from the little faith many perſons have in their individual exertions doing aught towards a remedy for the great diſorders of the world." And this, ſo true of charity in any large or comprehenſive ſenſe, is equally applicable to the heſitancies and miſgivings which beſet our efforts in any other direction; when we meditate a firſt ſtep, in which the intereſts or well-being of others are concerned. More eſpecially perhaps does it apply to authorſhip. The firſt doubt to be encountered has reference to the originality and value of that which an author ſeeks to communicate—of its value to others; and the ſecond, as to the form in which it may

* "Eſſays written in the Intervals of Buſineſs."

beſt find acceptance. Not unfrequently the laſt preſents more ſerious difficulties than the firſt. Earneſtneſs of conviction is a great perſuader always, but the adaptation of ſubject to the temper and ſpirit of the times; or to thoſe at leaſt who are more immediately addreſſed, is ſtill more eſſential. If orator or writer could command the voice of angels, he would ſpeak in vain to thoſe who could ſee no ſufficient reaſon for beſtowing their time and attention upon him. In the common affairs of life, how often it happens that we are in danger of failure, from the tendency in thoſe we moſt deſire to ſerve, to attribute ſome perſonal or leſs worthy motive than that which really moves us to the effort. So in literature—vanity of authorſhip—the deſire for fame, the need of money, or the mingling of all theſe in various proportions, are the motives moſt readily attributed to writers. The form in which theſe fugitive Eſſays have been caſt,—a little book diveſted of all pretenſion,—without a name to which either blame or praiſe can be attached, is the beſt guarantee perhaps that could be offered that none of theſe have had any influence. They have in truth but one ultimate aim, whatever may be the eſtimate of their value or the inducements to write—namely, to win the regard,—and in ſo far as they may recommend themſelves to the heart and judgment,

and be in accord with each reader's own experience of life, or its wants;—a cordial acceptance, for ſolace and companionſhip.

A leſs ſerious, and a more popular or attractive form perhaps might have been given to theſe ſtray chapters, if the problems of which they treat had been moulded into a work of fiction: but a more connected narrative would have been leſs in harmony with that broken fragmentary character which life itſelf takes, in relation to all its graver leſſons, and the reflections which theſe ſuggeſt. Convictions of ſlow growth, intermingled with many doubts and fears, make up the Paſt; and give a character of their own to the preſent as well as the Future. That theſe experiences of a life, on which age has already written indelible lines,—a life ſpent in many varied ſcenes—in circumſtances often of a thought-compelling character; touching, as they do, ſome of the great problems of our deſtiny,—may in like earneſt ſpirit find reſponſe, and meet a want where friends to ſupply it are few, is the beſt hope of the writer.

In the burning ſands that lie between the two ſanctuaries, many erect coſtly houſes of prayer,—as Moorſa, the Armenian, feelingly complained,—but few devote their efforts to build a place of reſt or ſafety for the weary and heart-ſtricken. Such a way-ſide refuge, to help

the heavy laden on their way, it has been my hope and aim to build up, in ſeveral of theſe Eſſays. We all have ſome work to do—and a taſk to fulfil,—and this ſeemed to be mine for the hour, while reſting myſelf for a breathing ſpace from the toil and turmoil of the onward journey. So many deſcend to the grave, and never ſeem to find the opportunity of delivering any meſſage of peace or love;—ſo many gifted ſpirits even, paſs to the final bourne leaving thoughts of worldly wiſdom and higher import all unſpoken, and mankind the poorer for it; that none may wiſely heſitate to bring forth their mite and caſt it into the temple treaſury; neither diſtruſting the feeling which prompts them in faith to give freely of ſuch as they have,—nor troubling themſelves with doubt or vain regrets, becauſe it is ſo ſmall.

Many miſgivings, it is true, are apt to intrude before the mind is made up. Our love of eaſe and diffidence are equally ready to ſuggeſt objections preſented in the moſt plauſible manner. "Why ſhould I write? Who is ever benefitted by the beſt moral eſſay; or anything from advice to a ſermon,—which has for its oſtenſible aim to inſtruct or warn? What change of heart or temper, ever came from without? That is a proceſs which works from the centre to the circumference—and all a writer's efforts are di-

rected to the inversion of this, the only natural and effective order. External things, you say, have their influence—but how often we see that the most influential are those essentially fortuitous in character—picked up on the roadside at our 'own sweet will,' or encountered by chance on our path—not things labelled and sent direct to our address; and because without compulsion, and at our own selection, they are taken into our heart and there assimilated until they mingle with our blood, an influencing element." To answer these doubts we have to remember instances in our own life, or that of others, where a conversation, or a single remark—one stray sentence, in a book it may be—has made an impression upon us unconsciously, and being received into our hearts, there to germinate and bring forth, years after, certain fruit—good or evil! How often has it happened that the whole of a man's career or character has been powerfully and permanently influenced by one such seemingly fortuitous trifle. Lord Eldon used to relate, that the rule of action which most frequently recurred to him, (and if it did not materially influence him through a long life of forensic duties, all his judgments were, at least, a striking exemplification of the principle inculcated,) he derived from the motto painted on a stage coach, conveying him as a youth from

Newcaſtle to London—" *Sat cito ſi ſat bene :*" —If well enough, then quickly enough done. Cato little dreamed ſome twenty centuries ago that this ſaying of his would live to influence a future Lord Chancellor of a Britiſh Empire—more vaſt than even Rome ever ſwayed! There is encouragement in ſuch thoughts. Hundreds may never read the book which you think in your vanity, Mr. Author, would do them good ſervice, if they did but know it—yet perhaps ſome one reader, (whom you never contemplated when you wrote as even likely to ſee it,) may chance to open it—find a good thought, or a fertile principle—and then the labour has borne its fruit, though not another may ever turn its pages; not indeed in the publiſher's ſenſe—but in a larger and a Chriſtian ſenſe.

Who indeed has not felt at times the neceſſity of ſome cogent argument as regards the influence of his, or her, individual exertions upon others, to ſhow that the humbleſt may not be unavailing. All improvement in governments, as well as in mechanics, it has been well obſerved, begin with individuals. But more than this, all great advances in art, ſcience, or literature—in the progreſs of civilization, and the elevation of man in the ſocial ſcale—take their origin from the conceptions and the labours of ſingle intellects—the generators of fruit-bearing

principles, which either ſown in ſome retired ſpot, or flung about broad-caſt from the hand of the ſower into the common field of human labour;—produce ſome ſixty, ſome a hundred-fold, and in ever-enlarging circles. Geology furniſhes another ſeries of illuſtrations. "Limeſtone," one writer remarks, "has been chiefly elaborated by the organs of animals, many of them of microſcopic littleneſs. Yet lofty ranges of mountain, and immenſe depoſits in the intervening valleys, have been the reſult. Nearly one ſeventh part of the cruſt of the globe, it has been ſaid, is thus conſtituted of the works or remains of animals; and yet limeſtone, gypſum, rock-ſalt, and ſeveral other mineral products of the earth, are almoſt indiſpenſable to man in a civilized ſtate." Whole cluſters and archipelagoes of iſlands, reſt upon coral reefs, the work of minute ſubmarine labourers who never ſee the glorious creations built upon them by the fructifying hand of nature, theſe again only preparatory to man's occupation, for *his* development and increaſe.

Armed with ſuch reflections as theſe, againſt all the paralyſing influences of diſtruſt and miſgiving, theſe few Eſſays then are offered to the public, in the leaſt pretending form I could think of—not, I muſt confeſs, however, without an appearance of challenging compariſon, which I

would gladly have avoided, with a whole claſs of works ſomewhat ſimilar, as to both matter and form, publiſhed within the laſt few years, and now eſtabliſhed favourites with the reading world. "Friends in Council"—"Companions of my ſolitude"—"Eſſays written in the Intervals of Buſineſs"—"Notes on life"—"Evening thoughts"—and "Pſychological Inquiries"—all admirable and truly valuable works—of ſmall dimenſion, but large merits; and the peruſal of which has been a ſource of unwearying pleaſure to me, as to many others. If the preſent volume therefore, ſhould ſuffer by a compariſon with theſe; I ſhall have had the pleaſure of teſtifying thus publicly to the authors all the ſatisfaction and benefit I have derived from their labours; and of placing myſelf in the rank of their admirers;—while I repudiate any intention of rivalry, by following in their footſteps.

Of the ſcope and intention of ſeveral of the more ſerious of theſe Eſſays, a few words may be added. I have ſaid they embody much of the experiences of a life—I might have ſaid of two lives. Long years of cloſe communion with one—

> "Whoſe ſummer nature felt a need to bleſs,
> And a like longing to be bleſt again"—

not only opened a new field of obſervation, but gave me other eyes to ſee it with—ſo true is it

that we only see what we bring knowledge to discern, or a heart to feel and appreciate;—and are surrounded by a mental and a moral, as well as an external atmosphere. Too late came the regret that nothing of all that intuitive and perceptive power of the true and the beautiful, both in the moral and natural world, had been turned to profit for others, beyond the circle of daily life. One who ever saw the real spring from the ideal—the ideal remodelling the world; and in Art and the Theoretic faculty, powers to sustain a life of higher and nobler ends than may be attained without it, had so much to impart. One who could read in all who came within her sphere the capacities for good; and see that it was rather in capabilities and efforts than in performances, that humanity is to be judged; who, while those around saw only the imperfect, could pierce through the outer husk and intuitively divine what was pure at heart and undeveloped, had many rare gifts. Not only to see, but feel, and act upon the faith—that good

> "Lurks in the heart of evil evermore,
> Evil its errand hath as well as good"—

is a still more difficult task. So moulded and endowed by nature and yet to leave no other or more permanent traces of the spirit before it left this scene, than could be graven on the

hearts of thoſe who loved her beſt, is a thought full of ſadneſs. Years have paſſed away and ſtill the deſire has ever been preſent to repair, however imperfectly the loſs, and reduce to ſome intelligible ſhape, thoughts and ideas which often had been the ſubject of converſation. In ſhady wood or beneath the ſtarlit canopy of another clime; when the thoughts of the leaſt ſerious are prone to dwell on ſome of the great myſteries of life and immortality—and ſeek a ſolution for the ever-recurring problems of our preſent exiſtence, with that blending of the paſt and the future which for the hour ſeems to blot out the preſent altogether,—the ſubject of many of theſe Eſſays paſſed under review. Conſidering how the deep truths of religion and morals, in their bearing upon the buſineſs of the world and the great queſtions of ſocial and political economy, might beſt be brought into action, and a higher and leſs excluſively ſecular point of view promoted than that which too often or excluſively prevails for man's beſt intereſts, even here on earth,—hours fled ſwiftly away.

Something in this direction has been attempted in the little volume now offered, very imperfectly no doubt; and rather in the hope of ſtringing together the ſtray pearls of another, than by any ſetting of my own to add much to their value. My part was to ſupply the ground-

work and the tapeſtry of coarſer ſtuff, on which to work in, the artiſt's pattern and the brighter colours, preſerved only in my memory; or ſcattered in fragments around an abandoned home. A tablet by the road-ſide, raiſed by a loving and unknown hand—to one equally unknown, —on which ſhould be written neither name nor date; but as a worthier record, the poet's thought—

" —— love lives on and has a power to bleſs,
When they who loved are hidden in the grave."

The end will ſometimes conſecrate the labour —and this has in every ſenſe been a labour of love, both as regards the dead, and the living to whom the Eſſays are addreſſed. If they could have been rendered more worthy of both, labour ſhould not have been ſpared: yet ſuch as they are, it is hoped they may not be wholly without their uſe. Nature's all-bountiful hand throws many ſeeds upon the waters, and only a few are deſtined to take root and become foreſt trees, or flowers of ſome ocean iſland to fill the air with fragrance. But nature's law does not for this ſhow either ſtint or change in the untiring and glad profuſion. The waſte hurteth no one, and perhaps may ſubſerve other and uſeful ends;—while the few that more happily take root carry bleſſings in their boſom for the preſent and the future.

As to the ſubject-matter of the following chapters, there will be much which might be deemed open to Johnſon's criticiſm applied to Gray's Ode on "Eton College"—that the "proſpect" ſuggeſted nothing to Gray which every beholder did not equally think and feel. But I ſhould be content to reſt on the defence made for him, as equally and eſpecially applicable to ſuch a work as this: namely, that "familiar ideas muſt form the ſtaple of all that aims at univerſality of feeling, or acceptance. The things which ſtir mankind moſt deeply, are of univerſal experience." On theſe ſubjects it is no doubt very difficult to keep above worn-out common-places, or the reiteration of truths already familiar to many readers. The only originality in many caſes which can be aimed at with advantage, is rather in the mode in which the ideas are expreſſed, in the ſelection of the topics or leading points dwelt upon, and the language, by which ſomething of freſhneſs may be given even to old realities. On the other hand, whoever treats of great moral or ſocial queſtions, on which the leading writers of every age have had much to ſay, can ſcarcely avoid plagiariſm; and the unconſcious adoption of thoughts, at times even of the language in which ſimilar ideas have been expreſſed. I can only ſay, that whenever I have been enabled to trace in m mind to other writers, either the

ideas or the forms of expreſſion uſed, I have been careful to note the fact—by giving the name of the original author, when in my power. If I have failed therefore in any inſtance, it has only been by inadvertence, and I ſhall truly regret it. As regards the writers of the eſſays already cited, as alſo Dr. Arnold and Archbiſhop Whateley—Ruſkin, and Iſaac Taylor more eſpecially, among the writers of the day;—long familiarity with their works, the reſult of ſincere admiration can hardly fail perhaps to have left traces in anything I could write on kindred ſubjects.

LIFE'S PROGRESS AND INFLUENCES.

" When in green woods with idle ſteps we ſtray,
And flowery ſtreamers bar our onward way,
With ruthleſs hands the clinging wreaths we tear,
And toſs their fragile bloſſoms in the air,
Purſue our path, nor mark that 'neath our feet
We've cruſh'd the daiſy and the violet ſweet.—
So through the world our heedleſs courſe we wend,
Nor pauſe to think how often we offend
The meek companion or the loving friend;
What chords we jar, what tender ties we rend,
Light words in careleſs mood abroad we fling,
But *where* they light, or *what* the grief they bring,
Or how ſtrange chance may tip them with a ſting,
We put aſide an unconſidered thing;—
Still onward preſs, our glances as we go
Fling upward, ſideward,—ſeldom down below;—
Yet there lie many a ſnare we might avoid,
Beauties unſeen, and bleſſings unenjoyed.
The world is rich,—ſo rich in ſimple, ſweet,
Unheeded charms, they lie beneath our feet,
The while we ſtretch our arms abroad, for rare
Sun-painted viſions, and graſp empty air."—*Anon.*

LIFE'S PROGRESS AND INFLUENCES.

THACKERAY ſays of one of his moſt life-like characters,—"Fate and circumſtances had angered that originally friendly and gentle diſpoſition; hate and ſuſpicion had maſtered him, and if it cannot be ſaid that his new life had changed him, at leaſt it had brought out faults for which there had hitherto been no occaſion, and qualities latent before. Do we know ourſelves, or what good or evil circumſtance may bring from us? Thrice fortunate he to whom circumſtances are made eaſy; whom Fate viſits with gentle trial, and kindly heaven keeps out of temptation."

The queſtion which this paſſage ſuggeſts forms one of the problems of life;—the influence of external circumſtances upon the character and deſtiny of man: and perhaps one of the hardeſt to ſolve in a perfectly ſatisfactory

manner. The noveliſt ſeems diſpoſed to regard theſe influences as all-powerful. Emerſon takes a very different view; and in his endeavour to throw ſome light on the part we act in forming our own hiſtory, not only rates theſe influences very low, but is inclined to diſregard them altogether, and aſſert the total independence of the ſpirit of man of external conditions, and the entire ſpontaneity of all good, and evil too. In one of his ſomewhat paradoxical Eſſays on Man he ſays, "that it is all a miſtake to repreſent life as a perpetual ſtruggle, and that man is the better who ſtrives with temptation—for there is no merit in the matter—either God is there or He is not there; if He is, man's nature is impulſive towards good, if not it is evil. Though people repreſent virtue as a ſtruggle, the leſs a man knows or thinks about his virtues the better he is, and the better we like him, and we are not warranted in ſaying of him whoſe free ſpontaneous act is good and graceful, "Crump is a better man with his grunting reſiſtance to all his native devils."

Virtue and vice alike are here conſidered as having much of ſpontaneity in them, and the former as independent alike of efforts—ſtruggles or victory over adverſe circumſtances, nay more than this, the author would have us believe that either man or woman may be more

deſerving of admiration and love, who ſhall never have been called upon to ſtruggle at all, than Luther in his ſoreſt trials, or Huſs at the ſtake; a concluſion which ſtands oppoſed to the teſtimony borne by the inward conſciouſneſs of every human being, as to what really conſtitutes virtue in man. It is not his capacity for good, nor a conſcious deſire to do right, free even from any bias of perſonal or intereſted motives; but right thoughts and feelings precipitated into ſome ſubſtantial form,—projected from the unſeen regions of thought into a viſible world, and reduced to practice; deſpite of every difficulty that can be interpoſed, whether by the outward world of circumſtances, or by ſiniſter influences developed from within. The capacity for good muſt be there—the loving thought—the high conception;—but all theſe may exiſt, and yet be neutralized or rendered worthleſs as regards the development and future deſtiny of man, if there be not added the power to will and make them palpable, living realities, embodied in deeds, and triumphing over every obſtacle.

We cannot even know as regards ourſelves, and how much leſs as regards others, that power has any exiſtence until we ſee it in active operation;—in ſuch action as ſhall teſt its ſtrength and prove its various qualities, draw out every

latent capacity and ſearch each hidden ſource of weakneſs too, giving fulleſt play to all its beſt and worſt conſtituents. Such a field of development as this implies trial, and demands as its neceſſary conditions, a conflict with adverſe or antagoniſtic elements. As we are conſtituted, and as the world around us is conſtituted, it is very clear that higheſt good can only come out of ſuch conflict with antagoniſtic influences. Virtue, then, is the reſult of a ſtruggle for ſupremacy, and without ſearching trial, that cannot be eſtabliſhed, or have any exiſtence in a true ſenſe. Virtue is the final product, the pure gold which comes out of the crucible, after the droſs has been burned up and caſt aſide by the fiery ordeal of the aſſay. The precious metal muſt indeed have been there, buried in the brute lump and mingled with the ore, as virtue in human nature; but only by the preliminary cruſhing, and the final ſmelting under a conſuming fire, could it be drawn forth and made palpably exiſtent; a thing of ſterling worth and exchangeable value, in its adaptation to man's wants and the every-day buſineſs of life. So is it with virtue—nonexiſtent for all practical purpoſes—a uſeleſs and a worthleſs thing while only dormant and buried in the heart. Like gold, its real value is the ſum of human labour and life beſtowed upon its pro-

duction for man's use, due account being taken of the dangers incurred, the difficulties to be overcome, and the strength of mind and body required to attain the final result. Even after it reaches this stage, how immeasurably may its value be enhanced by the genius, thought, and skilled labour of the workman;—by labour and thought wrought into its substance, and giving it new and more attractive forms from day to day, in the effort to make it minister to man's higher wants and more refined perceptions;—to lift it from the counter and the market, where it is the medium of honest traffic between man and man, to that more elevated region where the sense of the beautiful and the love of the good and the true in every possible form, become elements of a higher life; and are as needful to its development, as is the bread we eat for the nourishment of our body and its more limited powers of vitality and growth.

If Emerson had wished to maintain that a man is only truly good and virtuous in so far as he gets rid of all self-consciousness and thought about it, and that thinking well of moral duties, or speaking and writing well of our obligations, advances us not a step in the path of true virtue, save in the degree in which both thoughts and desires by a simultaneous, and if he will a spontaneous process, take the form of

correſponding action, it would have been eaſy to have agreed with him. But this does not embody, nor indeed in many reſpects conſiſt with what appears to be the central idea,—namely, that of value attaching to the eſſence or exiſtence, apart from any outward projection or practical application to the uſes and true buſineſs of life; and eſpecially the abſence of all neceſſity for conflict or trial, or effort in any conſcious ſenſe, to give that virtue a ſubſtantial and proved exiſtence, as regards alike the outer and the inner life, and its higheſt form and development.

But there can be little doubt this doctrine of ſpontaneity, as the characteriſtic of virtue, and its independence, in its manifeſtation, of all external conditions, is too much oppoſed to every day's experience to find any general acceptance. On the other hand, are we prepared to aſſent unreſervedly to the oppoſite doctrine, conveyed in the noveliſt's view? If indeed it were true, as he would ſeem to infer, that one ſet of circumſtances may be ſo fatally contrived as to develop in us all latent evil without bringing out the correſponding good to ſerve as a corrective; while another more felicitouſly deſigned, by ſaving us from trial and temptation, may keep the evil in our nature dormant, and only rouſe to life and activity

what is good :—then indeed might all men exclaim, thrice welcome ſuch golden lines of Fate, and wretched they whoſe evil deſtiny caſts them amidſt trials ſo full of peril, and outward circumſtances developing only the bad, and overruling by an inevitable neceſſity all good. For ever to be deplored in that caſe may be the external conditions of a life !

We feel, intuitively almoſt, that in one or other of theſe views, perhaps in both, there muſt be ſome radical error. There are many partial or one-ſided views of truth paſſing current in the world among the careleſs and unthinking, which are each little better than a lie, if received without reſervation, or wanting the counterpart to complete and make the ſtatement true in any real ſenſe. The ſuppreſſion of a part of the truth where there is evil deſign, lawyers know by experience to be among the moſt dangerous kinds of falſe evidence. So all partial ſtatements of moral truths tend to univerſal error, and are the more dangerous, that the portion of truth which every one recognizes in them, gives vitality and buoyancy to the fallacious inference tacked to it. Theſe reflections ſuggeſt the importance of ſome inquiry into the actual conditions governing the development of character and deſtiny, as theſe affect the progreſs of man from the cradle to the grave ;—the

world of outward conditions and influences, the inner and more myſterious world of thought, with all the innate tendencies to good and evil with which we inſenſibly grow up, and have to play out our parts on life's ſtage.

Perhaps one of the moſt perplexing circumſtances connected with an inquiry of this nature is the number of contradictory facts and arguments which immediately ſtart up in antagoniſtic array. If we turn firſt to the conſideration of the influence exerciſed by the things external to us, we know from long experience, that, juſt as to play upon a fretted ſtring can only produce diſcord and lead to its final ſnapping, ſo, where man is weak, to try him beyond his ſtrength or power of reſiſtance is to inſure his fall. We ſee in life a thouſand inſtances where this proceſs is carried forward to its fatal end; until men and women both faint and fall, never more in this world to riſe from the ſad ſlough of deſpond into which they have ſunk. Whether we look to civilized ſociety or to ſavage life, and the hiſtory of more or leſs barbarous races, partaking of the characteriſtics of both; how completely man appears to be the creature of thoſe external influences by which he is ſurrounded; in every ſtage of life, perhaps, but more eſpecially in childhood and youth. And ſadder than all, how inevitably fatal are many of

theſe outward conditions; how hopeleſs the ſtruggle againſt the combinations of evil which ſurround and envelope, as in the meſhes of the gladiator's net, their thouſand victims, and mark them with a myſterious ſeal of reprobation from the very hour of their birth; without—to all appearance—any human means or chance of eſcape.

The paſſages juſt quoted from Thackeray and from Emerſon, give the two extremes:—the one repreſenting man's entire ſubjection to the tyranny of circumſtances and an outward world—the other his abſolute independence, and the ſpontaneity of his inner life. The moment we incline to adopt either of theſe views, many facts riſe up in evidence and offer their teſtimony in ſupport.

If we turn to the revelation of nature, and ſeek in the wide field of analogy for additional light, by which to interpret theſe untoward evidences of dire ſubjection to external conditions in ſome leſs ſtartling way, our perplexity only increaſes with the crowd of witneſſes, all pointing to the ſame verdict—the almoſt abſolute empire of external influences over internal growth and powers of development. We cannot ſhut our eyes to the fact that ſome of the moſt delicate and beautiful flowers will only bloſſom or come to their deſtined perfection in a genial

atmoſphere, and with roots planted and carefully tended in propitious ſoil. That ſome plants there are which will only yield fruit of choiceſt kind in favourable circumſtances, and both will degenerate or the tree prematurely periſh, without either bloſſom or fruit and the ſeed of a renewed life, if theſe be denied. So ſeems it not often with thoſe we love, thoſe for whom we ſhould hardly deem a fortune, or life itſelf too high a ranſom, if they were in peril as regarded the dangers of this world only? There are plants which in a wild or uncultured ſtate give only poiſon berries or a root that kills, while under different influences of ſoil, climate, and culture, they afford healthy food. Scarcely more ſtriking are theſe phenomena than the changes obviouſly wrought on the ſoul by neglect, as compared with culture; by a poiſonous atmoſphere and a bad ſoil, contraſted with genial influences and careful cultivation. Plant and Spirit alike ſeem ſo expoſed to injury from external cauſes, that culture and care, ſhelter from ſtorm and blight, the removal from peſtilent air, and the deſtruction of all paraſitic growth and noxious inſects, appears as eſſential to the well-being of the one, as of the other. Is it an unreaſonable concluſion then, that only by ſtrict obſervance of conditions ſo apparently needful to bring to any perfection of development other forms of life, can

we hope to ſee what we cheriſh in human form go on to excellence? There is too much analogy not to afford juſtification, alike for the anxiety to attain this end by ſuch means, and for the grief or remorſe which afflicts us when we viſibly fail.

But if we purſue the argument which ſuch analogy ſupplies, we are ſtruck by another fact of great ſignificance, namely, that to different plants and animals different conditions and degrees of development are plainly aſſigned, as their normal and pre-ordained mode of exiſtence. It is not given to all to attain the ſame kind or degree of organic development. Carrying our obſervations a ſtep farther, we ſee indeed that, according to ſome fixed and univerſal law, there is a mutual adaptation of the outward condition and ſite of growth, to the life to be developed and the degree or kind of perfection to be attained. Both vegetable and animal life, each in progreſſive claſſes, have their allotted latitudes and zones of elevation on the ſurface of the earth; and this diſtribution, with unerring certainty, is ſecured and perpetually reproduced by the reciprocal fitneſs of the outward conditions and the inward vital and formative principle, to produce the deſtined end. From the ſnow-capped Andes and Himalayas to the tropical valleys and ſavannahs, the ſame laws of diſtribution and adaptation unvaryingly prevail.

And this additional fact is to be noted, that by the ſame laws man's power to intermeddle or to modify, eſpecially to improve upon, theſe adjuſted conditions of the outer influences and the inner life, is almoſt null. A mightier hand than his has already fitly adapted the two to each other. The living organiſm to the outward influences—the aſſimilative and unfolding (or developing) power, from within outwards, to the ſoil to be pierced and ſucked for nouriſhment, the cold to be braved, the ſcorching heat to be reſiſted, and innumerable other elements of influence intended to act from without inward,—all with a moſt marvellous and perfect adaptation are rigorouſly adjuſted to each other. Unerringly and admirably adapted are all the parts in the entire circle of life on the earth's ſurface, animal and vegetable, and every part maintains a definite relation to the whole.

This geographical diſtribution of plants is not only regulated by laws as fixed as they are univerſal in character, but to every latitude and elevation above the level of the ſea ſpecial claſſes of animal and vegetable life are aſſigned. As Humboldt, in his "Coſmos," has eloquently told us, "in the burning plains of the tropics reign the family of bananas, of cycadeæ, and palms—on the ſlopes of the Cordilleras, in mountain-valleys and ſhaded clefts, tree-ferns

and the cinchona. Immediately above the region of foreſts, the ground is covered with white bands of flowery ſocial plants, ſmall azalias, thibandias, and myrtle-leaved andromedas. The alp-roſe of the Andes, the magnificent bifaria, forms a purple girdle round the ſpiry peaks." And ſo throughout the earth; and no power or art of man can avail to modify, in any material degree, theſe general and fundamental conditions. The pine will not grow in the burning plains, whatever toil or effort he may beſtow upon it; or the palm and banana on Ben Nevis. To tranſplant is labour loſt. Are there not different races of men as well as animals under a ſimilar geographical diſtribution? Can we make Africa bring forth the white man or Caucaſian type, or Europe ſend forth its negro?—Some ſpeculative men may be ſo miſled by viſionary theories of perfectibility and a millenium on this earth of ours, as it at preſent exiſts, as to hold this poſſible; but it is difficult to feel any ſympathy with their hopes, or to enter into their deluſions. With ſuch evidence before us, drawn from every kingdom of nature, that a fixed diſtribution prevails everywhere and throughout; from zoophytes to the human race, which man cannot alter;—that inequality lies at the very baſe of the whole ſyſtem, and that upon this baſis reſts all thoſe mutual rela-

tions which link together the various forces of nature and all the different orders of creation; producing unity indeed—but a unity the very eſſence of which is diverſity and inequality in the parts. It muſt needs be the wildeſt and moſt miſchievous of deluſions to ſeek to contravene this order, or to faſhion out of the elements before us another and a better world, either phyſical or moral. We cannot ſucceed, as has been ſhown in the lower fields of nature,—general laws ſo viſibly bar ſucceſs that few are mad enough to attempt it. What but madneſs is it then, to ſeek this reſult in the higher and infinitely more complicated provinces of life, where man is the organic nature to be experimented upon—to be tranſplanted, grafted, pruned, clipped to a level, and reproduced under conditions plainly at variance with theſe fixed and univerſal laws. Amidſt all the perplexities of ceaſeleſs change, the invariability and identity of thoſe natural laws by which the world, both moral and phyſical, is governed, are too plainly indicated to permit of doubt; and this ſhould at leaſt teach us a leſſon of humility, and the wiſdom which conſiſts in acquieſcence and ſubmiſſion to an acknowledged neceſſity. When this leſſon is once acquired, we ſeek only to diſcover within what preſcribed limits the ſpirit of man is allowed to work for his own develop-

ment and that of the race to which he belongs, under the fixed conditions of inequality and diverſity ſo univerſally and unalterably prevailing.

How ſhould the Chriſtian and the philoſopher then regard this life, and ſhape his courſe amidſt ſo many influences for good and evil, and anſwering influences from within, to every one of which ſomething of eternity attaches? This mixture of good and evil, which has now prevailed ſix thouſand years, under every diſpenſation, is very certainly of Divine appointment, and too plainly eſtabliſhed by power and law, for man in his wildeſt conceit to think he can effect any material alteration;—even if in a moment of delirium he could be inſane enough to conceive that ſome improvement upon it might be deviſed.

Yet, in ſpite of all that is diſcouraging in the general tendency of theſe facts as regards individual effort, there is an inſtinctive ſenſe of power and of obligation to obtain the maſtery over all that is external when clearly hoſtile to the inner life. A feeling which, old as the race of man, lies at the heart of every ſyſtem of aſceticiſm that has ever been developed, whether baſed on Pagan philoſophy or Chriſtian tenets of ſpiritual ſupremacy. It is under this feeling that we torture ourſelves with vain

efforts to turn aſide outward evil from thoſe we love. And this impulſe is ſo ſtrong and ſo univerſal, that we may well deem it to poſſeſs ſome of the unerring truth of inſtinct. To hedge round with triple fence the heart and perſon of the loved, and guard them againſt all danger, to keep them from trial and trouble, to guide and ſupport them leſt they ſtrike their foot againſt a ſtone and fall, to protect them even from all painful efforts or ſtruggle, though a victory may be the promiſed reſult, is not this what we all ſeek to do, whether wiſely or not? With what wiſdom is the queſtion! And how far the unvarying impulſe ſprings from a right principle of love and faith, or a blind and ſenſuous affection only, which cannot recognize beneath the trappings and maſk of woe the angel's ſmile; but like Peter would turn the Saviour of the world from his Divine miſſion, becauſe ſorrow and death lay in the path:—which cannot ſee that the way leads often heavenward, where thorns and flints are moſt thickly ſtrewed, and the feet muſt bleed that tread it. How often does the human mother, as the hen with her brood of changelings, watch with agony the banks of that deep treacherous ſtream into which the loved ones have boldly plunged, all regardleſs of her cries; ſhe who cannot ſee that they have found the true element for them,—where alone they can de-

velop all their faculties, and find both health and life.

On the other hand, while engaged upon this courſe, and moſt diſpoſed to give full weight to the argument ſuch univerſal and inſtinctive feeling ſuggeſts in favour of the real exiſtence of a power to control outward conditions,—or at leaſt their influence, upon the ſpirit and deſtinies of man,—we are met by a counter argument of at leaſt equal force, ſuggeſted by the conſtant failure of our efforts, and the further evidence, that not ſeldom when that failure is moſt ſignal, we ſee in after events good reaſon to rejoice that ſuch had been the iſſue. Strive as we may, how rarely, if ever, we ſucceed in faſhioning otherwiſe than as they were originally rough hewn by deſtiny, the outward conditions of a life, whether it be our own or another's. Our endeavour fails even when beſt deviſed, ſometimes (though leſs often than the heart could deſire) they fail, as has been remarked, to the manifeſt greater advantage or happineſs of thoſe we ſought to keep in a ſpecies of moral greenhouſe carefully excluded from the wind of heaven. It is in the free air, under wintry ſkies and ſummer ſhowers, that, with moſt, a better development and ſtronger health is to be obtained. A truth too often exemplified in nature, and too plainly applicable to the moral world to admit of much queſtion.

" The thorns and briars that croſs
The path by Heaven aſſign'd us,
Are gain inſtead of loſs,
If they cloſer ſerve to bind us
Until the way be clearer."—ANON.

There are ſome indeed, it has been well remarked, " to whom the cloud and the dark ſtorm are more congenial than the bright ſunſhine of a ſummer day, and whoſe powers are only called out, or any breadth or unity obtained, under ſtrong external preſſure and much ſtern diſcipline; while to others of finer organization and ſlighter mould, the ſame circumſtances would have a withering and deſtructive effect."

It is preciſely in theſe diverſe natures and contrary effects, that the wiſeſt of us ſee ground of perplexity in practical life. If ſome flowers will only yield their ſweeteſt fragrance and moſt precious virtues when bruiſed and cruſhed by adverſity, certainly to many, ſuch rude diſcipline is death.

When we reflect how certainly the life given to us here, brief and temporary though it be, is one and continuous with that which in another world ſhall have no end; and realize in our hearts the not leſs certain and pregnant truth, that the whole of our future life and being will take its colouring and character, according to its development here; (the tendencies and reſults of this probationary exiſtence determining

the iſſues of that)—we may well look with anxious eye upon the phaſes and ſhifting ſcenes of the preſent temporary ſtage; and ſcan, with a beating heart, all the conditions that ſhed their influence upon us, and thoſe we love beſt on earth. Eſpecially are we led to inquire, whether indeed ſo much can depend upon outward conditions and circumſtances of life over which our control is negatived? We can none of us chooſe in what rank, or age, or country, or of what parents we ſhall be born; and how great and laſting are the influences which theſe ſeveral conditions, excluſive of all others, bring to bear upon us at every ſtep, to the cloſe of our earthly career! How little indeed is the power exerciſed by many throughout their lives, to modify in any eſſential circumſtances the minor conditions, within theſe larger limits of our outward deſtiny! The dramatiſt* aſſerts, and not untruly perhaps, that

> "La Fortune ſelon qu'elle eſt meilleure ou pire
> Juſque ſur la penſée exerce ſon Empire."

Yet we are reluctant to admit that the material and external, which can only be regarded as the inferior elements entering into a man's life, ſhould have a ſupreme and altogether irreſiſtible control over the ſpirit and deſtiny of a creature

* "L'Honneur et l'Argent," by F. Ponſard.

endowed with the inheritance of immortality; preciſely thoſe elements or conditions of his being too, which by their nature are leaſt ſubject to his control, and for the action of which he ſeems nevertheleſs to be more or leſs morally reſponſible! In this view of the ſubject it is impoſſible to deny, there would be ſomething wholly irreconcileable with our conception of the higheſt attributes of God—Juſtice, Wiſdom, Goodneſs. As men, by the All-merciful and Juſt, cannot be created merely to be deſtroyed, much leſs to gather, in a brief and evil harveſt, the ſeed of eternal pain and ſuffering; therefore ſeems it certain that neither can they ever be placed in circumſtances, whether from without or within the influences may flow, by which they *muſt irretrievably and unavoidably fall;* or indeed under any conditions, the whole tendency of which, as regards the race and the individual alike, ſhall not be to lift man higher in the ſcale of creation, and draw him nearer to that God in whoſe image, and for whoſe greater glory, he has been made. Let us turn again to the two Revelations of God, given in the Scriptures and in the works of Nature, and ſee if there be nothing direct or ſymbolic which may eſtabliſh as a fact, and a principle deducible from Law, what is here only ſuggeſted as a natural inference from ethical and moral premiſes.

In the field of nature, the harmony of the vital power of the plant with the outward conditions of its exiſtence is neceſſary, becauſe everything is related; and as a general rule this is adequately provided for. From firſt to laſt the life of the plant depends on the maintenance of a definite adjuſtment between its internal conſtitution, and the external circumſtances or influences by which it is ſurrounded. Everything in Nature ſeems to bring into the world with it—in its own capability of ſubſerving an ulterior and higher end—a reaſon why all other things ſhould be influenced by it; a reaſon too why in its turn, it alſo ſhould be influenced by everything elſe. Thus, for example, the leaf, while engaged in appropriating to itſelf and affimilating carbon, ſetting free in the proceſs oxygen, and ſo helping to maintain a definite proportion of theſe elements, is ſubject to have its own vital powers, on which the whole proceſs depends, affected by the quantity of carbonic acid which may happen to be preſent in the atmoſphere: one of many facts belonging to a claſs ſuggeſtive of the momentous inference, that human nature alſo may be both ſubjective and objective;—modified and modifying in turn. In accordance with this law are the phyſical facts governing the growth and development of the plant. If the organs of nu-

trition in the internal economy of vegetable life be obſtructed or injured, the individual plant ſuffers and languiſhes, or fails altogether; if the development of the plant, from any ſimilar combination of external or internal influences, be arreſted, a dwarfed and deformed product follows. And between the internal conſtitution and the external conditions there muſt be a certain definite and fitting adjuſtment of kind and proportion, or irreparable and unavoidable injury is the reſult.

Reflecting on theſe fundamental principles of vegetable life and development, who can fail to ſee the ſtriking analogy prevailing between this and the moral life? But how fearfully this condition of fitting and definite proportion often ſeems wanting, and yet how ſadly the *reſult* implies the exiſtence and unerring operation of a ſimilar law in the moral, as in the natural and phyſical world! How far the internal—the vital and formative, or aſſimilative and plaſtic powers of the living organiſm, in man as in plants—can, or may be expected to counteract, ſuch want of adjuſtment between the moral conditions of the world and man's inward conſtitution, as are too frequently apparent under every form of life, civilized and ſavage; and to prevail for good againſt a ſeemingly overwhelming preponderance of adverſe

and hoſtile elements, is the whole queſtion for conſideration. A moſt momentous and abſorbing one; for the evidences of laviſh waſte and total failure, everywhere viſible in the field of nature, where we ſee

> " that of fifty ſeeds
> She often brings but one to bear,"

receives a ſtrange ſignificance when we obſerve the ſame law, to all appearance, prevailing in the higher world where man is the ſeed! We ſee the fact, yet ſhrink from the more obvious concluſion to which it leads, even though ſo much in Scripture ſeems to bear it out, as monſtrous and revolting; conſigning races, nations, to deſtruction, and millions under every clime and form of culture ſince man was firſt created, to all that the gloomieſt Calviniſm has ever conceived or invented. The fact is there, in nature and in man, nor can it be diſputed; (the texts are in the Scriptures) that " many are called and few are choſen,"—" broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction,"—all tending to one and the ſame Calviniſtic concluſion; yet ſtill the heart refuſes to receive it as coming from God, or free from the taint of human miſinterpretation! Nor can any complete ſolution of ſo hard a problem be offered here. The object is rather, to draw attention to other features, both in the written and the ſymbolic

revelation; in expreſs declarations and in not leſs ſtriking analogies, intended, we believe, by their Divine Author, to qualify and correct the falſe impreſſion likely to be derived by man from either, if they had exiſted ſingly; but which, taken together, lead to a rational concluſion; and one both heart and underſtanding can accept as more in accordance with man's higheſt conception of the Divine Attributes.

What are theſe oppoſing facts and precepts? As all things are diſpoſed by an Omniſcient Being, and the end deſigned or deſired by Him, is not, we are aſſured, that ſinful man "ſhould periſh, but turn from his wickedneſs and live," it is difficult to believe, whenever appearances ſeem to make him the mere plaything or predeſtined victim of a combination of evil influences, that beneath all which to us is inſcrutable and myſterious in ſuch diſpenſation, there is not ſomething hidden which known or rightly underſtood;—ſeen from "ſome higher point of viſion," would bear a different conſtruction. Again, the general tendency of all Nature's proviſions is benevolent and merciful;—to prolong life and make it pleaſant to enjoy; to perpetuate and renew it in youth and vigour. This is Nature's unceaſing miſſion, and ſhe performs it in letter and ſpirit, with the laviſh profuſion of means which ſpeaks of exhauſtleſs reſources,

and equally boundleſs and unwearying benevolence of deſign.

In Scripture, alſo, if there be many texts ſtern, emphatic and unequivocal, ſpeaking of the deadly and eternal effects of perſevering in offence or evil, yet the ſame unbounded love and benevolence of deſign which we obſerve practically illuſtrated in Nature is apparent in nearly every page. Love and mercy lie at the foundation of Chriſtianity—only infinite Love and Goodneſs could have viſited man in the perſon of his Redeemer.

If we take the two counterparts therefore, and let them mutually interpret and qualify each other, the reſult, as we anticipated, gives a concluſion at which the moral ſenſe does not revolt. And it is this; that Evil, in ſo many forms rampant in the moral world, is typified in the waſte and failure of nature, and that the *natural* effects, according to the laws of the univerſe, are fatal and eternal. Theſe two great facts appear ſo plainly ſhadowed forth in both Revelations that they do not ſeem to admit of diſpute; while the Goſpel ſcheme of Redemption and of Grace is reflected in that univerſal and primeval ſyſtem of benevolence and goodneſs manifeſted through the minuteſt of the arrangements of the phyſical world. Juſtice, ſtern and inexorable—Mercy, reſting on infinite Love and Wiſdom, are the

two governing principles of the univerſe; and both have their part in creation, and their miſſion to fulfil *under a diſpenſation of Grace*,—by the myſteries of which alone can the two be reconciled and blended into one conſiſtent end.

With this larger view of the univerſal ſcheme, moral and phyſical, for our guidance, the anomalies and heart-breaking contradictions in the world loſe ſomething of their importance; although it may not be denied that enough ſtill remains often to bewilder and perplex both the loving and the devout; enough to tempt the ſcoffer ſtill to mock at all attempts to build up a philoſophical ſcheme of divine government complete in all its parts, in which contradiction and doubt ſhall diſappear. The miſſing link cannot be ſupplied by man—that link which could alone enable him to bridge over the chaſm that ſtill to human eyes ſeparates the Law and the Goſpel, with their diſtinctive ſyſtems; or rather, as we are aſſured, the ſucceſſive developments of one from the beginning. But that it *has* been bridged over inviſibly by Divine hands, we know and believe; and ſo faſhion our life, dark and thorny though ſome of its paths remain, in the faith that at the end of the journey, when the draught from the cup, whether bitter or ſweet, ſhall have been drained, this myſtic bridge will be found ready to receive every weary

and earth-ſtained traveller, who has ſtriven with earneſt heart to be true to the beſt that he knew, and to carry him ſafely on to fountains of living water, there to reſt and be refreſhed.

But apart from, or rather we ſhould ſay in addition to, theſe general conſiderations tending to ſhow the impoſſibility of a Chriſtian adopting the extreme view that any of the human race are the mere playthings or victims of outward conditions over which their control is ſmall, and often wanting altogether; there are ſome of a more ſpecial nature which muſt not be overlooked, as materially tending to affirm, in a direct and ſatisfactory manner the more conſolatory concluſion, that there are in man certain powers of a Spiritual character; (uſing the term in contradiſtinction to what is external and material) capable of reſiſting the utmoſt malice of evil agencies, whatever form theſe may take, or however combined for miſchief. A ſpiritual power of Divine origin and efficacy implanted in each individual for his own ſecurity—in every man for influence on his kind; and ever preſent and operative in God who is over all. This not only appears, as has been ſhown, in an original benevolence of deſign in the firſt creation of the univerſe with its external laws, but in the ſpecial adaptation of theſe to man's weakneſs and wants. We are too ready perhaps to aſſume

that there may be circumſtances in the outer life ſo ſingularly trying and adverſe to the growth of goodneſs or virtue, that theſe could not poſſibly be developed under ſuch deleterious influences. Without going to the fabulous legends of the calendar of Roman Saints for evidence, have we not authentic records enough of both Saints and Martyrs, often born and educated under the worſt heathen influences—and ſinful men like ourſelves—who amidſt the direſt calamities and perſecutions, have preſerved their faith; and after a long life of trial, in which mere beggary and deſtitution were but ſmall incidents, died at the ſtake or on the croſs, firm in heart and ſtedfaſt in ſpirit?

And not only have Chriſtians ſo aſſerted the ſuperiority of the ſpiritual over the material world, and vindicated human nature from the charge of utter ſubjection to that which was external; but men in every age have read us the ſame leſſon, in their lives or in their death, who had not the truths of Chriſtianity to enlighten and fortify them. Buddhiſts and Idolaters of many creeds have trampled in the duſt every ſolicitation of ſenſe, and, in their aſpirations for another ſtate of Being or an unknown God, bid defiance to all thoſe influences of outward conditions which held their fellow men in bonds. When we are told then of the abſolute ſubjec-

tion of man to theſe ſame external conditions, may we not point to theſe great examples of men who, living and dying, have victoriouſly and concluſively proved his abſolute independence; ſo far as the development of an inner life, and the ſafety of the ſpiritual being clothed in our common humanity is concerned.

Granting even that theſe are exceptions, and that, as regards the great majority of mankind, the independence of the world of external circumſtances has no real exiſtence; the fact, however fully admitted, in no degree militates againſt the ſolemn truth, that man has been gifted with a power from within to reſiſt triumphantly the very worſt extremity of evil from without. We cannot but believe that this ſame power, ſo victoriouſly manifeſted in ſome individuals of the human race, has been beſtowed upon all, and forms a part of the inheritance of life. Where this is weakly developed or dwarfed in growth, the power of externals no doubt becomes proportionably more abſolute; and the influence they exerciſe on the poor and uneducated—the heathen or the ſavage—is calculated to be diſaſtrous. And why it ſhould be ſo, or how, in the myſtery of the Divine Government, the otherwiſe *natural* and inevitable effects may be more or leſs completely averted in eternity, it is vain for man to

inquire. But this concluſion we may draw, that as man has been endowed with powers of the higheſt order to counteract all external evil as regards himſelf, and to extend this influence over others to a ſimilar end, there muſt be ſome field for the exerciſe of this virtue—for the mere poſſeſſion of either gift or power ſuffices to indicate a duty and to impoſe an obligation. Within what limits and in what direction are the only practical queſtions.

Original conditions in the order of nature, phyſical and moral, we have ſeen are placed altogether beyond his reach. He has in effect no power of control or interference.

The already perfect adaptation in the inferior departments, and the exceedingly limited nature of man's power in any way to modify theſe general conditions, even in individual caſes, lead to the inference therefore that we may exaggerate both our power and our obligation to attempt the control of outward circumſtances, where man himſelf is concerned. This diſtinction, however, is not to be overlooked, namely, that in the moral world there are diſturbing influences of great potency, ſpringing from man and his ſpirit, for which he may well be called upon to apply the remedy, and attempt it with more effect than in the field of nature. He does, with good or evil deſign, influence the

condition of others to an extent not practicable for him in physical things. And it is the impossibility of our avoiding the exercise of such influence, consciously or otherwise, that entails the responsibility of unceasing effort to see that it is a good and right influence, which like electric force, must necessarily emanate from us wherever we are. Our direct interference when with best design must be with very limited wisdom, from our total ignorance of the final issues. That over all there is a superintending Providence, controlling alike the outer and the inner world, the material and the spiritual, the efforts and their issue, we may admit without excluding the limited agency of man to mould and modify. Agencies for evil in one direction, springing from man's selfishness or his ignorance, to be counteracted by agencies for good, in the conscientious efforts of all true men and women, each in their sphere, to abate and resist whatever bears on the face of it a pernicious tendency.

This, also, is in perfect accord with man's moral constitution, and with the Divine dispensation under which he is placed. These have a tendency to make vicarious effort and sacrifice for a fellow-creature's benefit, the most acceptable offering to God. We can even see in this law of his being, an especial reason why in the order of the universe, there should be a

proviſion, for a direct and far more extenſive intervention of man to determine the outward conditions and influences of the development of good and evil in his own ſpecies, than in any other ſection of nature. A liberty and ſcope of action correſponding with Free will,—with its importance in relation to his ultimate deſtiny, and the moral reſponſibility attaching to its full exerciſe.

A great difference of opinion may exiſt, of courſe, as to the boundaries within which this modifying influence can be either legitimately or beneficially exerciſed; the more ſo as we ſee, notwithſtanding theſe grounds for believing in an extended field of activity, that the general reſults ſeem not improbably to be, as certainly and determinately governed by fixed laws as in the inferior kingdoms of life, where man's power does not extend. Plainly our influence is circumſcribed within certain limits, and our duties may have within them but a narrow range after all. So in that caſe ſhould be our regrets that we often fail to exerciſe the control we deſire, or effect the changes affecting the deſtiny of others which we wiſh, ſince it is always poſſible theſe may have gone beyond the proper ſphere or preſcribed limits of our action. The effort in our purblind ſtate may have been right as regards ourſelves—made according to our knowledge;

and yet in mercy, or in wiſdom, rendered abortive. Let us not forget in all ſuch caſes that the iſſue is with God who ſeeth and knoweth all things, and careth for all his creatures.

Yet withal there is ſo vaſt a power exerciſed by mind over mind, and an influence ſo extended and obſervable in modifying external conditions —in the natural and ſocial order of things in the midſt of which we live; ſuch large, not to ſay abſolute, power over individual mind and character is derived from the ſocial and family relations, that the very extent of the power (as in the other caſe its limitation indicated abſence or curtailment of obligation) leads to an inference diametrically oppoſed. When we ſee theſe great influences for good or evil in full operation in the world, and in the ſocial and family relations, we are irreſiſtibly led to a conception of how imperious may be the demands for effort, and how awful the reſponſibility reſting upon every individual, who in the ſphere of his action either neglects or abuſes a power, the influence of which ſtretches into eternity. "*Nobleſſe oblige*," was a motto of ancient chivalry. In things pertaining to the moral and eternal diſpenſations it is ſtill more emphatically true, that power to do good is an obligation laid on every ſoul entruſted with it to energetic action, and the fulleſt exerciſe of its privileges. It has

been obſerved that even in this our fallen ſtate, could each man in his own perſon ceaſe to do, and be a wilful cauſe of that which is evil;—a ſingle generation might ſuffice to bring a millenium, and the univerſal reign of peace and good-will on earth. And it is more palpably true, that if every one whom Providence has placed at the head of a family, were even in that narrow circle to devote wiſely and rightly all the energies, the faculties, and the power poſſeſſed, to correct or avert evil, develop the good, and to exerciſe in an enlightened and truly Chriſtian ſpirit, what control might be in his hands over thoſe who live under his roof, and who are therefore of neceſſity more or leſs ſubject to his authority, the world would ſpeedily wear another face. In that ſmall ſphere of individual action where the outward conditions of exiſtence alſo, muſt in part at leaſt, be ſubject to his influence,—conditions on which we ſee the development of good or evil ſo much depend; who can doubt that effort there, in a right direction, would cauſe ſo vaſt a diminution of what we habitually conſider as the irremediable evils of this world, with a correſponding increaſe of good, as totally to change the inner life—the movement and aſpect of ſociety. The fountain which determines the qualities of the whole ſtream of life, is firſt the parental, and then in a larger ſenſe the domeſtic

and family relationſhip. This the Chineſe have ſeen, and for 3,000 years they have built ſocial order and the ſtability of an empire upon it: and in unexampled ſtability they have had their reward. It is the keyſtone of the whole fabric of Chineſe polity—the principle of mutual reſponſibility being only a logical ſequence.

If there were a more general recognition even of this great truth, that all ſociety is unfolded from the family, as fruit and ſeed and future life are all contained in the bud and the bloſſom, theſe determining their character; and if in the midſt of theſe inner circles of being, where the formative principle of ſociety is actively at work from within outward, every member of a family, each in their place, laboured to the ſame end,—to promote, inſtead of more frequently labouring with a ſad perverſity to blight, the good which is given to be developed under every roof-tree; the world would certainly ſee a marvellous change, in a ſingle generation. This does not mean only the naked truiſm that if every one were good the world would be better. The family is a myſtic and revolving circle, ever enlarging until it embraces the earth within its circumference, and no good or evil is wrought into its eccentric lines at any one point, but ſelf-repeating, at ever recurring intervals and diſtances, it leaves its mark, to be

whirled through all ſpace and time in perpetually enlarging orbits, on to Eternity.

Perhaps the very difficulty we experience in this labour, when all our beſt efforts have been made, may be a needful warning to us, that after all it is not the outward conditions that are the moſt eſſential, and theſe are hence placed ſo far above our control :—for if only of inferior importance, we could better underſtand the inſuperable obſtacles to our ſucceſs, often when all our deſires are concentrated upon the one labour of changing them for the better. It may be to impreſs upon all mankind by this perpetual thwarting of deſire, the important truth, otherwiſe in ſome danger of being loſt ſight of, namely, that whatever the influence of external conditions, it is the plaſtic-moulding and formative vital power working *ab intra*, with a divinely derived aſſimilative and tranſmuting power, upon all the moſt diſſimilar elements ſupplied from without, to which we ſhould *mainly* look for ſucceſs in accompliſhing the true ends of exiſtence :—and it is preciſely there, that every individual rules with more or leſs of paramount ſway, and others can leaſt meddle or control. That which has the determining influence over our development and future deſtiny, would thus be placed the moſt abſolutely under the control of the individual

whom it moſt concerns, and the moſt effectually guarded from modification or diſturbance *ab extra*. There is ſomething at once encouraging and conſoling in this view, ſeeing the multitudinous evil influences abroad in the world; the neglected or perverted ſocial relations; and all the wrong and miſchief thoſe who are nearеſt, and ought to be deareſt to each other, mutually and inceſſantly, through Ignorance or through Vice, work on themſelves and all around them! We are not then wholly at the mercy of ſuch ſiniſter or untoward contingencies, placed as they generally are ſo far beyond our reach and out of our control. Though in man, as in the plant, it may be eſſential that there ſhould be ſome definite adjuſtment between the internal conſtitution and the external influences; yet as there are fixed laws which provide for this adjuſtment in the one, we can hardly believe that leſs foreſight has been ſhown when the deſtiny of man is at ſtake. As the moral and ſpiritual principle in man (the true formative germ or power in him) is of infinitely higher order than that which is merely vital in plants or animals, ſo is it natural to conclude it poſſeſſes within itſelf a wider range and greater capacity of action in developing life, by the aſſimilation of all nutritious principles, and the rejection or reſiſtance to the effects of all more noxious ele-

ments that may be brought *ab extra* in contact with it. If this be the law and in the order of nature, then a far greater display of antagonism between the external influences under which humanity would be placed for growth and development, and a more complicated adjustment of external and internal conditions and powers, than in the other and lower or simpler fields of creation, would be exactly what we should expect. And assuming, as we are fully entitled to do, that all these antagonistic elements and principles however energetic or numerous, in the midst of which the soul's development is to take place while on earth, are under strict control, not fortuitous, but pre-ordained in view of the ultimate and highest well-being of mankind, (man individually and collectively,) there is something profoundly consolatory in the reflections such a view suggests. To every situation of life there may be some especial adaptation and adjustment;—to every individual also such adjustment, having reference alike to the seed to be brought through growth and development to harvest, and to the particular parasitic growths and noxious weeds which spring up in the same soil; the preservation of the first and the destruction of the last being the end and design of all this wondrous and complicated arrangement. Some adversities and trials (of temper especially) de-

mand (and by the demand help to create the ſupply) a plentiful growth of patience and charity; others again of courage and faith, or of love and ſelf-denial. Proſperity and power are apt to generate arrogance and forgetfulneſs of God. The ſame ſoil ploughed up with ſharp diſtreſs and adverſity, harrowed over with iron teeth, brings forth humility and ſubmiſſion. There are adverſe circumſtances, which are really only adverſe from one point of view: from ſome higher elevation it might be ſeen that they were thoſe beſt adapted to foſter and bring forth in vigour ſuch good fruit as Perſeverance, Energy, Cheerfulneſs under trial, Hope, Benevolence, Truth, and ſo on through all the virtues. The ſunſhine and the rain, have each their part in fertilizing the earth and maturing the fruit for man's nouriſhment. And as each ſoil, each zone of the earth, we have ſeen, has its own adaptations for particular ſeeds uſeful to man, and for adding at the ſame time to the general fruitfulneſs of the earth, ſo are there attached to all, ſpecial conditions favourable to particular weeds or noxious growths. The culture of the one, and the deſtruction of the other, is preciſely the labour and the buſineſs of life aſſigned to man, and the diſcovery of each, in the lot aſſigned him, the firſt duty and neceſſity of his exiſtence.

We are ſo apt, in an accuſing or repining ſpirit, to charge Providence with injuſtice or miſgovernment—not in words perhaps, but in our ſecret hearts, wearied and ſometimes bewildered in the labyrinthine cares of life; ſeeing only bootleſs toil and an aimleſs life before us, and feeling lonelineſs with doubt and diſtruſt around. Angels may ſee it all in a very different aſpect, and rejoice even in the hour of our greateſt trial. Nay, ſufficient is revealed to us, in fitful glimpſes like theſe, of the general working of Divine laws, to give us both patience and hope. For what are the true prizes to be won in this life? Not that which periſhes with it ſurely, but that which ſurvives; not wealth, nor power, nor ſtrength, nor caſtles, nor land; theſe go not with us—they are of the earth, earthy, and muſt ever remain there, periſhing and paſſing utterly away, as far as we are concerned, when the grave cloſes over us. But thoſe which ſurvive, and which it is ours to carry beyond this life to another, are qualities of mind and heart; loves and hates, habits and deſires, diſpoſitions which form the character. By theſe our future and eternal deſtinies are faſhioned. Hope, faith, charity, courage, patience, ſelf-denial and ſelf-control, the love of good and hatred of evil, theſe are the final fruit of that good ſeed planted in us by Divine Power, and which we are planted

on this earth for a ſeaſon to develop, under ſuch changing circumſtances of inborn character, companionſhip, and outward conditions as hath to Him ſeemed fit. Woe to us, only if we are ſluggiſh huſbandmen and let the ſeed periſh; good produce giving place to the ever-encroaching weeds! Inequalities no doubt there are in the deſtinies aſſigned to the different races and individuals of the ſpecies. There are Buſhmen and Hottentots in every civilized race, juſt as there are whole ſpecies in that ſtate in the natural diſtribution of mankind—ſome veſſels made to honour and others to humbler uſes; and why this great diſparity, or how theſe overwhelming inequalities ſhall be reconciled with juſtice hereafter, none may tell.

But apart from theſe ſombre extremes, wholly dark and inſcrutable, how frequently do we ſee theſe trials and adverſe circumſtances for which we may have the world's pity, are really hidden bleſſings, if we receive them in a right and reverent ſpirit. How often do they prove, as we only plainly ſee in after life, to have been the means, deprived of which we could never have developed latent virtues, eſſential to our future fortunes or happineſs. Many a maiden, with bereaved affections, lapſes into hopeleſs ſpinſterhood, ſubjected to all the caprices of the crabbed or the ſilly,—the ſullen pride or ſelfiſh-

neſs of unſympathizing relatives. She leads a dull, monotonous, and ſeemingly aimleſs life, eating the bitter bread of dependence;—dull and ſad enough certainly it ſeems! What ſhall be her compenſation for the bright ſpring of youth, ſpent by others in loving and being loved, and thoſe maturer years made yet more ſweet by all the joys and endearments of maternity? Is not ſuch a ſoil peculiarly fitted for the growth of all the gentler virtues—firſt Patience, then Self-denial, then Charity; laſtly, Reſignation, Faith, Reſolution, Hope—all worked out in the unpromiſing duties of her narrow home ſphere? Could any more precious dowry have been hers in this life, and making her deſtiny bright with joys in another which ſhall have no end. Shall we pity her for theſe days of trial? But it will perhaps be ſaid, ſuch conditions of life may alſo foſter the worſt paſſions, nor can it be denied; with equal truth, however, it may be replied, ſuch reſults are not the neceſſary conſequences, nor if the ſpirit were well conditioned would they be either the natural or legitimate reſults. It is the ſpirit in which ſuch chaſtiſements or griefs as befall us are received, which mainly determines whether they ſhall prove curſes or bleſſings.

It is thus often that the leaſt envied in this life may be the moſt favoured in reality. We waſte

our hearts in ſeeking after vain ſhows and all periſhable vanities—graſping at ſhadows and paſſing neglected by the only fruit which hath true ſubſtance in it, and which will neither fade nor periſh with us. Thus, it may be, the ſpoiled children of the world are the only truly unfortunate of the earth; more to be pitied perhaps, could we look beyond the grave and read their whole deſtiny, than the Boſjeſman or the Hottentot—the waifs and the ſtrays, whether of ſavage or civilized life. It is the ſtruggle for conqueſt over evil in whatever ſhape it aſſails us —true-hearted and never ceaſing, maintained through victory and defeat, with earneſt and undying effort—that ſhall form a title in His eyes who readeth the hearts of men, and knoweth of what duſt we are made.

There is in the hiſtory and pathology of morbid poiſons when introduced into the human ſyſtem, much that is highly illuſtrative and conſolatory too, as regards this influence of external conditions; and preſenting a far cloſer analogy to all the other moral and ſpiritual conditions of humanity, than has ever yet been brought out. If we take ſmall-pox for inſtance. It has been demonſtrated, by the progreſs of the diſeaſe, to the ſatisfaction of all medical men of experience, that the gravity of the character or fatality of the diſeaſe, neither depends upon the quantity nor

the virulence of the poiſon with which the patient has been brought in contact and inoculated; but on the internal conditions and ſtate of the ſyſtem at the time of infection. This it is which mainly determines the courſe and final reſult of the diſeaſe. True, there are certain poiſons, animal, vegetable, and atmoſpheric, ſo concentrated and deadly, that from the firſt moment of contact all the powers of life are palſied, as with a ſudden blight, whatever may be the ſtate of the ſyſtem. But this in no degree invalidates the truth or force of the argument derived from the preceding ſeries of well aſcertained facts, any more than theſe facts of a different order loſe their application becauſe ſpecifics and agencies have been known by which the human body was made proof to the moſt deadly poiſons—and ſuch ſpecifics have been given for man's ſpiritual being, and are promiſed from on high to thoſe who will rightly ſeek and aſk for them. There is no evil or poiſon in this life, for which there is not a balm in Gilead, though alas! we may not always know where to look or how to find it, whether for our own relief or that of others.

The leſſon all theſe various, in ſome ſenſe antagoniſtic and contradictory, reflections ſuggeſt, and are calculated to enforce, does not appear then to be Indifference to the outward conditions in which men and women are placed,

for the growth or development of character and their higher ſpiritual nature. Whether theſe be peſtilent or ſalubrious, injurious and hoſtile, or beneficial and genial, can never be of little concern; when it may be in our power to remove thoſe in whom our affections centre, from their influence or vicinity. To us they are evil, and to Him alone in whoſe hands are all the iſſues, may evil be a permitted inſtrument of good, and becauſe to Him, it may be quite other than evil. *We* may neither permit nor uſe evil in any ſhape, and it is our obvious duty, therefore, to do our beſt to cut off all connexion with it; and if we fail by no lapſe of our own, and when we have done all in our power to neutralize, what to our limited means of judging ſeemed evil, then and then only we may reſt in faith that ſo, perhaps, it has been ordered,—wiſely and mercifully, by One who cannot err, and who willeth not the perdition of the moſt erring of his creatures. True, we may be left a prey to ſome doubt whether we have indeed done all that was or might have been in our power. Whether all effort and all ſacrifice had been made in the effort to act up to the dictates of our judgment and conſcience. But there is no more remedy for this than for the memory of a crime, the conſequences of which are far beyond our reach:—to be ſuffered, there-

fore, with a bruiſed ſpirit, a humbled and a contrite heart. If we indeed believe that ſouls whoſe eternal welfare we have deſired, prayed, worked, and it may be would have died, for, have by fault of ours been perilled through all time, ſuffering there muſt be! When ſuch a doubt really takes poſſeſſion of a ſenſitive mind, conſolation is far to ſeek and hard to find. Whatever may be the opinions entertained in reſpect to Calviniſtic tenets of eternal perdition and predeſtination, (or the more terrible Calviniſm which analogies in nature ſuggeſt by the pre-ordained deſtruction of ſo large a portion of vegetable and animal life, brought to the birth and never permitted to ſee maturity—to bear flower or fruit, or perpetuate another life and paſs into futurity); and there are more, perhaps, who believe than doubt, it is the ſhadow of a poſſibility which darkens the chamber of death; filling, too often perhaps, the heart of the living and the dying alike, with remorſe or wild imaginings of evil! Remorſe to the living, leſt aught omitted, or miſchief done, ſhould carry with it to the grave, death hereafter—or ſuffering to the gentle ſpirit whoſe laſt ſigh we watch in agony; whoſe life has been our life, and from whoſe future deſtiny we cannot by any effort diſaſſociate ourſelves. A wife or daughter, linked to us by nature's deareſt tie, who looked

of right to us for ſtrength in trial, help in danger, comfort in affliction, and love and truſt in every circumſtance of life;—for help unfailing to aid them in life's battle, and ſhield them from evil or temptation beyond their ſtrength to bear, and to ſecure that full completion of their being here, on which the deſtiny of a life through all futurity depended! Who ſhall know peace or happineſs again, if a doubt reſts on the ſpirit, that the deſtiny of thoſe they loved beſt in the world ſhall, by fault of theirs, have been marred, or marked with pain and ſuffering? Yet how lightly charges involving ſuch reſponſibilities in this life are accepted! How coldly and liſtleſſly they are often met, even when ſelfiſh and ill-conditioned tempers do not make the evil to be guarded againſt, by pouring gall into the daily cup of life, poiſoning its ſources and deſtroying not only the happineſs of the day, but of all futurity. O God! with what Phariſaic blindneſs do thouſands turn to their couch at night, after a day ſpent in ſuch ſelf-idolatries and ſoul-deſtroying habits, indulged to another's hurt, and thank Thee "they are not as others, publicans and ſinners!"

This mixed influence of our own conduct and that of others upon our future deſtiny, only ſerves to increaſe the importance of the queſtion involved in the true bearing of the Revelation

given to man, in the book of Nature, in Scripture, and in his own Heart—upon the development of man's ſecond or ſpiritual life in this world, and the dependence in all futurity, of the complexion of that future life on the direction of its preſent growth, and the degree of maturity, it is permitted to attain. So far as the reſult depends upon ourſelves, and as the means can by any effort be brought to bear, our firſt and moſt imperative duty is very certainly to aid in the development of all good principles and inſpirations, and to avert or remove all dwarfing or crippling influences from the path of thoſe who tread life's duſty road in our company.

Whatever difficulties beſet us in the effort to find a ſolvent for this perplexing problem, one concluſion comes out clear and diſtinct for our guidance; namely, that as man has within him large powers wherewith to counteract all the evils of his own creation, to his own prejudice, or that of others; the poſſeſſion of ſuch power plainly indicates a duty, and as diſtinctly impoſes, and carries with it throughout life, an obligation to uſe it to the utmoſt. And if we inquire how, the anſwer ſeems to lie principally in a ſocial direction, to modify and control the effects of thoſe adverſe conditions and inequalities which are the offspring of ſocial

aims and ſocial vices. There is, we ſee, a field beyond this where his action is null and void. The "poor ſhall never die out of the land." Trial, difficulty, ſuffering, and ſorrow will laſt as long as man ſhall continue in this world of probation, laſt and endure by a higher law than any of man's deviſing. Progreſſion by antagoniſm—the law of inequality, theſe are the conditions of his development; and under theſe, however hard the terms may ſeem, the race is to be run. To prevent theſe ſhould not be our aim, or the end of any effort, but to prevent their only fatal or really deplorable conſequences:—failure in the battle of life—failure and defeat in the ſtruggle for immortality. So ſhall we fulfil our own deſtiny in its higheſt ends—each in his ſphere of exertion—for ourſelves and for others—the way and the life are there.

The Calviniſm of Nature and of Scripture, the choice of the few; and ſeemingly remorſeleſs, indiſcriminate, rejection of the many—which is Nature's text—and the ſcarce leſs ſtern or uncompromiſing denunciations of Holy Writ to the ſame purport, muſt both be regarded as dark myſteries, wholly inexplicable to man. But ſhall we let this inſcrutable problem, ſtretching over half the field of life, bar our way to all inquiry in reſpect to the remainder? Not ſo: though

our reaſoning can only logically apply to thoſe who are not amongſt the caſtaways; thoſe to whom the good tidings of great joy have been or may yet be brought, who are or may be called, and choſen to be bleſſed,—if they will! With theſe is the battle of life, ſuch as we can underſtand it, and on them may our intereſt rightly, therefore, and with a rational purpoſe be concentrated: to guard them from too great odds, ſupport them when they are falling, and ſtrengthen them for a renewal of the conflict, and final victory. What can we, what ought we to attempt to do in this direction? Should we do well, or wiſely, if it were in our power, to ſhield thoſe we love from all contact with the outer world, to place them in a magic cave where none but loving whiſpers and pure influences could reach them from without? Not ſo, not ſo! Without trial, no virtue; without conflict, no courage or ſtrength; without evil, no good! It would be to emaſculate human nature, and condemn it to a dwarfed and etiolated exiſtence. It would not even bring earthly happineſs, for that is inſeparable from a ſtate in which there can be, and is, *the active exerciſe of all our faculties;* and thoſe powers which enable us to battle with evil and ſtruggle againſt difficulties—all our higheſt and beſt—are among the number of thoſe

which require a world such as God has made it, for our development and future weal. No: were such isolation from all sinister or dangerous influences possible, it would but lead to weariness and corroding discontent;—and no spirit of man or woman either under such circumstances, could find the means of healthy development and growth to maturity, on which the regenerating processes depend. It is ordained in this life, as in the ancient Olympic games, that those only may win the crown of victory who with toil and effort and trained strength run the race. Even those we love best then must mingle in the games and go through all the preparatory toil; though dangers many, and Death itself be there. We may keep them company; aid, encourage, lift them up if they fall, but we cannot run for them. By the sweat of their own brow, the straining of their own sinews, ay, and it may be the bursting throbs of their own heart, must that goal be won! So is it ordered—well, wisely, mercifully ordered, who shall doubt? Let us bow to the Divine decree, and still our eager hearts; for so it is—and must be!

But in the Divine dispensation, there are many prizes, and varying degrees of success or excellence to be attained. In it—not even the weakly or the crippled are excluded—there are prizes for *suffering*, as well as for *doing*. Woe only

to thoſe who, being born weak, *will* wreſtle and ſtrive with the ſtrong, and enter liſts where only athletes may hope to come out Victors. Friendly hand and counſel ſhould avert this; and even if in better choſen fields of effort, the weights laid on are too heavy, find means of apportioning them to the powers, and adapting them to the peculiar ſtrength and weakneſs of the individual. In this vicarious office, a wide field for good, and for that charity which hopeth all things and never wearieth, is opened. Who fail in this, whatever be their ſphere, large or ſmall, fail in the greateſt; and to fail in this life—to fail really—in *faith* and *effort*, is it not to periſh in the next? Is it not fatal in ſome form—in ſome mode? We may not win the higheſt prize we ſtrive for, while in this life of probation; that is a little thing: but if we fail to run, or ceaſe to *ſtrive* and to *deſire*, then we are loſt indeed. Loſt, as we are moſt emphatically told, here and hereafter. But ſo, with God's help, it ſhall not,—need not be with any in a Chriſtian land! "Let us then be up and doing;" and in the poet's words, remember—

"Not enjoyment, and not ſorrow,
Is our deſtined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

Longfellow.

CARDINAL POINTS IN LIFE'S COMPASS.

"In the warm air, the new-born inſect floats,
Making it muſical with cheerful notes,
In rainbow hues, each moment changing, clad,
Of brief, but bright and bleſt exiſtence, glad;
For ſuch a fate might care-worn mortals ſigh,
Only to flutter in the ſun and die;
Were not a hope more high, a range more boundleſs given,
Beyond that blue, broad vault which to our earth is heaven,
In calm, fair hours like theſe, a picture, faintly ſhown,
Of regions holier far, where ſtorms are never known,
Nor clouds, nor evening ſhades; for light doth reign alone,
Where white-robed angels ſtand around Jehovah's throne."

CARDINAL POINTS IN LIFE'S COMPASS.

A CHRISTIAN'S faith teaches him that Life, preſent and future, is continuous; yet continuity of purpoſe and progreſs is preciſely that in which our life ſeems chiefly wanting, when we look back on the paſt. It requires much anxious thought to gather up all the broken threads of interrupted work and deſign in the web of our exiſtence, to recognize in the ſeeming patchwork a comprehenſive whole; and it is only when this has been accompliſhed, that it becomes poſſible to give a ſatisfactory character to much that is always, and neceſſarily, incomplete and fragmentary in it. So many projects never carried out; works begun to be abandoned for others; the buſineſs of life ever beginning anew, and like Penelope's web, never deſtined to end, one day or year often unravelling the labour of many! Theſe are the reflections that preſs upon us all, with more or leſs

force, in a retroſpective view. We are apt to grow diſheartened; we ſee continuous progreſs towards a definite end only in one direction—towards the banks of that dark river which engulpheth all, and gives back nothing to the ſearching eye. To us it is the beginning of the end, pregnant with fate, but inſcrutable as night in its gloomieſt hour—the last before the dawn.

How well this feeling has been expreſſed, together with the better hope which takes its place, in the following paſſages traced by a hand now motionleſs in the grave.

"I have begun to ſee a little more clearly the way before me; that this life, in itſelf brief, interrupted, imperfect, affords no room for completed and perfect work; that we all have a taſk given us, and a work that we ſhould do, is certain; but it is not always, nor often a plain, manifeſt, ſhaped out taſk. It is not often a high imperious call of duty; much more frequently it is made up of a thouſand little home duties; ſo ſeemingly trifling, common-place, and continuous, that it would be impoſſible to believe they are indeed intended to employ all our energies and affections, until we duly conſider and feel how difficult it is to fulfil them: how much of fortitude, activity, courage, and ſelf-denial is required to do ſo. 'The end is not yet.'

"The ſame of the culture of our intellectual powers. I had begun to aſk what profit there was in knowledge; what advantage in heaping up vain ſtores of information, inexpreſſibly trifling, as compared with the quantity ſtill remaining to be known, uſeleſs to others, as I never might have the ſkill, the influence, or the opportunity to communicate it, even to thoſe whoſe advantages had been fewer than my own; uſeleſs, certainly to myſelf, when this life at the fartheſt only reaching a few years longer, ſhould be over. But I feel now, that our faculties are given us to cultivate; that knowledge is ſpread abroad to be gathered together, houſed up, and ready for emergency. That memory is to be exerciſed—reaſon, imagination, fancy, diſcrimination, attention, diligence, patience, acuteneſs, taſte. Every one has each and all of theſe qualities in greater or leſſer degree; ſome will bear more, ſome leſs development; all will bear greater development than we generally allow them. Beſides, never was truer ſaying, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing *well.*" Why? Becauſe to do anything well, the beſt and moſt valuable faculties of man muſt be exerciſed. Exerciſe improves them, practice makes all things eaſy, experience makes things plain; and God who gave theſe faculties, and who placed us in this

buſy world of great and little trials, only knows what is to be the future work for which we ſhould be ſtriving to prepare ourſelves now."

How long it is before we learn this leſſon; and, above all, the Truth that no perfect or completed work is to be expected here. Life is not only too ſhort, but too much broken up into fragments, and drifted about by external influences, over which, for the moſt part, our control is ſmall, and often null. This neceſſary imperfection and incompleteneſs of all work attempted, is ſcarcely a legitimate ſubject of regret therefore. It plainly *muſt* be ſo, and no effort of ours can effect any material change. We ſee this upon conſideration. For in the firſt place, in our purblind ſtate, wandering the greater part of our life in the midſt of illuſions, and often waſting our time and our ſtrength in a vain purſuit after ſhadows, we ſeldom know whither our acts or our efforts are tending. We "do but row, another ſteers the bark." How inceſſantly thoſe efforts fail in attaining the particular end to which they were directed, but contribute efficaciouſly to ſome other—often, thank God, (though at the time we cannot ſee it) to one far better ordered! When they moſt ſignally fail in accompliſhing the object of our deſire, they are not ſeldom moſt ſucceſsful in working out the ends of Providence. Thus

alſo, in efforts to attain ſome ſpecial branch of knowledge, or excellence in ſome art as the immediate end of all our labours, we may unconſciouſly be laying the groundwork of a victory, or a triumph, in ſome other direction—even though great ſucceſs in this particular field of exertion ſhall be denied us. The ſeeming miſapplication of our energies may ultimately turn out to have been the true ſource of our power. Martin, who amidſt all his aberrations, has left us ſome ſplendid pictures of imaginative power, was originally apprenticed to a coach painter; and ſome of his command over the material he worked with, and in varniſhing or "glazing" effects more eſpecially, he uſed himſelf to trace to his early drudgery in this humbler field.

But it may be ſaid, this is ſad chance work. How much better to direct our means with intelligence to the end really to be gained. We think this, and yet ſo plainly has it been otherwiſe diſpoſed in many things, that we may well doubt whether this would in reality be as deſirable as it ſeems, and whether it is not ordered, in reference to this as to higher life, that for the exerciſe of ſome of our beſt and nobleſt faculties, Hope, Faith, Patience, we ſhall only "ſee in part, and know in part," what is to be the true end of all our labours?

In the daily intercourſe with our kind, how

often does it appear to us that great capacity is denied a fitting field for diſplay and development, and rareſt faculties are ill-beſtowed on mean occupations? How often a noble and a loving heart, full of all high aſpirations and gentle ſympathies, ſeems condemned a life long to the ſociety of uncongenial minds; deſtined to ſolicit in vain the one reſponſive note, wanting to make divine muſic, and to enable it to give to the world its own ſweet melody; living to waſte, as it would ſeem, among thoſe who neither ſhare in the gifts of ſuch a nature, nor are capable of appreciating their value. Yes: even on to the end, ſuch things have been, and are, and will be! Yet are we not permitted to hope, by all we ſee of a divine rule of compenſation, that ſome ray of heavenly light and love illumines, unſeen to groſſer eyes, the path of theſe ſeemingly miſplaced and neglected ones, "unſphered angels woefully aſtray?" Do we not in effect learn at laſt to read *this* open ſecret of God's diſpenſations, which goes ſo far to reconcile apparent inconſiſtencies and dire diſparities; namely, that no right-minded, true-hearted effort is ever made in vain, or left without fruit! Here, or hereafter, it ſhall be gathered. Among thoſe denied all apparent fruition of their gifts or their labours here, yet who ſtill "poſſeſs their hearts in patience," ſhall we not

find the moſt favoured builders of God's temple on earth? A better offering may be theirs, to lay upon the altar not built of hands, than if they had been accompanied through life with ſympathizing hearts, congenial natures, and the honour and plaudits of the world! The lily of the Eaſt in all its bright array, and the lowly violet grow beneath the ſame ſun, but both are equally perfect in their kind, each ſhowing forth, according to the conditions of their exiſtence and the place aſſigned them, the glory of Him who made them. The glory of one ſtar differs from that of another to our eyes, but to Him who called them into exiſtence, there may be no difference. Are not both the work of His hands, the evidences of His creative power—perfect therefore as He deſigned them to be? Live on and faint not then, O Heart, deſpiſed and buffeted of Fortune! The wayſide ſhrine, built up with bleeding hands and waſhed with tears, ſhall be more precious in His ſight than marble fane or fretted roof, reared by the kings of the earth! To Him the world's rough teſt of ſucceſs or failure on its ſtage is no teſt, and gives no meaſure, of true value. Bruiſed reed, on whom the proud and careleſs have trampled, as they held their way, heedleſs and reckleſs, on thee the dew of Heaven ſtill ſhall fall; lift up thy head and be of good cheer, confident in the

ſtrength of Him who knoweth why all things are made;—ſome to ſuffer only, and others to rejoice and flaunt in the gaudy colours of worldly proſperity; while gentler, nobler ſpirits pine and wither in the cold ſhade of adverſity each in their appointed time and place,—and who ordereth all things well!

Let us take this truth to our hearts. It is not what we accompliſh, but what we ſtrive for, and in what ſpirit we ſtrive, which determines the true worth of our lives. Of completed work, little enough is ever achieved by the moſt favoured of mortal race. But our life does not end here, neither does the work ceaſe to bear fruit when the grave cloſes over this earthly frame. What we *ſhall* be, is very certainly determined, in ſome way, however myſteriouſly the links of connection are made to work, by what *we have been*. We ſee the ſame law exemplified in a thouſand different ways even in this life; that we may neither forget nor doubt it. As the ſeed ſo is the tree, each in its kind; the child is father to the man; and we know this ſame law prevails in the world to come; for there is no truth more clearly inſiſted upon by Chriſt and his Apoſtles, or more conſtantly reproduced to our ſenſes in the countleſs tranſformations of the kingdom of Nature. Revelation and Nature combine to bear in upon our

conſciouſneſs the great and eternal verity, that by ſome fixed, univerſal law, immutable in its conditions as the law of chemical combinations and affinities—the web of our future life is woven of the threads and faſhioned by the weft of this. And therein lies the hope and the conſolation of many who might otherwiſe cry aloud with the apoſtle, "If in this life only we have hope in Chriſt, we are of all men moſt miſerable." Yes, there is a ſaving hope, that all true and faithful work is ſanctified, and predeſtined if we will, to be fruitful; if not in this world, full ſurely in the next. The offering of the beſt that ſhe had, in Mary as in the widow, was accepted; equally of both, though the one was coſtly ſpikenard and the other but half-a-farthing! Nay, the pooreſt, in one who ſought to prove her faith and love by giving her all, was conſidered of more value than richeſt offerings of Phariſee and Scribe, becauſe it *was* her all, and carried *ſacrifice* with it. So it may well be, that they whoſe lot is ſeemingly one of unmingled trial and diſappointment, ſhall have the greater cauſe to rejoice hereafter. "The ecſtacies of higheſt felicity," it has been ſaid, "are reſerved by Providence for hearts worn and bruiſed by ſuffering;" and the parable of Lazarus lends a ſanction to the thought. Enough for us to know, that our life is progreſſive

and continuous, for in that faith we may reſt contented, if only true to God and to ourſelves. With that condition we are entitled to believe no toil or ſuffering endured can have been in vain, no right-minded effort thrown away, no prayer for ſtrength and grace rejected; for by the devotion of the heart and the true aſpirations of the ſpirit, will our rightful place in the world to come;—in time and eternity, be finally determined.

To act well, honeſtly by ourſelves and others, each in our circle of individual exertion, be it wide or narrow, is our true courſe, unburdened by anxieties as to the combination or reſult of all the ſmaller eddies in that mightier ſphere of influences, human and divine, which decides the fate of men and empires, as God alone in higheſt wiſdom decrees. Man is his inſtrument always:—yet not without regard for the welfare of each individual agent is he thus employed on work too large for him to ſee the whole plan, or divine even, to what ulterior uſe it ſhall be converted. He ſees a great deſign but in ſuch fragmentary portions, and his own ſhare is ſo microſcopically, infiniteſimally ſmall, compared with the coloſſal ſcale of the whole; that his ſole reſource is to work on by rule, and with faith that in the end, no caſt of the ſhuttle ſhall have been in vain. This ſeems to be the ſum of all

wiſdom for the daily government of man in the buſineſs of life; but becauſe it is ſo ſimple and ſo humble, the leſſon it conveys is too often treated with unmerited neglect and contempt. As Naaman the Syrian ſcorned the prophet's injunction to go waſh in Jordan ſeven times, even though accompanied with the promiſe that "he ſhould be clean,"—clean of a foul and incurable leproſy too; it needed the earneſt remonſtrance of faithful ſervants to turn him to the ſtream. "My father! If the prophet had bid thee do ſome great thing, wouldſt thou not have done it?" So is it to this day, with Pagan, Jew, and Chriſtian, for human nature preſerves its characteriſtic perverſity in all ages. The ſmall duties, the minor charities, the amenities of life which make up the ſum of ſocial exiſtence, and contribute in ſo large and eſſential a degree to its happineſs, are contemned as beneath our notice or too ſmall for ſerious effort; and the voice of remonſtrance is treated as the babbling of a ſuperannuated morality, uttering only the banalities of a by-gone age. Yet, ſeriouſly, what ſhall we ſubſtitute in its place? In it lies the ſecret of all progreſs, unity of purpoſe, and harmony of action;—of all contentment baſed on the indeſtructible foundation of truſt in Providence and in the unerring wiſdom which governs the world and every individual

part, every wheel and pin in its complex machinery. It does not, as has been urged sometimes, tend to paralyse free, intelligent exertion to attain apparent ends. It is not fatalism, still less apathy; for resting on a sure faith in the all-wise and *intelligent* ordering of events, day by day, and age by age, every motive to faithful exertion is strengthened. But man is relieved of the only burden which to him is intolerable:—the perplexity of deeming himself answerable for the *result*, so evidently and constantly beyond his control; and he is thus enabled to bear up with a strong heart against the world's disappointments, against reverses and failures, of which there are so many in every sphere. And despite the sad contrast of which the best of us may be but too often conscious;—between high resolves and failing deed, in the endless conflict between the good and the evil tendencies of our nature; there is good hope before us, if we evermore rise from defeat ready to begin anew the struggle, and willing to maintain it, on to the end! There is a sublime meaning in the classic fable of Antæus, who often as he was cast to the ground, drew fresh vigour from his Mother Earth, and rose up with new strength to the battle. Many an erring man has risen from defeat to victory; and chiefly by the knowledge gained, while, humbled and prostrate, he scanned the battle-field around him.

Man would indeed ſucceed in much, if he but gave to his religion the two-fold form in which it may alone take root in earth and be perfected in heaven. The devotion of the heart which finds development in faith and prayer; and ſecondly, the practical worſhip which finds expreſſion in work,—the daily work, the buſineſs of life—the laſt follows as a natural conſequence of the firſt, and inveſts the drudgery of a menial's office with a ſacrificial character, rendering it meet offering for the altar. If in our ſecret heart it be glory enough to know ourſelves the ſervant and the ſoldier of Him who reigns in Heaven; to do his work, ſerve and obey him in the faith that ſo it is required of us, however mean or lowly the capacity in which we act; we ſhall never be found repining that our lot in life is humble, that we are left on the river-bank diſregarded, while others are carried forward on a flood-tide to higheſt honour and employment. May we not the better prove our entire devotion and ſingleneſs of heart, by ready and devout ſubmiſſion? The kings of the earth can ever find ſervants to occupy poſts of honour or command, and to fulfil all the higher duties of office; but faithful and willing ſervice, without ſuch trappings to adorn, and ſuch garniſhings to make the labour ſweet, is more difficult to obtain. If with cheerful loyalty we are ready to do battle in the ranks amidſt

the throng of undiſtinguiſhed combatants, ready to bear without murmuring the croſs-belts and muſket through the long day's march, and the burden of the fight, even though we deem ourſelves capable of command, ſhall not this be acceptable ſervice?

"How ſhall I know that it is His work I am doing?" Many a waverer has aſked, who likes not the toil, but fain would have the reward. Search, and ſee what are the moſt obvious and undeniable of the duties attaching to your lot in life; firſt, as a Chriſtian, beginning with all thoſe ſame minor charities and amenities, ſo cruelly forgotten, and yet ſo eſſential in ſocial life; and next, in a more worldly point of view as regards the routine and buſineſs which devolves upon every one. Theſe are the ſervices required at our hands; theſe the offerings meet for the altar. Are they indeed menial, ignoble, or trivial? What do they coſt you to perform them well and thoroughly? Much in every way, it is eaſy to perceive. Think not ſo lightly of their worth then; the *meaſure of their value*, is their *coſt to you*. Inaſmuch as there is effort, ſelf-denial, *ſacrifice* in them, they are precious in the ſight of Him who marked with divine praiſe the half-farthing of the widow. We all know and feel, that the common and leſs attractive duties of every-day life, are not eaſy to

perform perfectly, and with a willing spirit; and by the difficulty we experience, may we rightly estimate their true importance and their worth. Emerson has well said, "Let us give heed to what surrounds us. To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks trivial to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience." "We know nothing of to-morrow, our business is to be good and happy to-day," was the wise remark of Sydney Smith.

Life thus viewed, loses all that to other eyes may seem both trivial and degrading in it. We often hear complaints of the dulness of every-day existence, and the weary monotony of ever-recurring common places; but Wilberforce has rightly rebuked this frame of mind, when he observes, that "in the true Christian, all is life and motion, and his great work calls forth the various passions of the soul." We shall not weary of life, if we have rightly learned its great lesson, namely, that we have been given it for a great and worthy purpose, not for amusement; that we are here on an appointed service, a special mission; the issue of which is all important to us, in another and a higher sphere. To do that which is required of us here, and to do it well and faithfully, will then be happiness enough under any circumstances. "A constant employment for a desired end, with

the conſciouſneſs of continual progreſs," has been declared an eſſential condition of earthly happineſs, and one, perhaps, which can only be fully realized in the life of a Chriſtian. But none within that circle need deſpair, however hard the lines in which their worldly lot is caſt. The "conſtant employment" is found in efforts to ſubject the will to the government of the reaſon, and in the loyal devotion of all our faculties to Him whoſe ſervants we are, by ſuſtained exertion for the due performance of all the more obvious duties of our calling. Nor is there any danger that occupation will fail us, however reſtricted the ſphere; and as little ſurely can "deſire" fail, where the end is eternal life and happineſs. "Conſciouſneſs of continual progreſs" is perhaps the hardeſt of theſe eſſential conditions to be ſecured; for progreſs in well-doing, continuous and certain, is given to few of mortal mould, however ſtrenuous the effort. Man is both weak and erring by nature; but He who knoweth our infirmities, and of what duſt we are made, has compaſſion upon us; and inaſmuch as our progreſs to the grave is indeed continuous, without reſt or pauſe, a means of ſalvation has been provided, requiring only honeſt and unceaſing effort, the loving heart, the faithful ſpirit;—and one who is able, bridges over the chaſm between *effort and ſucceſs*. We

may with ſuch aid, always have this conſciouſneſs of progreſs then; becauſe it reſts with us, and it is always in our power to make unceaſing and true-hearted effort, and this is the condition of progreſs towards the deſired end; the reward of the ſervant with two talents, as of him with ten!

Let us ceaſe then to bewail either the monotony of life, or its blank and aimleſs character. Thoſe who utter ſuch complaints muſt not only have failed to diſcover its proper uſe, but miſſed the true interpretation of the great law which lifts the burden, and unfolds the myſtery of life!

SACRIFICE AND MYSTERY.

" The heart to ſoften and rejoice,
With ſound of a familiar voice.
And that rebellious heart to teach,
How far our Father's cares can reach,
Giving each trial its compenſation,
Each grief its gentle conſolation;
Who when all ſound in gloom is ſhrouded,
When earth is drear and ſkies are clouded,
Bids the ſwart veil divide, to throw
A ray of ſunſhine down below,
Making our very tears ſeem bright,
As dew-drops in the morning light,
Tears which like ſummer's gentle rain,
Freſhen the heart and cool the brain."—*Anon.*

SACRIFICE AND MYSTERY.

"SACRIFICE is the fundamental myſtery of all Religion whether conſidered as worſhip or as life."* So writes one earneſt in ſpirit and profound in thought, who has devoted a life to the ſtudy of ſome of the great problems of Hiſtory and Chriſtianity. The idea of Sacrifice is ſo much the natural and neceſſary foundation of every Religion, and every ſyſtem of Religious worſhip, that we find it by no means confined to the Scriptural Revelation, the Jewiſh and Chriſtian Diſpenſations, in both of which it ſtands as the great central truth—but in all Pagan forms of worſhip, Hindoo, Greek, or Perſian, Negro, Papuan or Californian, it occupies the ſame place. "The horrors and abominations which the deſire of effecting the Sacrifice produced for inſtance in the ſervice of Moloch, prove only how deeply the ſame is

* Bunſen.

founded in human nature." The ſpirit of ſacrifice ſeems to dwell in our common humanity as the interpreter between God and man, and to lie at the heart of that ſyſtem of Divine Government under which we live, interpenetrating the whole body of Nature.

In Chriſt it was declared to be the corner ſtone of the Temple, made incarnate, and in a human form raiſed high on the croſs that all men, to the end of the world, might carry the image in their hearts—feel and know that it was Divine in its origin, and eſpecially deſtined to lead them to God. As, according to St. Paul, by no other name, in Heaven or Earth, we can be ſaved, ſo by no other virtue except Sacrifice, can we redeem our lives and bodies from the dominion of the lower principles and deſires inherent in the complex nature of man.

We have but to look around to ſee that Sacrifice enters as an eſſential element into all good things—that nothing truly good or durable is ever attained in life, either as regards this world or our hopes of the future, in which the Spirit of Sacrifice does not play an important part. In the primeval records of our race as theſe are handed down to us in the Scriptures, and in the ancient traditions of all nations, Sacrifice was the firſt part of an act of worſhip, and preceded prayer. Whether it come in the

form of ſelf-denial as regards the foregoing of our deſire, or the voluntary acceptance of pain and labour, the immolation of ſome preſent joy for a future object, or the dedication of our wealth and coſtly things to God's ſervice, or His temple even,—ſtill Sacrifice is eſſential to give the life of man its true form and a ſtamp of value. It is the eſſential oil on which the flavour and the virtue of the whole depend. The ſalt that preſerves from corruption—the leaven that raiſes the whole lump. A profound ſentiment of the dignity, worth, and ſaving virtue of Sacrifice is implanted in our hearts; it is no doubt at the root of all Aſceticiſm, and gives to all the forms and ſyſtems of devotion in which it predominates their enduring vitality among men. It is the miſinterpretation of the meſſage it conveys to us, and the miſapprehenſion of the ſervice it demands, which conſtitutes the error of the Aſcetics—Pagan or Chriſtian.

Why, in ſpite of this almoſt univerſal inſtinct of that which is Divine in the Spirit—the real acts of Sacrifice ſhould ſeem ſo often to the majority of mankind poor or ſuperfluous things, may perhaps be traced to the following cauſes:—Firſt, our diſpoſition to regard Sacrifice as ſomething good in itſelf, inſtead of good only as an inſtrument, and a means in reference to the end it is deſigned to accompliſh? But if ſo, as there

was nothing really good—nothing of efficacious virtue in the blood of bulls and goats—but in the fact that they were acceptable to God as of Divine appointment, and in the ſpirit of love, and faith, and ſelf-ſacrifice in which they were brought to the altar; we may ſee as a natural reſult, that it would be preciſely in proportion as this Spirit of Sacrifice was true and perfect, that the higher and only true end was accompliſhed—namely, the aſſimilation of the human to the divine, man's nearer approach to, and cloſer communion with God. Now the firſt condition in all theſe is, that we ſhould ſee Him only in the act, and loſe the conſciouſneſs of ſelf—ſee only the object of worſhip, and ſervice, and neither the thing offered nor the perſon offering; and our identification with the firſt, and conſequent worth of the laſt, was always in the relation to the degree of ſelf-renunciation and forgetfulneſs attained. So is it with all Sacrifice in the world. No act ever attains the true characters of Sacrifice except in ſo far as this condition is fulfilled. With any ſelf-conſciouſneſs, or ſo long as we are retained within the circle of ſelf, it is not ſacrifice, but a mingling of ſelf-idolatry and will-worſhip. We all feel this in our human relations. If in yielding our own wiſhes, rendering ſome active ſervice which has the benefit of another for its end,

and may even entail upon us the ſacrifice of ſome preſent comfort or enjoyment, of fortune, time or leiſure—if in any one of theſe directions we make the ſacrifice, thinking the while on ourſelves and what we are giving up, our thoughts revolving round ſelf as their centre, and perform the moſt meritorious act becauſe it is our duty to do it, and with the thought that ſo we are beſt accompliſhing the end of our exiſtence;—the offering and the ſacrifice alike loſe their virtue. They are no longer holy, nor may a ſweet ſavour aſcend to Heaven lifting the ſpirit of the votary with it. It is but the blood of bulls and of goats, while he who offers it remains chained down to earth within the vicious circle of his own being. It brings him no nearer to God. This great and ſolemn truth is reflected in the common inſtinct of mankind, and pierces through all their dealings with each other. It matters not how great the ſacrifice, or coſtly the offering, if ſelf-forgetfulneſs, entire ſelf-annihilation or immolation do not accompany and ſanctify it—we receive either the one or the other reluctantly, as the loan of the uſurer which carries neither bleſſing nor gratitude with it. There is a great deal of this imperfect and deluſive Sacrifice in the world—a great deal of devotion to the intereſts and wants of others; but that perfect ſelf-renunciation and forgetful-

neſs which can alone fulfil the conditions of true ſacrifice—make it acceptable to God, and Divine in its efficacy—is the rareſt of all things! A lurking regret; or reminiſcence of ſelf and the value of the thing offered, defiles all that is laid on the Altar, though it ſhould be a fortune or a life. We all know indeed how that common inſtinct of humanity to which we have referred, ſpeaks out in accents clear and ſtrong. To reproach a perſon with a ſervice rendered, or even remind them of it as a merit in ourſelves, is to cancel the obligation, ſo far as the heart's return is concerned; and to make the recollection of it hateful. To do a kindneſs and exact, or look for gratitude, is with one hand to record a debt, and with the other to charge it with a condition of payment that makes it void. It has accordingly been well remarked, that "In proportion as a man acts rightly, and is healthy-minded, he is unconſcious of his good acts." In every ſenſe, to be ſelf-conſcious of a merit is fatal. If we are cognizant of the rhythmic pulſations of the heart, we are entering on a ſtage of diſeaſe. In perfect health there is perfect unconſciouſneſs of all the different parts and functions of the body—and ſo it is in our moral being alſo. The moment we are conſcious of the workings of either heart or head, there is ſomething wrong —for by this alone can we receive the intima-

tion. There is error either in the moral or the mental ſtate, deſtructive of that perfect harmony in which alone is peace; the peace "that paſſeth all underſtanding," but to be felt and rejoiced in. Carlyle has well ſaid, "Self-conſciouſneſs is a diſeaſe,"—and he might have added with equal truth, that ſelf-forgetfulneſs is to be claſſed among the rareſt virtues—ſo ſeldom is it ſeen, and ſo difficult is it of attainment. To merge our being in another's is one ſtep towards this deſired end; but alas, how many love only or chiefly for the pleaſure it brings to ſelf; and then where is the ſelf-renunciating virtue? Self, incarnate and predominate, ſeems to be the natural fruit of our ſinful ſtate. Were we without ſin or diſeaſe, we ſhould loſe our ſelf-conſciouſneſs and with it all ſelf-ſeeking, in its thouſand forms and diſguiſes;—and then our will and God's will would be one—and our whole being would be one with him, as Chriſt left us the injunction to make it. By the difficulty we experience in forgetting ourſelves in others, we have a too ready guage of the diſtance which ſeparates us from this conſummation of a Chriſtian's life. Yet when we look at ſelf as the centre of life—our own individual work or pleaſure as the ſole object of exiſtence, how flat, ſtale and unprofitable this world and all it contains become.

And to Sacrifice is added Myſtery, in the

Divine Economy. Theſe two elements are primary and all-pervading. The one is the inner heart or ſpirit, of that economy; the other its outer veil, interwoven with ſtrange gifts of wiſdom and of power. It is the vail of the temple guarding the inner ſanctuary, the holy of holies, from all profanation and defilement. Woe to thoſe who ſeek to rend it, though it ſeem ſlight as goſſamer; or, with ſacrilegious hands to lift its folds and paſs impure within. Sacrifice and Myſtery guard the gates of heaven.

It is very remarkable how every thing, the commoneſt and moſt material or tangible to our ſenſes, runs up into myſtery the moment we purſue it with patient thought or earneſt deſire; and this, whether we would trace it back to its ſource, or forward to its ultimate reſiduum. In chemiſtry, how conſtantly an illuſtration of this truth is furniſhed. There we come at laſt, deſpite of crucible and alembic with all their analytic and torturing power, to elementary baſes, or compounds we are fain content to ſtyle elementary baſes in the abſence of all power, to proſecute the inquiry as to their ultimate elements further; matter which mocks our clumſy efforts to wring its ſecret out by analytic proceſſes, and which remains inſoluble at the bottom. Then again, if we come to animate matter—how inſcrutable is Life in

all its forms, from the zoophyte to man—there all inquiry is barred on the threſhold. We may lay bare, with cruel and unfeeling hand, all its mechaniſm, but the vital principle, Life itſelf, eludes our graſp, and leaves us face to face with Death, and a blank negation. But we may well be foiled with vitality, when the ſimpler and groſſer forms of inert matter,—where the firſt rude and giant links of creation, the granite ribs and ſkeleton of earth are given to our prying gaze,—baffle us for evermore. We ſee ſomething of the mechaniſm, of the aggregation of parts, and ſometimes why they are brought together. But geology has its abyſs of unſounded depths, as univerſal nature in every ſection and department has its impenetrable myſteries, giving to all our queries only laws for anſwer;—laws which explain nothing but their own effects, and are themſelves the greateſt myſtery. The veil is drawn backward a ſtep in conceſſion to our earneſt effort and unceaſing prayer; but only to be maſſed in heavier, darker folds acroſs the inner ſanctum.

If man would realize to himſelf how thoroughly both Sacrifice and Myſtery interpenetrate, and form eſſential or integral parts of the Divine Economy, let him try what real pleaſure, beyond the very loweſt and moſt temporary of animal nature, he can ſecure under conditions

where either or both of these elements are excluded? On the other side, we find abundant evidence that the more freely they enter, the higher and more durable appears to be the resultant. Hence the supreme character of our religion, and the all-engrossing nature of its hopes, its joys, and its trials. If we stop to analyze the more gross or purely sensuous forms of enjoyment, we soon see that when the coarse mind would strip these pleasures, more particularly attached to the animal organization, of both these characters—Sacrifice for their attainment, and a certain reserve or Mystery in their fruition—how immeasurably they lose, first in worth, and next in refinement and duration. Their limits, apart from the imaginative and spiritual powers which so readily mingle their enchantments, are indeed soon reached. The mere animal powers are easily exhausted, and satiated too. It is only when associated with the immaterial parts of our nature, where the spiritual and mysterious begin, that they partake of the illimitable attributes of the soul. The complex nature of man with his dual and antagonistic organization, the physical and the moral—demands for the full development of its powers of fruition and enjoyment that the requirements of both should be met. There is an æsthetic want met by a conscious fitness in the thing

itſelf, and in our title to enjoyment; behind which lies the ſacrificial element. This conſcious fitneſs again can only exiſt where there is ſpirituality, a ſenſe of harmony and affinity with that which is beſt and higheſt in us, the voucher for which is found in the myſtery attaching alike to its ſource and current. Ah! reader, whoever thou art, doubt it not: all that is higheſt and beſt, muſt ever in this life be partially ſhrouded beneath a veil of myſtery: let no ſacrilegious hand in wantonneſs or wild exceſs rend it away! Even in things moſt open to ſcrutiny (and they are only the moſt common—the leaſt worthy or attractive) the portion of myſtery that does attach to them, is in mercy given, to harmonize them with the higher requirements of our ſpiritual nature; and they are in danger of becoming ever after diſtaſteful and a ſource of diſguſt, if, like the wilful child, we will perſiſt in tearing off the outer coverings and laying bare the ſecret machinery of the toy deſigned for our delight, but which will charm no more, when it is ſeen on what unſightly cranks and ruſty wires its graceful movements, or its muſic depended. There are men who deem themſelves much wiſer than their fellows, becauſe they dwell upon what they call *facts*, and conſider to be the only realities in life. They plume themſelves on their ſuperior wiſ-

dom juſt in proportion to their ſucceſs in ſtripping Life of all its illuſions and ideal character. It has never entered into their philoſophy apparently, that what they contemptuouſly ſtyle illuſions, are often truer and more real entities —as the ſpirit or eſſence of the object loved or deſired—than the things which ſuch men hug to their breaſts; the mere huſk or ſeed-pod, the outward material form with the life-germ wanting. There are fruits which ſtripped of their leaves and outer coverings, bark or rind or ſhell, loſe their flavour and ſhrivel into a taſteleſs or an unſavoury pulp. So is it with life, and moſt of life's more precious gifts if rudely and profanely handled: the leaf and the huſk, the rind and the bark are all charm and life conſervators, needful to that end; and to be carefully preſerved, if we would enjoy in higheſt perfection the fruit, which lies like a true heart in woman, moſt loveable beneath a veil of modeſty and reſerve.

As we trace the operation of theſe laws of the Divine Economy—we cannot fail to ſee that the whole moral government of the world and of man's earthly career, are in ſtricteſt harmony with the Scripture hiſtory of the fall, and the proſpective reſults therein revealed, of a firſt dereliction from the plain path of duty and obedience to the Lawgiver. So we feel

it is in entire accordance with this law, that now, in our fallen ſtate, ſacrifice is entailed upon us—ſacrifice in many ways; not the typical and vicarious ſacrifice of the blood of bulls and of goats—not the ſacrifices of the temple, but of our own fleſh and blood, of what we cheriſh moſt and love beſt on earth;—very often "our magic books," our darling luſts, the deſire of our hearts, things we deem the moſt fruitful in enjoyment and find moſt dear to the natural man. We feel it is only by ſuch ſacrifice, however coſtly, that we are ever enabled to regain what Adam loſt—the true elevation of the ſoul, and that high ſtanding ground from which alone God can become to us a real preſence, felt by the heart; an object of love and true worſhip, through faith. It is only as our more ſenſuous nature is baniſhed from the field, and leaves the viſion undiſturbed by nearer objects of care and attention glittering in the foreground; that we can look into the night and ſee the glory of the Eternal, far removed indeed, but clear and bright above us. It is only, as every lover of the twilight-hour knows, when the glare of day diſappears, that ſtar after ſtar of the galaxy of heaven becomes viſible to our weak orbs, erſt blinded by the too bright ſun of day which lights the world on its courſe of buſy occupation and pleaſure. What-

ever elevates the mind and purifies the heart, has a tendency by ſo much to lift us out of the rut of our daily lives, to the contemplation of a wider field. Let us welcome all ſuch influences, therefore, religious and ſecular, all with gladneſs. Sacrifice there muſt be, but not neceſſarily in the aſcetic's ſpirit—"when thou faſteſt, do it with a cheerful countenance." Art and literature have their high vocation, and all thoſe gentler graces of life which ſpiritualize what would be otherwiſe ſordid, or groſs and material in our daily exiſtence, ſpreading a myſtic veil over the lower deſires and neceſſities of our nature; and leaving the mind, like the ſurface of a clear mirror, unſullied and bright, to reflect every ray of heaven's light which may deſcend upon our path,—and unſtained by the impure things flung acroſs its diſk. It is true that in the far depths of a well we may from its impriſoned gloom read the ſtars on high noon-day, and make to ourſelves the night which ſhows them forth to man on the earth. But not ſo were they intended to be looked upon. It is not by ſinking lower, but riſing higher than the ſurface of the earth, that we can catch the firſt glimpſe of dawning light from the morning ſun—and that is the light given to men to work out their ſalvation by. We muſt labour, as well as pray, and tread the well-ploughed field of thought

for the development of our faculties, however ſtrewn with flinty ſtones or brambles,—to worſhip worthily. Yes, the final word of the Retributive Economy under which we are living is indeed ſacrifice and effort. And the beſt that we have, can alone form acceptable offerings at God's altar. They muſt not be of things worthleſs in our eyes, or even made ſo in the eyes of others, by being trampled on until they have loſt all grace and freſhneſs. It is not a dead, but a living, palpitating heart, which God requires;—one with a full appreciation of all that He has made beautiful and attractive on earth, with a full conſciouſneſs of life in every vein. Active, not paſſive love and ſervice, is what God now requires. They cannot ſit at the feet of Jeſus, who, like Martha, are "cumbered with too much ſerving," even though their intentions be praiſeworthy,—but neither is the alternative the ſeclusion of a monk's cell; or gazing at the ſtars of heaven from the depths of a well, and far removed from all life's activities, in artificial darkneſs or iſolation from our kind. Heaven were too eaſily won were this the way, for the cumulative conſequences of the Law of Retribution to take effect. The gates of Heaven which once ſtood open now are cloſed; but Heaven is ſtill to be won—it may be, a higher heaven than was firſt aſſigned to

Adam, (this the counterpart to what is penal and retributive for the firſt tranſgreſſions)—but only through the portals of ſacrifice and faith; and in the path of life's activities and duties may we even approach, ſtill leſs make good our entrance there. We muſt earn our bread in the terms of the primeval curſe, by the ſweat of our brow, and often be condemned to eat it in ſorrow:—on no other conditions is either the earthly or the heavenly Canaan to be obtained.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

IT is related that "Flavius Juſtinus of Grecian deſcent in Flavia Nicopolis, a Roman colony of Paleſtine, ſought to quench his thirſt for religious truth in the ſchools of Grecian Philoſophy;—captivated with Plato's theory of ideas, and hoping ſoon to reach the ſublime heights from which he might gaze directly upon God,"—he gave himſelf up to lonely contemplation.

Whether this object of ſo many efforts is beſt to be attained in ſolitude, and in the contemplation of abſtract truths, or in the world's activities by conſecrated labour in doing God's work, is a grave queſtion: one that has very often been agitated, and which ſtill divides the world, both Heathen and Chriſtian, and each reſpectively have to this day their aſcetic or "wall turning" Brahmins, their epicurean or working votaries. "Solitude and ſilence," it has been well obſerved, "are amongſt the means of ſpiritual

elevation, as poverty is in moſt inſtances healthful to the ſoul, and a means of obtaining ſimplicity, which is good for both body and mind." Thoughts which lay at the foundation of the monaſtic ſyſtem of Europe, as in older ages of all aſcetic inſtitutions in the Eaſt.

It may be, on the other hand, as thoſe generally contend whoſe ſhoulder is to the wheel, that inſtead of being the higheſt, it is the very loweſt idea that piety has ever entertained of the right way to magnify the name of God; to ſubſtitute for that praiſe of Him which conſiſts in doing His work in the midſt of ſuffering and trial; a withdrawal from the world, its duties and its temptations, and the inceſſant outpouring of mere verbal adulation or wrapped thought. But this is not the place for the diſcuſſion of ſo large a queſtion, nor does it altogether fall in with the train of thought ſuggeſted by the paſſage in the life of Flavius, "ſeeking to quench his thirſt for religious truth, and reach thoſe ſublime heights from which he might gaze directly upon God, by giving himſelf up to philoſophic ſpeculations and lonely contemplation."

That he did not by this means ſucceed we know. Some two thouſand years later we read that Zchokke, a German writer of earneſt nature, unconſciouſly repeated the ſame experiment.

He was greatly troubled with religious miſgivings. "He tried to read and reaſon them down, and found a temporary ſupport in the philoſophy of Kant, but it was all in vain. Only after he had engaged earneſtly in patriotic exertion, and given himſelf to deeds of active benevolence, did theſe diſtreſſing feelings leave him, and the goſpel of Chriſt reveal itſelf to his mind as in truth divine. He paſſed," ſays the writer of his life, "he paſſed from the dark and tempeſtuous abyſs on which he had floated, up into the ſerene heaven of a living faith, not through the narrow gateway of a wretched logic, but along the broad and beautiful road of actual work. When he ceaſed to wreſtle with the grim ſpectres of the imagination, and addreſſed himſelf with true manly earneſtneſs to the great buſineſs of life, he found peace."

So far as this evidence goes, it is certainly in favour of work, and againſt ſolitude and ſilent contemplation; if either muſt be choſen excluſively as the road to heaven. It is more probable, however, that both are eſpecially ſuited to certain faculties and wants of our common nature; and both may conſequently be needful alike to its beſt development, and to its more perfect dedication to God. The error in that caſe would rather conſiſt in overlooking the law of proportion, everywhere prevailing, from the

chemical affinities and combination of atoms—to the ſpiritual relations of man to God; and the obſervance of which is eſſential to the dedication of a full and perfected life—the offering He requires.

But it is through Truth alone, however that point might be attained, that we can hope "to gaze directly upon God;" and ſo in like manner, only by ſtedfaſt purſuit of truth can any continuous or ſteady approach towards Him be made. All that is falſe—in a word, all error tends to dim our power of viſion, and bring a film over the eye of the ſpirit within us. So all ſtrivings in a wrong direction avert it from the goal; to fail in reaching which is to loſe the race, and with it the only prize worth ſtruggling for, of all that the world offers. Hence the importance of truth in all its forms: truth in ſcience, truth in morals and in religion; all converge towards the ſame centre of light. And the danger of error lies in this, that by a correſponding law in the oppoſite direction, it tends, whatever be the form it takes, to fly off in divergent lines into outer ſpace and darkneſs. Error, even in idle words, falls under the ſame law; for the tranſition from error in words to things is fatally eaſy, as every day's experience teaches.

LAW OF RETRIBUTION,

UNIVERSAL AND CUMULATIVE.

"THE great law of our lives is the law of retribution. The preſent is anſwering for the paſt, the future muſt anſwer for the preſent. God's laws cannot be violated with impunity; that which we ſow we alſo reap. This in its various developments is the primal eſſential law of our being. The preſent character for good or evil is retributive of the paſt. Each day lays up for the morrow a retribution which is abſolutely ſure to come. It is alſo progreſſive and cumulative, for the preſent character is the reſult of all that is gone before."—*On the Unity of God and other Subjects, by W. G. Eliot, Jun.*

LAW OF RETRIBUTION, UNIVERSAL AND CUMULATIVE:

"THE great law of our lives is the law of retribution." Perhaps there are few truths more impoſſible to contravene, or leſs generally received. Let us inquire what are the evidences of the fact, and if it ſhould appear that the exiſtence of ſuch a law is manifeſted in every portion of our lives, giving a character of its own to every hour, and with momentous and eternal reſults; we ſhall be the better diſpoſed, as one conſequence at leaſt, to bear it in recollection ever after.

The ſame author truly obſerves, that there is a kind of moral retribution which comes from the application of the general law to our moral nature, in the formation of character. "By our manner of life," he continues, "the ſoul is moulded into certain ſhapes of beauty or de-

formity; its capacities enlarged or contracted; its perceptions quickened or made dull; its taſtes purified or debaſed; its inward life made heavenly or vile. We therefore ſuffer retribution by what we are."

This is the moſt common, and yet is it not the leaſt noticed form of retribution? It is alſo one of the moſt terrible. It comes upon us in the moſt ſtealthy way, in the form of habits inſenſibly grafted on our nature and faſhioned to our mode of life;—in which life there may be much that is both good and generous. On theſe higher qualities our attention will be generally fixed, to the excluſion of the inſidious undergrowth that ſlowly but certainly is ſhutting out the air of heaven, and weakening the vital ſap which ſhould nouriſh a goodly tree to its full growth and development.

Habit is the reſultant of a law of periodicity, well known to the phyſiologiſt in his ſtudy of the ordinary functions of life, and conſtantly before the phyſician in forms of diſeaſed action. Intermittent fever is one of the moſt familiar inſtances. A perſon apparently well and ſtrong, ſits out in an autumnal evening, gets a chill, ſhivers, then fluſhes with a fever heat, and finally ſeems, after a ſtruggle, to throw off his ailment in a copious perſpiration. Twenty-four or forty-eight hours elapſe, and without any new

exciting cauſe, this law of periodicity brings round the ſame phenomena, proſtrates him again with collapſed features and fever pulſe. It is enough to have been once the victim to be ever after prediſpoſed and liable to attack, without further act of imprudence on our part. Thus is it with every moral evil that has ever aſſailed our common nature. To be once marked with its brand, is to be ever after in danger of being claimed as a bondſman and ſlave. To have avoided or reſiſted the firſt aggreſſion would be generally comparatively eaſy; to reſiſt a ſecond or a third is more difficult; and the difficulty goes on increaſing in a kind of geometrical progreſſion with each ſucceſſive ſtruggle, when this enemy to our health or our peace has had a firſt ſucceſs. Who ſhall meaſure by any arithmetical proceſs the vaſt acceſſion of difficulty in ſuch a warfare, when defeat has become a habit,—and the habit of years, telling upon us with a ſtrangely cumulative force. Here is a retribution for a paſt weakneſs or ſin, that might well deter the boldeſt from taking the initiatory ſtep in the downward and ever deepening deſcent. It is well the ſame law holds for our ſalvation;—the ſame periodicity acting for good or for evil, and thus a habit of reſiſtance and victory is the beſt promiſe of future conqueſt. As our weak-

neſs increaſes with our conſciouſneſs of it and the fear of failure; ſo with ſucceſs does our ſtrength and power to achieve further triumph. A habit of ſelf-denial and reſiſtance to evil ſuggeſtions may not be as eaſily acquired as a habit of yielding to preſſure and temptation, becauſe there is in us a perpetual proclivity the other way; but once attained, it exerciſes the ſame determinate influence. In the firſt inſtance, a continual and ſtrong exerciſe of the will may be required; but in the end *habit* takes the place of a direct action of the Will, and we are relieved from the pain of a conſcious effort and a continued ſtruggle. All exertion of the will, in the conſtitution of man, is like the calling in of the ſupreme executive power in a ſtate; a coſtly and exhauſtive neceſſity; brief and interrupted in operation, yet provoking reaction in the ratio of the violence employed; while habit is gentle and continuous, requiring no effort or diſplay of power and cauſing no recoil. It is doubly our intereſt then, to eſtabliſh that habitual reſpect of the law, which in the individual as in the ſocial ſtate, is the beſt guarantee for ſtability and peace. The writer of "Two Old Men's Tales" has truly ſaid, "the ſtoiciſm of habit is the only ſtoiciſm to be depended upon," in great things as in ſmall. The danger of falling before any aſſault, is the ſum of weak-

neſs reſulting from all the antecedent defeats and foregone deſires, each accumulating force in a geometrical proportion, as compared with the ſum of ſtrength from previous victories and right deſires. The balance, on whichever ſide that may be, naturally determines the reſult.

Theſe conſiderations chiefly regard the individual; but the ſentence paſſed on man for the firſt tranſgreſſion in Adam, was not leſs diſtinctly retributive and cumulative in its effect on the whole race. Every generation, that was born with the inherent proclivity to evil, was a freſh integer added to the ſum total. Chriſtianity enlarged the field by extending the penalty of ſin to another life, and through all eternity; with an increaſe of intenſity proportioned to the ſurpaſſing rewards promiſed to thoſe who ſhould be ſaved. The cumulative character of the law affecting all mankind, receives its ultimate development in this laſt diſpenſation, and the mind of man can conceive nothing beyond. This law which interpenetrates the whole fabric is curiouſly apparent in ſmaller things. The penalty of any neglect to profit by an advantage placed by deſtiny within our reach, or to perform a duty when the obligation is laid upon us, is almoſt invariably either irreparable loſs and injury, or, at ſome future time, the neceſſity of increaſed labour and coſt to obtain the ſame

reſult, if not to avert ſome penal conſequence. Time, the ancients repreſented with a lock of hair on the forehead only, to intimate that thoſe who failed to ſeize him by it as he paſſed, would ever afterwards toil behind, to find only a bald head turned to them. 'Take time by the forelock' has long paſſed into a proverb;—not merely becauſe it is the beſt time, but becauſe it is often the only one that will offer. Fortune, it has been ſaid, woos all men once, but if rejected, ſhe will be wooed ever after in vain. All theſe common ſayings point to the ſame great truth exemplified in the leſſer details of life. If we aſcend to higher things,—we are told in Geneſis that Adam and Eve hid themſelves from the preſence of God in the garden, and the penalty of this rejection of man's higheſt privilege, (to live in communion with God and in the conſciouſneſs of the divine preſence) has been God's inviſibility—He has been from that time a "*Deus abſconditus*," hidden from our ſight; and Adam's poſterity have had to labour to ſee God in the ſpirit and with the eye of faith—not of fleſh; an effort requiring the exerciſe of his higheſt faculties, freed from the blending miſts of ſenſe and ſin—a hard taſk to the beſt of men. And thenceforth an aching void has been left in the heart, a ceaſeleſs craving after the fruition of what, originally, was a na-

tural desire with immediate satisfaction attached to it, but since become an imperious want, only to be gratified by unremitting and costly effort. By this we are kept in remembrance of a lost privilege of inestimable price, and it is designed no doubt, to stir up in our souls adequate effort to meet the want, and fill the vacant heart with that which can alone satisfy it. And the law is thus fulfilled; that which once was easy, has for our punishment, because unheeded, been made difficult and arduous to an immeasurable degree. Again, in the garden of Eden, Scripture describes man as simply required to abstain from disobedience and in one thing only, as the condition of tenure of that fair heritage. He had only a negative virtue to display, but, failing this, he has been condemned as long as he shall tread the earth, to render active obedience, not in one but in many things;—to keep the law of obedience amidst a thousand trials and temptations, from which he was once entirely exempt. In the sweat of his brow and the agony of his heart to do and to suffer evermore, is the penalty enforced upon all posterity for a first transgression.

LOVE.

"IT is the want of love on either ſide which prevents people ſuiting," has been affirmed, as a ſocial and moral truth—yet many a life's experience tends to throw great doubt upon its accuracy. There is a love which "hopeth all things, and ſuffereth all things," capable it may be, of rendering the companionſhip of the moſt diſſimilar natures a ſource of happineſs and never-failing comfort;—but that is love divine, and few are they from whoſe hearts as from a living fount it flows pure and undefiled like a mountain ſtream, giving new life and beauty everywhere in its paſſage through the lower meadows and paſture land of a toiling money-getting world. The love moſt commonly found in this probationary life, it muſt be confeſſed, has in its progreſs many other elements mingled with it, which give to the living ſtream, however bright and pure in its ſource, many noxious qualities,

and neutralize ſome of its more precious virtues. There is to begin with, a capacity for both love and hate, often equally active in the ſame breaſt. Again, there is a love which has often unconſciouſly, ſelf for its firſt end—its idol, and others only in a ſecondary order; and this love is not divine, not all at leaſt, and ſeems quite compatible with the indulgence of evil habits and paſſions which make the miſery of thoſe to whom in their ſelfiſhneſs they attach themſelves, or who by deſtiny or faith have been made to cling to them.

Then comes one of the myſteries of this life; ſtretching through all its relations. Thoſe of mother and daughter, huſband and wife, the cloſeſt and the deareſt as well as the more diſtant:—how often do we find a diſcord making the miſery of all. Yet, each one capable, under ſtrong impulſe—willing perchance to make large ſacrifices for the other's welfare or happineſs. Such inſtances there are of men and women both, who, each hour of the day will do and ſay things that make the miſery of exiſtence, and yet love very deeply. It is not the want of love then—not this altogether (if even mainly?) which prevents a family, or two perſons finding happineſs in each other's ſociety, but the baſer metal with which the love is alloyed. An undiſciplined temper, deſultory

and ſelf-indulgent habits, an ill-regulated mind, an egotiſtic nature, ungoverned paſſions and pampered ſuſceptibilities, theſe are the alloys in ſome indiſſoluble connection by which love is too often marred; and what but miſery and mutual wearineſs in the common intercourſe of domeſtic life can be the final reſult? When love and any of theſe are mates, but chief of all, diſtruſt, nothing fair or loveable can come of the union, and not unfrequently, ſome hideous abortion mocks the heart.

It is a common error to ſuppoſe, where ſuch things are, no love is; that the true nature of the tree in this, as in ſpiritual things, is to be judged by the fruit, and where that is like the apple of the dead ſea coaſt, fair of promiſe and good to ſee, but duſt and bitterneſs within, the love is ſpurious; a counterfeit, and no true affection. Yet it is not ſo; at leaſt this view does not give the whole truth, nor a right verſion even of any part. The dying breath of thoſe who have loved long and well, has too often borne deciſive teſtimony againſt the ſweeping concluſion. Love and error ſtill mingle in this life—the pure and the troubled ſtream together, and often inſeparably. Men and women both, or no faith may be put in experience, may love a life through, and yet neither give nor receive happineſs from it.

Love, the true and the divine, as it is the moſt precious gift of God to man, wherewith an immortality of happineſs is to be won and enjoyed, ſo is it more fatally beſet with paraſitic enemies. Theſe, like the creepers and the moſs of a tangled foreſt, rob the tree of its vital and prolific power, and, in lieu of golden and nutritious fruit, bring out the miſletoe and ſhade for ranker weeds. Where theſe are, the germ may alſo be—the germ and the capacity too which give true promiſe of better things: but unleſs the vital energy can be found to burſt the paraſitic cerement of weed and creeper in man or woman—to outgrow and caſt off the ſoul-deſtroying accretions of ſelfiſhneſs or ſloth, evil habit and ungoverned temper, it is but a hopeleſs ſtruggle! Love may indeed preſerve and aſſert its exiſtence, nay, prove the divinity of its ſource by ſome great or heroic ſacrifice—the effort of an hour—but joy or happineſs or content, ſhed over days and years of life, purchaſed by every hour's effort, by ſmall conſiderations and ſelf-denial with loving thought, theſe are impoſſible conditions and requirements, to the untrained will and undiſciplined temper. The habits of a life, like the threads of hemp, once twiſted and knotted into a cable, not even love itſelf can break. Coiled ſecurely round the human victim, there muſt be power

from on high to caſt him free and ſend him on his way rejoicing. To man, without ſuch ſuperhuman aid, it ſeems impoſſible—to man or woman either! We take with us into the married ſtate, as we ſhall into the future life, the mind and character we poſſeſſed before the outward condition changes;—and we remain eſſentially the ſame.

How much have the daily habits and the temper to do with the whole complexion and tenor of life—our own and others!—Do wé ſufficiently reflect on this—we who are grown up, and in the full vigour of our faculties—and you, fathers and mothers, at whoſe knees ſtand little children yet young and tender; pliant while in the twig, but ſoon to become ſtubborn and fixed as the gnarled and knotted oak; do you reflect what is the influence of *habits of temper and of mind;* that as they are in the young greenwood, ſo will they be in the full-grown tree? How many of us are there who reflect that, "a burſt of paſſion is neither more nor leſs than a burſt of ſelfiſhneſs, and the individual does more injury in one hour of anger than he could undo perhaps in years of willing toil, the offspring of the moſt devoted love?"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

ZSCHOKKE remarks ſomewhere, "that the judgment we form of ſtrangers, on firſt meeting them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them." This may very well be true without attributing any ſecond-ſight power of previſion or glamour, for in old acquaintances our judgment is biaſſed by familiarity with the traits and peculiarities of a character on the one ſide, and by the ſpecial knowledge we poſſeſs upon the other. Something may, perhaps, be allowed for ſympathy or antipathy — thoſe ſubtle affinities and repulſions which exiſt in the moral and ſpiritual as they do in the material world—as certainly, though not perhaps as eaſily ſubmitted to analytical teſts. But chiefly the greater clearneſs and accuracy of the firſt rapid *coup d'œil* is to be attributed to the freſhneſs of the mind for

the perception of whatever is peculiar or diſtinctive. It is an old faith ſomewhat brought into diſrepute by the pedantries and puerilities of Lavater's ſyſtem, but not to be diſcredited out of the field of philoſophic truths, that the prevailing characters and habits of the mind, the claſs of paſſions or emotions that have moſt frequent play in the ſoul, are indelibly ſtamped upon the countenance; though it may not be given to all to read theſe lines correctly or completely. But not only is the face an index to the ſoul in this ſenſe, but the figure, carriage, geſtures all betray the more ſtriking characteriſtics of a man's nature and habits, both of thought and action. With familiarity theſe ceaſe to ſtrike us, and thus it is probably that in many caſes our firſt impreſſions are really entitled to more confidence than they uſually obtain.

SEXUAL DIFFERENCES IN MENTAL CONSTITUTION.

THE human mind is ſo conſtituted, it would appear, as to admit of ſome diverſity in the modes by which a conviction or clear perception of truth may be attained. The ſenſes, perceptive and intellectual faculties, form one inſtrument. The emotional and ſympathetic faculties ſupply a ſecond. The firſt is more peculiarly diſtinctive of man; the ſecond is generally in greateſt perfection in women; although both are of courſe common to each, by virtue of their common humanity. Notwithſtanding as there is an aſſumed ſuperiority in the means, and a greater certainty in the reſult, of intellectual and logical proceſſes, by which, as much as by greater phyſical ſtrength, man habitually aſſerts a kind of ſexual ſuperiority over woman, it may be doubted whether in this, as in all other diſpoſitions of things in the moral government of the world,

the relative ſuperiority and inferiority is not more one of form or appearance than of ſubſtantial reality. There is at leaſt much to lead us to infer, that what may be eſſential and real in theſe differences is of a partial kind, and that to each ſome compenſating condition or equivalent is attached.

There is no doubt that man, phyſically and intellectually, has in his conſtitution elements of greater ſtrength than his helpmate and companion. But there are other conditions of power than mere ſtrength, whether mental or phyſical, and in ſome of theſe women are not only pre-eminently but eſpecially gifted. So that after all, though a man of great intellectual ability and acquirements, with a well exerciſed underſtanding, may be more ſecure than women from making illogical deductions from any premiſs, he is not, perhaps, better guarded from adopting *erroneous concluſions*. His liability to error in the premiſſes is equal to her liability to miſtake in the logical proceſſes or ſteps of the argument; while, on the other hand, ſhe certainly poſſeſſes, from the emotional and ſympathetic ſide of nature, an intuitive faculty and a power of perception, or apprehenſion rather of truth, either ſubjective or objective, in which man is often wholly wanting, and almoſt always gifted in an inferior degree. Man works intellectually and logically; woman

ſympathetically, and by ſome more intuitive proceſs; and each grapple with the ſubjects of thought in the mode moſt natural and familiar to them—the mode in which they know by experience their greateſt ſtrength lies.

Both, no doubt, may by very different roads arrive at the ſame goal, but which is the more certain to do ſo is leſs clear. The intuitive faculty is akin to the inſtinctive power in animals, which not only ſupplies the place of intellect, but is far more unerring. Hence it may be that we ſo often obſerve, when woman argues, ſhe is weak and inconſiſtent; the logical ſteps of the reaſoning eſcape her; ſhe is plainly fighting with weapons in the uſe of which ſhe has no ſkill or proficiency, and probably very little natural aptitude; and ſhe will often aſſert a victory when by all the rules of logic plainly beaten out of the field. She will aſſert a palpable *non ſequitur* to her premiſſes, and inſiſt upon the logical conſiſtency of the concluſion arrived at. And the concluſion may, indeed, be right enough after all, though all the previous ſteps of the argument may, and moſt likely will be wrong. She ſhould adopt the advice given to the military governor of Jamaica by Lord Mansfield, when the former expreſſed ſome doubt of his judicial competence to the poſt, "You will do very well, Sir, if you will only act upon my

advice—never give your reaſons; for any judgment you may pronounce will probably be right, while your reaſons, in a legal ſenſe, will infallibly be wrong!" And his lordſhip uſed to relate, that the only appeal that came before him from the colony was in a caſe where his friend had forgotten the advice; and the reſult bore out its wiſdom, for the reaſons given were wrong, though the judgment on the merits of the caſe was right.

The non-recognition of theſe diſtinctive characters has tended to bring much unmerited contempt on woman's intellectual capacity and endowments generally; and called in queſtion the ſoundneſs of her judgment in things which, if eſtimated by her mode of arguing upon them, are far above her ſcope. Yet how often has the reſult ſhamed the higher intellectual pretenſions and all the logical appliances of her lord; and how much finer her tact and unerring its inſtincts; how much truer the perception, owing to the greater purity of her nature and temperance of living. Woman knows by experience how often ſhe has *felt* rightly, and inſiſts upon the ſtrength of her conviction, whatever may be the array of logical argument againſt her concluſions. Man, on the contrary, is led by his education and perſonal experience alike to diſtruſt mere feeling or intuitive perception

of truth in the concrete; to look upon these as doubtful guides, and refuses to be convinced by that which neither addresses itself to his understanding, nor can approve itself to his reason by any logical process.

And thus it is ever in the lower as in the higher life. To be perfect, the distinctive characters of both sexes must be blended; in their combination alone is there a complete development of human nature in its most perfect form. This, which in a metaphysical as in a mystic or spiritual sense is true, is to all appearance typified in the physical conditions. Created apart, with separate individualities, counterparts to each other alike in what they have and have not, it was most palpably designed that neither should live alone, or singly achieve that which united, follows in the order of Nature. Each, mentally and physically, and so also psychally, is the complement of the other. Two halves, both are necessary to make a perfect whole, and in their union only can each find its own most perfect development as an individual. Not only can the two, when united, alone call into life a new being and reproduce the like, but each, while separate, remains partially imperfect and abortive as concerns their own being. The danger of isolation to the one is an overweening confidence in mere intellectual power and physical

ſtrength, and the other a too implicit reliance on emotional nature and the impulſe of feeling, in contradiſtinction to reaſon, the great corrective principle and ſafeguard againſt deluſion and error.

True, the blending in one harmonious duality two ſuch diſtinctively characterized individualities conſtitutes a very difficult problem. And unleſs there be on each ſide ſome truſt in the eſſential worth of what is moſt diſtinctive in the other ſex, and a readineſs to appreciate theſe at their true value in the eſtimate of the whole worth of our common nature, no mere effort of the will can enſure a ſatisfactory reſult. Diſtruſt or want of due appreciation on either ſide is a bad foundation for a *ſolidarity* of life. Woman's diſregard of man's ſtrength and the ſupremacy aſſigned him in the order of nature, or man's ſcorn of her weakneſs and its divine compenſations, are alike fatal; and it is hard to ſay which is the moſt ſo! They very often meet in married life, and in that caſe all the laws of church or ſtate muſt fail in effecting any real union; or that blending of two natures, for the completion and higher development of the nature of each, in which the true ſenſe of marriage lies. All elſe in the union of the ſexes is mere concubinage, arrangements more or leſs permanent and degrading, according to circumſtances,

but not marriage in its original intent and ſpiritual ſignificance.

In ſpeaking of the characteriſtic differences in mental organization, no leſs than in phyſical, the one indeed correſponding with the other in many eſſential features, the infinite variety of proportion and predominance muſt not be overlooked: there is in Nature no unity of type or deſign without variety in the form. Some men are eſſentially more like women, in many of the moſt characteriſtic features, as ſome of the latter are maſculine, even ſometimes to developments of outward form of bone and muſcle, beard and voice, with a moral organization to correſpond. So ſome women have been great mathematicians. Theſe, however, in this extreme, are mere exceptions to the general order of nature. Such interchangeable varieties and modifications of degree are merely referred to here in relation to the degree of truſt and confidence which the moſt ſeverely logical and beſt informed underſtanding of maſculine endowments may, without diſparagement, extend to the more intuitive ratiocinations and impulſes of women. Much of courſe muſt depend upon the original capacity, kind, and degree of culture in each particular caſe. There are ſome incorrigibly ſilly women, as well as men in this world, whoſe judgments are no more to be truſted than the divinations of fortune-tellers.

But againſt any ſweeping condemnations of ſuch ſources of wiſdom as are more eſpecially beſtowed on the female ſex, let a ſtrong and a manly proteſt once for all be entered. They do not ſee things as men ſee them, yet how often does the reſult prove that they ſee them as ſpirits may, "with other larger eyes than ours" and far more correctly! The man of largeſt capacity and ſtrongeſt ſenſe, matured by long experience, has only to paſs in review the inſtances in which his beſt conſidered judgments have been falſified by the event, (to ſay nothing of the ſtupendous blunders and egregious follies ſome of the wiſeſt have, once or twice at leaſt in a life, committed) to learn ſomething of diffidence. We have only to conſider in retroſpect the perſevering conceit diſplayed from youth to old age, in the aſſumption of wiſdom to direct and adviſe all other men and women, while tripping by the wayſide ourſelves; in order to feel diſpoſed to receive in a more tolerant and philoſophic, as well as a more genial ſpirit, ſuch light as woman often brings to the conſideration of human character and motives in connection with the moſt intricate affairs;—and to welcome with a loving ſpirit that gentler, truer tact by which ſhe *feels* where worth and honour dwell, when man with ſpectacles on noſe would paſs it by unheeded or diſcredited.

NECESSITAS NON HABET LEGEM.

PASCAL furniſhes a commentary on this old Roman axiom, "Les états périraient, ſi on ne faiſait ployer ſouvent les lois à la néceſſité." All human laws ſeem indeed to be baſed upon the premiſs that they ſhall deal with a known order of events, and apply to ſuch contingencies as can be foreſeen; otherwiſe, a law or rule of action is given in total ignorance of the circumſtances to which it ſhall be applied, its fitneſs or unfitneſs to attain the end in view, which is order, juſtice, government. Theſe muſt all, in ſuch a ſuppoſition, be a pure matter of chance; and for aught the legiſlators may know, the law they create for the maintenance of order and protection of life and property, may be the inſtrument of ſubverſion, and deſtructive of all the ends of law. Hence the juſtice both of the Roman axiom and the French comment; both pointing to the ſame fundamental principle, that when events ſtep

out of the preſuppoſed order, they are no longer amenable to the law which was not made for them. Another law muſt be created *ad hoc*, the terms of which Neceſſity dictates;—and the eternal law of right and ſelf-preſervation, overriding all human legiſlation, ratifies and ſets its ſeal upon the act.

LAW AND JUSTICE.

WHAT an antitheſis of ſenſe in theſe much abuſed terms! How often are Law and Juſtice ſynonymous? The popular threat of a vulgar man, "I will take the law of you," how often does it mean, I will ſeek juſtice? Mr. Warren has publiſhed a commentary on Blackſtone, but a Blackwood contributor (Aug. 1855) has written another and a more inſtructive commentary.

Blackſtone complacently adduces the fiction "that every perſon is bound and preſumed to know the law." Mr. Juſtice Maul admits the fiction, and adds, the law merely ſays, "that it will excuſe no man on account of his ignorance, the rule is ſubſtantially the ſame:" preciſely ſo, "an amiable diſguiſe for the neceſſary harſhneſs of puniſhing in all caſes, whether there was or was not a previous knowledge of the law."

Codification is not without its difficulties; for very true it is, "we have to live in our houſe

while we are repairing it;" but never were repairs more needed! When ſhall "the rule of law be, in fact what it profeſſes—ſimply the rule of reaſon." The true meaning of felony, we are told, is forfeiture, of feudal origin, from *Fee*, the fief feud, or beneficiary eſtate; and *lon*, which ſignifies price or value. How many felons have anything to forfeit in theſe days?

Then take the law of huſband and wife. Can any legiſlation be a greater maſs of confuſion and injuſtice! For cruelty only ſhort of death, there is no puniſhment but a brief impriſonment; no protection for the wife;—for what muſt be her condition who has to live again with the huſband ſhe has had committed to priſon for his brutal violence? "Conceive the meeting after ſuch a ſeparation—what a home!" But for the poor generally there can be no juſtice where law is not cheap, where its adminiſtration is not abſolutely free; why ſhould there not be courts for ſuing in *forma pauperis*, in all caſes of wrong ſuffered, on declaration or proof of want of means, the judge and all the practitioners being paid out of the national revenue, as well as for protection from crime. The moſt grievous are often the wrongs which do not come under the penal code. If the welfare of human beings and the well-being of ſociety were really the ſerious object of

legiſlation, they would be ſo conſidered. The law of evidence, how monſtrous, how iniquitous has it been;—excluding often the witneſs from giving evidence, whoſe fortune, character, and peace may all be at ſtake, becauſe, forſooth, he was an intereſted party; thoſe who alone knew the true facts in diſpute, and yet were compelled to look on with ſilent indignation! Hear-ſay evidence has, by a broad rule, been rejected, yet often it muſt be the beſt that can be had, better than any otherwiſe forthcoming. The ground taken is the chance of inaccuracy, but that does not apply to a written document. Nevertheleſs, the technical rule excludes it in both inſtances. How much more ſafe and intelligible is the rule "that the beſt evidence which the caſe admits of ſhould always be brought forward." "In all caſes demand and admit the beſt evidence that is attainable."

Again, in criminal caſes, the offender is warned not to ſay anything to his own prejudice. Is the object then to try by what means a criminal may be let off; or truth, and the conviction of the offender, be made unattainable? Without entrapping a man into admiſſions ſuſceptible of being wrongly interpreted, without making torture the teſt of truth; ſurely we might ſteer a middle, and a ſomewhat more rational courſe.

LIBERTY AND ITS FRUIT.

LIBERTY bears different fruit, according to the ſoil in which the tree is planted. A modern writer on the Greek church obſerves, in explanation of the ſmall progreſs Greece has made as a nation compared with what was expected, "It is certain that (popular) privileges are conducive to the public good, ſimply in proportion to the honeſty and virtue which can be called in for their exerciſe." A profound and pregnant truth, of which our neighbours the French and the whole race of conſtitution-mongers in every land ſeem unconſcious. Yet it is a Frenchman, Monteſquieu, who ſays, in his work on "L'Eſprit des Lois," "not whether the laws are good in any country ſhould be the inquiry, but whether they are well adminiſtered, for in that lies the chief difference between one country and another. In moſt of them there are good laws." The Celeſtial Empire has ſome excellent laws, but there is no

country in the world perhaps where the adminiſtration of juſtice is more venal and corrupt, and conſequently where the thing itſelf is harder to come by. The South American Republics have had ſome experience in conſtitutions ready made from the brain of philoſophers who conceive ſuch things may be created in a day, and like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, ſpring into exiſtence in full vigour and maturity; and the reſult has been very ſad. "Pronunciamientos," monthly changes, revolutions, and throat-cutting has, hitherto, been the chief fruit theſe doctrinaire experiments have borne. Conſtitutions made to order never anſwer; like trees in full leaf, ſuddenly tranſplanted, they never take root; gradual growth and the adaptation to ſoil and climate, and to a thouſand local conditions on which their vitality eſſentially depend, are wanting, and cannot be improviſed by any effort of genius. All natural growth is from below upwards; but theſe conſtitution-makers would reverſe the proceſs, and make their Tree of Liberty draw its life from the higheſt branches and grow downwards. Failure and death follow as an inevitable ſequence.

LIMITS OF THE PROVINCE OF GOVERNMENT.

MR. MILLS, in his admirable work on Political Economy, devotes a conſiderable ſpace to this important ſubject. He remarks that, "Whatever theory we adopt reſpecting the foundation of the ſocial union, and under whatever political inſtitutions we live, there is a circle around every individual human being, which no government, be it that of one, of a few, or of the many, ought to be permitted to overſtep. There is a part of the life of every perſon who has come to years of diſcretion, within which the individuality of that perſon ought to reign uncontrolled, either by any other individual or by the public collectively. That there is, or ought to be, ſome ſpace in human exiſtence thus intrenched round, and ſacred from authoritative intruſion, no one who profeſſes the ſmalleſt regard to human freedom or dignity

will call in queſtion. The point to be determined is, where the limit ſhould be placed; how large a province of human life this reſerved territory ſhould include. I apprehend that it ought to include all that part which concerns only the life, whether inward or outward, of the individual, and does not affect the intereſts of others, or affects them only through the moral influence of example."

The old problem is ever recurring, ever difficult of ſolution. The political and ſpiritual dominion which may be rightfully exerciſed in the intereſt of ſociety and the whole race, over the individual man. The one is the control of a government, the other of a prieſthood; for ſuch is that which is always aſſerted, under the more palatable name of the Church. The difficulty of the problem chiefly lies in the impoſſibility of iſolating or ſeparating the individual man, in any phaſe of his exiſtence, from the race to which he belongs, and the ſociety of which he forms an integral part. How impoſſible to demonſtrate that any act, or mode of thought and being even, in the individual, is not a means of influencing others, and determining his own relations to them; and by ſo much influencing ſociety, and governments as the repreſentative of the aggregate. And ſo long as this impoſſibility exiſts, all ruling powers, lay and

eccleſiaſtical, temporal and ſpiritual, may claim a direct intereſt, and a voice in the queſtion raiſed as to man's independence, or rightful freedom from their control. In reference to the ſpiritual authority, what Chriſtian is there who will deny that his religion ſhould penetrate through and through;—pervade his whole being, mould all his thoughts and actions, and be the one guiding principle of his life. His religious training and belief therefore are, above all things, important to the State and the Society of which he may be a member. If, on the other hand, to the "Church" is committed the cuſtody and direction of the conſcience, as the Romaniſts demand, how can the prieſthood fail to exerciſe a ſupreme power over all the iſſues of life? There is nothing lay or ſecular; nothing lies beyond ſuch limits; for Religion in the trueſt and fulleſt ſenſe, abſorbs the whole being of man, and there can be no ſphere of independent action. Whether it be right to make peace or war, to give education or withhold it, to rule ſtates by one or by many, is to be determined by the conſonance of theſe ſeveral meaſures with the ſupreme law and dictates of that religion. But the opinions of individual men as to this conſonance, being ſubject to infinite variety, a church or prieſthood always arrogates the right of pronouncing authoritatively and *ex cathedra* on the

point in diſpute. Hence it would appear, that between a ſpiritual deſpotiſm of the moſt grinding and abſolute form, placed in the hands of utterly irreſponſible agents (irreſponſible to any earthly power), and the aſſertion of a liberty of judgment (and of action in accordance with it) which ſhall entrench round a large portion of human exiſtence in every individual, and keep it ſacred from all authoritative intruſion, there cannot be any alternative. The great danger of a ſpiritual dominion exerciſed by a ſacerdocy, by any body of men claiming to be the ſole interpreters of a divine law, is the deſtruction of all that conſtitutes individuality and free will. This peculiar kind of deſpotiſm entails a worſe than Egyptian bondage on the prieſt-ridden caſte; and is not confined to the Papal Church. See what the Calviniſts have aſſerted, and the power they claim rightfully to exerciſe as God's miniſters, over the whole life and conſcience of their fellow men. Do they not abſolve and condemn for this world and the next, and pronounce authoritatively upon all the problems and ends of life? True, they may contend that they only do this as the interpreters of a written law; but ſo in like manner the Romaniſt Prieſt arrogates to himſelf to be no more than the interpreter of the written and traditional law; the prieſthood repreſenting the collective church

of Chriſt under Divine guidance, and in ſuch relation ſecured from error and entitled to give judgment without appeal: but in both caſes, what does this amount to? Is it not the total ſubjugation of the bulk of mankind to a ſacerdocy, which all hiſtory proves to be as prone to error, paſſion, and abuſe as any other inſtitution in which human agency is concerned. This is emphatically true of the Roman Catholic ſacerdocy, of the Greek Church, and no leſs ſo of the Anglican, the Calviniſtic or Preſbyterian, and every other community of worſhippers claiming to be Chriſtians and putting forward like pretenſions of an eſſentially ſacerdotal character. Human interpreters—theſe adminiſtrators of a Divine law, if they will,—but ſubject to the ſame infirmities and fallibility of judgment as any other body of choſen adminiſtrators or governors. That which was true of ſacerdotal hierarchies in pagan nations, is true of the Chriſtian whereever they overſtep the limits aſſigned, not more plainly in the conſtitution of a reaſoning and reſponſible nature in man, than in the New Teſtament. Chriſtianity was the ſuperceding of the Jewiſh Sacerdocy, and a proteſt againſt the ſubſtitution of any other. A prieſthood in the Jewiſh ſenſe, as neceſſarily mediators between God and man, is in its very eſſence hoſtile, and utterly oppoſed to the ſpirit of Chriſ-

tianity as the Goſpels have delivered it to us. They give no ſanction whatever, but on the contrary denounce all ſuch aſſumptions of a divinely derived right of interpoſition between man and his Maker, on the part of any order of prieſts. To Chriſt we are told to look for grace, for aid and ſalvation, to Him alone as our mediator, and not to any ordained prieſthood for the diſpenſations of His grace and power. Whatever may be the view finally adopted as beſt conveying the true meaning of the Apoſtolic "Church of Chriſt" to which promiſes of never-failing grace and peculiar bleſſings are attached;—whether it be regarded as an outward and viſible church, or one excluſively ſpiritual, it does not mean a prieſthood, as thouſands at this day are led to believe. A prieſthood may indeed, in the ſenſe of adminiſtrators and inſtructors, form conſtituent parts of the Church on earth, and be entitled to ſupport, affection, and reverence from all Chriſtians, as men devoted to God's ſervice—miniſters of good things for man'sſalvation, and in a peculiar degree ſervants of Chriſt: but let them not be confounded with a ſacerdocy, the privileged poſſeſſors of a ſpiritual dominion and power over their fellow-men, incompatible with his individuality and with all that conſtitutes his true worth and dignity,—his free will, and moral reſponſibility

for its exercise to Him who gave the first, and made the last a condition of future life, and his best title to respect. To surrender either into the hands of others, mortals like ourselves, is to renounce our birthright, and voluntarily to accept slavery in exchange for these glorious privileges of free men which Christianity bequeathed to all mankind by its authoritative declaration, and a charter written in the blood of Christ. Let each man stand then on his inheritance of immortality and responsibility; nor hope to enjoy the one and escape the other, by any base surrender of that right to human agents, offering vicariously to take both upon them on our behoof. To his own master he must stand or fall; and in the last hour he will plead in vain penance or absolution of priestly order. No mortal delegates may stand between him and his Judge, and cite *their* acts as his grounds of acquittal or condemnation.

The author just quoted, adds that, "the present civilization tends so strongly to make this power of persons, acting in masses, the only substantial power in society, that there never was more necessity of surrounding individual independence of thought, speech, and conduct, with the most powerful defences, in order to maintain that originality of mind and individuality of character, which are the only source of

any real progreſs and of moſt of the qualities which make the human race much ſuperior to any breed of animals."

And this alſo is true; ſupplying an argument drawn from a more mundane point of view perhaps, but not the leſs applicable. Wherever individual independence of thought and freedom of conſcience is given up, the foundation is laid for moral degradation, whether this come in the form of a deſpotiſm of mere temporal power in the hands of one or many; or that of a ſpiritual tyranny exerciſed by a pope or a prieſthood. And there is this remarkable fact to be obſerved, that theſe generally are found to coexiſt, mutually leaning upon each other for ſupport, thus ſhowing the innate ſympathy and identity of principle between them. The inevitable tendency of both alike is to deprive the maſſes of all individual freedom of judgment or action, and to reduce them to a ſtate of paſſive pliancy, or blind obedience to the beheſts of a few. Thus in their origin, as in their tendencies and ultimate reſults, they are nearly identical; and it is accordingly rare in the hiſtory of the world to find the one without the other,—whether in ancient or modern times, among heathen or Chriſtian nations. Very often we read of the internecine war of the two powers for ſupremacy; and the ſacerdotal, wielding a ſpiritual power,

has often proved more than a match for the ſword and ſceptre of temporal ſovereigns; but moſt generally there is a ſiniſter alliance between the two, for the better enthralment of the human race. Auſtria flings herſelf hyſterically into the open arms of the Roman church; after the revolutionary efforts of 1848,—efforts to throw off the yoke of a ſyſtem of government depriving the people of all field for development or the exerciſe of the higher faculties, in action and in thought. Naples props up the ſame ſyſtem by the ſame means. The head of that church, the Pope himſelf, feeling the ground of his ſpiritual dominion crumble under him, has reverſed the proceſs, and clutched the ſtrong arm of France for ſupport. The conſtant tendency of Proteſtant countries, on the contrary, has been this two hundred years, not to repreſs the free energies of man, or contract the field for their exerciſe, but to enlarge and enoble it. There is ſurely ſomething in this contraſt ſo uniformly maintained from century to century and among different races very ſignificant. It is urged, we know, by the ultra montane party (and we have a ſimilar ſection in our Proteſtant churches under another name), that our free development is the progreſs from order to anarchy; that law, not liberty, is the higheſt good of man, and that the whole tendency of our Proteſtant doctrines

and liberal aſpirations is firſt atheiſm, and next the giving over of body and ſoul to every kind of ſelf-ſeeking and immorality;—to communiſm, ſocialiſm, plunder, and deſtruction, with utter confuſion and degradation in the eyes of God and man. But is there any truth in ſuch an inference, or real ground for ſuch an aſſertion, even if taken with limitations as to degree? Where is diſbelief and a profound ſcepticiſm moſt prevalent, and apparent beneath the ſurface,—in Proteſtant or in Catholic countries? No one who has even had curſory means of obſervation in the two can feel any doubt. Infidelity, beneath an outward and very flimſy garb of ſuperſtition and devotion, is prevalent among the maſſes in every Roman Catholic ſtate. Is it not Arnold who has ſaid that between believing anything and believing nothing there is but a ſhort ſtep; and hence as theſe, like all other extremes, have a tendency to meet, ſuperſtition is the great promoter of infidelity. Before man can yield that blind credulity exacted by the Roman prieſt, he muſt renounce his individual judgment and all the powers of free thought, which are his beſt protection againſt error or extragavance, and degradation as a moral and rational being. Once he has arrived at that fatal ſtage in which he learns to lay this aſide, and conſider his abnegation a merit; there is no

middle courſe open between abject and blind adheſion or utter infidelity. But the moral inſtincts of man are ever arrayed in antagoniſm againſt the firſt, and conſtantly tending to drive him to the oppoſite extreme, ſince that is the only alternative left. Hence ſuch populations form at once the moſt alluring elements for an uncompromiſing tyranny, ſpiritual and temporal, and ſupply the moſt terrible of the agencies for revolution — Italy to wit. Proteſtant populations are not free from the reproach of infidelity, and may be fairly chargeable with a leaven of ſocialiſtic and revolutionary tendencies; but it is a queſtion of degree, and of ultimate influence on the deſtinies of a people. Roman Catholic and Proteſtant populations are alike ſubject to the inroads of ſuch enemies to all true progreſs, moral and political, becauſe human nature is common to both; but in the one caſe it is the inevitable tendency of the ſuperſtitious and deſpotic ſyſtem under which they are condemned to live, to generate theſe monſter evils of infidelity and revolution; the violence of reaction in the moral as in the phyſical world being ever in relation to the force brought into play, while the tendency of proteſtantiſm, aſſociated as it has always been with more or leſs of political freedom, is altogether the other way. Theſe mutually tend to prevent the evo-

lution of noxious elements; and for thoſe mephitic vapours which the fermentation of ideas and vices among great maſſes will generate deſpite the beſt efforts of man; they provide vents by which they eſcape into the free air, and ceaſe to have a deadly character, by dilution and contact with a healthier atmoſphere. In this way they never acquire that degree of intenſity which, like pent up ſubterranean fires, may ſuffice to upheave the foundations of ſtates, and bury in the ruins all ſocial and religious inſtitutions. Even if it could be ſhown that there is a certain amount of evil attending ſuch free vents, which, like the open craters of Veſuvius, are ever and anon flinging upward in limited quantities but with a ſeeming menace the burning lava that is boiling and ſeething beneath; the queſtion would ſtill be, which is the leſſer evil of the two,—a perpetual paſſage down the ſides of a mountain into the ſea, of an inſignificant ſtream of perilous and burning ſtuff, or the perpetual danger of an eruption that ſhall lay whole cities waſte and deſtroy its millions? Aſk the good people of Naples, who have ſome practical experience in the matter, which they would deem the more preferable of the two, and the anſwer will leave no further ground for queſtion or debate.

What, then, is the nature and amount of

political and ſpiritual authority which may be rightfully claimed over the individual man, in the name of ſociety, in the name of Chriſt, and in the intereſts of humanity? And how far in thoſe intereſts may the two ſources of all power, the ſpiritual and the temporal, be united in a government as the repreſentative of ſociety, and the defender of its rights as againſt the individual? A dogmatic anſwer would be a ſtrange act of preſumption. All that can be ventured upon is ſomething in the ſhape of a ſuggeſtion as to the direction in which we ſhould ſeek for that anſwer, and of one or two conſiderations of eſſential importance.

Aſſuming, as the advocates of an ultra montane policy and ſyſtem would aſſert, that all power comes from God, and is a truſt to be employed for man's ultimate benefit, viewing him as a moral and reſponſible being, with a heritage of immortality; and that all temporal power muſt therefore have reference to this Divine origin and mans' ſpiritual and eternal welfare as the great aim of exiſtence, how ſhall a government beſt diſcharge this truſt and fulfil all its conditions? By limiting its functions to ſecuring his material well being, and ſecuring protection to life and property? There are few, perhaps, who would be willing to accept this utilitarian view, as either comprehenſive enough

or ſatisfactory. Governments, then, ſhould aim at more; they ſhould ſecure, as far as human agencies could go, the development of the inner and higher life;—and with not leſs care and jealouſy than lands or houſes, protect it from all aſſaults from without; and more than this, it ſhould *promote* the development of all that is beſt and higheſt in man. How is this to be effected? There is a ſpiritual power here to be called into play for a ſpiritual end, whether wielded by lay, or clerical hands. Is a prieſthood claiming an authority from on High, and conſequently above all civil juriſdiction or ſecular control, the fitting inſtrumentality? What does this lead to? What has been the invariable end of ſuch pretenſions to the preſcriptive rights of a ſacerdocy of the olden time? The repreſſion of all free thought, the ſubjugation of man and ſtates to a deſpotic and irreſponſible power, which pronounces, without appeal, on all the iſſues of life and thought. And the effect of that degradation—ſuperſtition the blindeſt, and infidelity of the darkeſt ſtamp; material decadence of power and wealth, of induſtry and all the elements of national life and proſperity follow invariably. Italy, Spain, Portugal, the rival Cantons of Switzerland, Catholic and Proteſtant States in Germany, all tell the ſame tale.

The rule of a ſacerdotal hierarchy, then, does not at all events attain the declared end, the ſocial and moral elevation of man in the ſcale of nations. It has not done ſo at Rome, where the prieſt ſits on the throne with no ſecular rival, and rules ſupreme over one of the moſt ignorant and corrupt populations in Europe. It has not done ſo in Spain, where a ſucceſſion of kings have been the ſervants of the ſame church, and very obedient ones too. And why? May we not ſee a ſufficient cauſe of failure in this one fact, that the influence of the papal ſyſtem is erroneouſly founded on the deſtruction of man's individuality, inſtead of its fulleſt development. It thus produces only blind votaries and ſlaves, with all the nobler qualities ſtarved or repreſſed, in order to attain a perfectly unreaſoning credulity and a ſemblance of an impoſſible uniformity. With this, too, many of the inſtincts peculiar to ſlavery, whether mental or phyſical, are rouſed into dangerous activity, as the retribution for a violation of God's eternal laws in the conſtitution of man, who was deſigned to be a rational and reſponſible agent in all things, and not an automaton.

But even aſſuming that a church alone can be fitted to give ſpiritual inſtruction or wield ſpiritual power, we are met with an inſurmountable difficulty in any theory of government adopting

this poſition. Where is the line to be drawn between things ſpiritual and temporal, and who is to be empowered to fix it? If it be not clearly ſtruck, one of two reſults muſt follow. Either there is an *imperium in imperio*, and a kingdom divided againſt itſelf, bringing confuſion into all the provinces of government, and neutralizing every vital action; or the head of that power becomes the virtual ſovereign, and the temporal power a cypher. Now it muſt be very clear, whatever elſe is doubtful, that in this nineteenth century we are ſtill without any means of drawing ſuch a definite line between the domain of the ſpiritual and the temporal. For the purpoſes of all efficient government, directed to the moſt obvious as to the higheſt ends, therefore, it is eſſential that there ſhould be no power within its ſphere, claiming the exerciſe of an independent and irreſponſible authority. It ſeems alſo further clear, that as regards the limits to the province of government, there is ſomething in the conſtitution of man, which, in one direction at leaſt, very diſtinctly defines theſe. The free play, the exerciſe and the development of all his faculties, but more eſpecially of thoſe on which his elevation above the reſt of the animal creation mainly depend, are eſſential; neither church nor government, therefore, may, conſiſtent with this, claim from

him the abnegation of thought or judgment and reaſoning power exerciſed upon thoſe things which moſt clearly concern his preſent and future welfare as a member of ſociety and the poſſeſſor of an immortal ſoul. Neither may they take means to dwarf or repreſs them. Any compulſion brought to bear within this field of individuality is an injury and a wrong; an injury to ſociety, and a wrong to the individual, which both may reſiſt; which both will reſiſt, juſt in the proportion that they are capable of appreciating the true end and aim of their exiſtence as ſojourners on earth, and their duty towards Him who gave thoſe powers of thought and judgment that He might receive intelligent worſhip;—and not the blind ſervice of idolatry, nor the paſſive ſubmiſſion of a life, out of which we allow, whether from apathy or puſillanimity, all true worth and ſavour to be trampled out by the iron heel of power, whether lay or ſpiritual.

CHARITY.

"THAT is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthleſs gold
Who gives from a ſenſe of duty;
But he who gives a ſlender mite,
And gives to that which is out of ſight,
That thread of the all ſuſtaining beauty,
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot claſp the whole of his alms,
The heart outſtretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it ſtore
To the ſoul that was ſtarving in darkneſs before."

Poems by James Ruſſel Lowell.

CHARITY.

"THAT is no true alms," where a ſenſe of duty is the motive.—How hard and heterodox this muſt ſound to many who give largely of their ſtore, and yet have never given true alms, becauſe theſe have never been the gift of a loving ſpirit. Yet, well enough we all know, the giving of money is one of the ſmalleſt provinces of that charity which alone is Chriſtian. Advice, ſupport, companionſhip, encouragement, the influence of example,—each and all involving the ſacrifice of our time, our eaſe, our taſtes; are far more coſtly gifts than gold. But to all theſe even we muſt add Charity, that is, Love, or our offering has no worth. The love of Him who has laid this duty upon us muſt be there,—upon us who are his ſervants; and with it there muſt be love to thoſe we ſerve, as fellow-ſervants and brethren in need. True charity begins from this centre. All good ſuperſtructure *muſt* have this foundation.

But who that has ever tried to exert himſelf in this field; or even ſeriouſly reflected on the ſubject, has not felt the great difficulties to be encountered at the firſt ſtep? Charity, beginning in this central love, immediately branches off into two great diviſions—public, and private. Large provinces both, inexhauſtible indeed, and ever calling for more labourers. Either or both may be the proper field for thoſe who have aught to ſpare, of money or of time, from the daily demands:—and to apply ſound principles in both theſe directions is a taſk calculated to tax the powers of the ableſt and the beſt.

Charity on a large and comprehenſive ſcale, where we muſt work with others in directing the great machinery for good which exiſts in the world and only wants right direction; is firſt in order of difficulty. This works by Inſtitutions; engines of immeaſurable power for good or evil, according as they harmonize with or violate, ſound principles;—according as they are baſed on a deep inſight into the true cauſes of ſocial evils; and the beſt means of eradicating the effects. Knowledge of thoſe cauſes will alone enable us to prevent the recurrence of both. Without ſuch knowledge and guidance our beſt efforts may only add to the miſchief; ſtimulate the growth, and perpetuate the exiſtence of the ſocial evils they

are deſigned to mitigate;—by affording relief in wrong directions, or under wrong conditions. Miſguided charity is a fatal thing. The proper field of exertion for thoſe, who by poſition or intelligence may influence others; and who by patient ſtudy ſee their way clearly to an enlightened courſe of philanthropy,—or as it has been defined, "benevolence under the guidance of ſcience," is undoubtedly, public inſtitutions, —collective efforts to remove by comprehenſive meaſures, great ſocial evils. In our individual capacities, diſpoſing only of our own funds or time, and in a more limited ſphere, there is perhaps leſs hazard of going wrong; and the effects of any error are infinitely ſmaller. To aid or benefit, and cheer on to renewed effort all who want help or are in danger of falling, even in ſingle inſtances, is a work however which no one may hope to accompliſh without anxious thought; for the problem to be ſolved is one of great nicety as well as importance,—how to give the greateſt amount of needful help with the ſmalleſt encouragement to undue reliance upon it. Private charity can in this direction effect that which public charity cannot. It can make the diſtinction between the merely unfortunate poor and the ill-conducted; the repentant and the hardened. This is its peculiar office, and it is commendable, or

the contrary, as it exerciſes its functions with more or leſs diſcernment. All charity muſt be from the heart, but guided and directed by the head, or it may be a mere engine of evil.

"Long, long it ſeems 'ere we are doomed to find,
The point of contact between mind and mind,
Such ſtrange diverſeneſs, and on either ſide
Such doubt, diſtruſt, and prejudice, and pride.
Yet theſe muſt come—O! brief be the delay,
A better ſpirit with a brighter day,
When not alone, with ready ſympathy
We hail each charm of Nature fair and free,
But warming to an inſtinct yet more true,
Shall walk in peace the flowery empire through,
And our hearts open to her children too."

TRUTHS IN FICTION,

OR

MARGINALIA PSYCHOLOGICA.

"The morning breezes are at play, no work have they to do,
But ſhake the young leaves on the tree, and curl the waters blue.
The doves ſit baſking in the ſun, and plume their feathers
gleaming,
Murmuring notes as ſoft and low as muſic when we're dreaming.
It is a time to ſit and muſe, in ſweet abſtracted fit,
A volume open on the knee, in which high thoughts are writ,
Whoſe images acroſs the mind ſhall flit, an angel train,
Which, mingling with their ſiſter troop, around us quickly weave
A glittering and magic veil, to dazzle, not deceive;
For though it hides the real world, and paints a world more fair,
We know its work is witchery, its forms are but of air,
A dream from which we muſt awake, a ſpell that cannot laſt,
Yet lovely while it lingers here, and ſoothing when 'tis paſt."

Anon.

TRUTHS IN FICTION, OR, MARGINALIA PSYCHOLOGICA.

WORKS of fiction have many detractors, but more votaries. So univerſal is the taſte, and imperious the demand for them, that they muſt meet ſome common want of our nature. The child and the ſavage, before letters are known to them, are alike eager for ſuch food as only fiction can ſupply; and will give up many more ſubſtantial things to obtain it. They are not always good of their kind, and when the works themſelves are leaſt exceptionable, a continued courſe is never wholeſome, any more than conſtant feeding on cakes and ſweetmeats. Both have a certain tendency to blunt the appetite for plainer food, and impair the healthy digeſtive powers. Neither is our ſtate of mental development or moral health always ſuch as to extract wholeſome nouriſhment from the materials they preſent. If they

bring to us the cloſeſt ſemblance we can hope for on earth, to that gift,—angels and ſpirits have been ſuppoſed to poſſeſs; a power of "painleſs ſympathy with pain;" there is a penalty attached to our acceptance of the counterfeit for the reality;—which leaves only a doubtful gain. Sympathy is divine, and the moſt delicate as well as the moſt myſterious of the inſtruments with which man has been entruſted. Well has it been termed "the key to truth, for we muſt love in order to appreciate."* Its free exerciſe or uſe, however, is not intended to be painleſs; but to be a cauſe of pain, as well as of ineffable, and altogether unſelfiſh joy. It is intended to ſupply one of the moſt powerful motives to action. The natural impulſe, when any true ſympathy is felt, is immediate expreſſion,—or action, if mere expreſſion does not ſufficiently anſwer the end. Sympathy with pain, or ſorrow, or wrong, rouſes in us the impulſive deſire to act at once without pauſe or doubt, and to the utmoſt extent of our power to remove the cauſe of pain or ſorrow, and ſo relieve the ſufferer;—to undo the wrong or to avenge it. Is there no peril, then, in the habit of indulging for our luxury merely, a ſympathy that muſt needs ſtop with our own ſenſe

* Lord Lindſay.

of pleaſant emotion; and cannot be followed by its natural conſequence, effort and action? Are we at liberty to make ſuch idle uſe of this moſt precious motor-power given us from on high, aſſuredly for other and nobler purpoſes? We ſee in the phyſical organization that a like perverted uſe, or abuſe, of the natural inſtruments of enjoyment, leads inevitably to deterioration and rapid decay of power in the vital ſources. There is to all the functions of our complex nature, phyſical or moral, one healthy and legitimate mode of exerciſe and development aſſigned; and every other is prohibited, and charged with heavy retribution. It is permitted us to find a great and natural enjoyment in eating and drinking; but if we ſeek to eat or to drink for mere pleaſure to the palate, irreſpective of the true end, the nouriſhment of the body, (on the due ſuſtaining of which all our energies depend;) the time comes when to eat is only pain; and prolonged exiſtence can bring no pleaſure, either to the palate or the brain. So it is with all elſe: and in this matter of ſympathy, the readieſt ſympathizers with fictitious ſorrows, are generally the moſt hard-hearted and impenetrable in preſence of real afflictions,—and when their active help is needed! The indulgence of any ſentiment or emotion without its reſpondent action, is fatal, if often repeated or long con-

tinued; fatal, not only to the healthy play of the individual nerves or portions of our wondrous mechaniſm immediately affected, but to the whole being. There is a law of our nature which ſeems to attach to all *emotional excitement a work to be done*, and to prohibit the diſconnection of the two under grievous penalties.

Iſaac Taylor has ſaid, "The tendency of a taſte for imaginative indulgences is to petrify the heart." Certainly the habitual paſſive reception of emotional impreſſions, followed by no anſwering action or fruitful effort, *has* this petrifying tendency; while at the ſame time it enervates, and in proportionate degree renders the whole organiſm *morbidly ſuſceptible of excitement*. Ladies who weep over the fictitious ſorrows of heroines in hot-preſſed novels, do not always attend with equal intereſt and aſſiduity to the more real but leſs romantic claſs of family duties. There are too many men, like Sterne, who could write moſt pathetic and touching narratives of imaginary troubles, or laments on a dead donkey; and yet let his children go to the workhouſe, and his wife pine in ſickneſs and in ſolitude in the country,—while he danced attendance in town on Eliza Draper. Moore ſeemed to find it pleaſanter and eaſier too, in the hey-day of his popularity, to pen or to ſing ſentimental ſongs on abſence,—than to keep his

"Beffie" company, as a good huſband ſhould have done. Indulgence in the intereſt and emotion cauſed by acknowledged fictions, does not then render the heart more acceſſible to real claimants on their ſympathy. It has on the contrary a tendency to harden and make it leſs ſenſible.

But Art, and the works of poet and painter, have theſe no legitimate place then in the ſcheme of the world's government? It is hard to believe this. As regards the imaginative faculty and its application to the arts for man's benefit, whether in works of fiction—poetry or proſe, in muſic, painting, or ſculpture; it has been much diſputed what is its true place or rank among the means vouchſafed us of bringing truth to the ſoul, and lifting it higher and in nearer communion with God. In dealing with all things "vital to the ſoul," the efforts of earneſt minds to ſhow what is moſt beautiful in nature and in truth; and not only what humanity in its beſt form is, but what it might become:—to depict what is eſſentially true though imaginary in form, and ſo to touch the hearts and captivate the imagination of thoſe not otherwiſe ſuſceptible, (or to whom by other means the ſame truths might never be preſented, or find acceptance); this at leaſt is a noble and a worthy vocation whatever form it may take.

It has been ſaid that the poet's miſſion is not only to realize the ideal, but to elevate and idealize the real. And this applies with equal truth to all art, and artiſts of every denomination, whatever may be the materials or inſtrumentality employed.

Bacon traced the profound impreſſion which heroic poetry has always made on the mind of man, to his conſciouſneſs of the fact that the outer world is inferior in dignity to the ſoul;—and that greater grandeur, beauty, and order is required than can now be found on earth, to ſatisfy the craving of his nature, in whom a loſt perfection is ſtill dimly reflected. Whether this be the true explanation of that love for works of fiction, and the arts eſpecially dedicated to gratify the craving for ideal perfection, which ſeems common to the whole race; there can be no doubt that in ſome degree they ſerve this purpoſe. And a moſt important one it is, if they keep before the mind a higher perfection in all things than man can find realized in the daily life around him; and ſo tend to keep up an ideal ſtandard of beauty and of excellence, the type of which is with God. The abſorbing cares, and more ſordid buſineſs of a life paſſed among things common and debaſing, only too effectually ſerve to keep out of ſight and memory all ſuch types.

That fiction and art have their legitimate work and place, therefore, in the ſteam-racked world of modern times we need not doubt. The imagination is a reality, as much as the hardeſt iron or moſt ſubſtantial nugget; and as a reality muſt be treated and employed. Now the work of poet, painter, and muſician is to make this inviſible but moſt potential agent an active inſtrument for good, a teacher of mankind;—the ſoother of his cares, the tranquillizer of the overſtrained and overtaxed brain:—and above all, to meet the higher wants and aſpirations of our common nature, by ſupplying the food which alone can nouriſh and give them vital development. Imagination is to ſome the wine and to others the opium of their exiſtence; and in either form neceſſary ingredients in the daily food. Wine, "which maketh the heart of man glad,"—Opium, the ſoother of pain and aſſuager of ſuffering. But like theſe good things, man in his long and often trying journey, muſt reſort to it only within right limits;—or pay the penalty of toiling on with unnerved powers and relaxed ſinews, inſtead of increaſed vigour, a lighter ſtep, and a better heart. This, which is perhaps the moſt commonly accepted uſe of art and imagination, embodied in poetry and works of fiction, is only the loweſt uſe. Valuable only as affording re-

laxation to the wearied brain, peace to the fretted ſpirit,—a ſpell to drive, for a time at leaſt, the torturer from our ſide when we are ſtretched ſick and helpleſs on a bed of pain. As they are written in the preſent day, much of the higheſt inſtruction is to be found in their pages. The beſt talent is there, and the ableſt writers often chooſe this field of labour in preference to every other. We ſhould have but a very imperfect idea of the characteriſtic life and movement of ſociety, in our own times, if we excluded the novel and the periodical from our table. They teach while they amuſe; and at the ſame time call into life and action the powers of the imaginative faculties.

There is another though a ſubordinate and altogether incidental uſe, to which works of fiction are ſometimes unconſciouſly applied by thoſe who read them in common. Often they ſerve to guage the character, and ſound hidden depths of thought, not in the writer but the reader;—to give ſome undeſigned revelation of an unknown hiſtory. By marks, by converſation, or the freemaſonry of ſympathy and ſign,—paſſages which have fixed attention or made the greateſt impreſſion can often be traced; and how much theſe ſometimes reveal! Paſſages which either captivate the imagination or ſtriking ſome chord, waken the deep murmurs of the heart and bring

back the muſic, ſad or gay, of ſome long forgotten melody; will occaſionally make ſtrange revelations, even to ourſelves, and in that which it has moſt concerned us to know. Theſe ſudden revealings of a hidden truth may ſupply the epigraph long ſought, and miſſed perhaps, for a whole chapter of incidents,—or give the *mot d'enigme* of a long life.

Theſe marginalia,—glimpſes of truth in fiction, of which moſt readers are conſcious as they turn over the pages of a modern novel or a volume of memoirs; and half involuntarily note or mark a paragraph as they paſs on, thinking to return (although they ſeldom do), how frequently ſuggeſtive they are. What trains of thought they ſet in motion,—and to how many ſtrange and unanticipated iſſues they often carry us. Books that have paſſed through other hands, and bear traces of the mind with which they were read, have alſo a new kind of intereſt lent to them, if either from the public part in life ſuch readers may have played, or our own private relations and perſonal knowledge,—we are led to take intereſt in them. What more grateful legacy of a departed friend, whoſe thoughts we have often ſhared in life; than their once familiar books, with pencillings of byegone days. We take up ſuch ſpeaking memorials of the paſt with a mingled feeling of ſatisfaction and

regret, gathering and garnering from time to time ſtray thoughts and gleaming memories. Like flowers plucked in country lanes, when in the evening hour friends ſtroll together in pleaſant converſe—now dwelling on the paſt (with that peculiar intereſt which attaches to all intimate interchange of thought, where "life's youth may have been paſſed together, and all its graver experience gathered apart;") now glancing into the future,—preſent plans and hopes forming a running commentary, like the murmurs of a wayſide brook, ever and anon breaking in upon the narrative.

Some books, again, are much more ſuggeſtive than others, even where there may be no great diſparity in the intellect or general ability traceable in their compoſition. Among modern works of fiction of eminently ſuggeſtive character, thoſe of Bulwer, Dickens and Thackeray will immediately occur to many. There is an American writer alſo, leſs generally known, diſtinguiſhed for his graphic power, who is likewiſe remarkable for this quality—Hawthorne. In his "Houſe of the Seven Gables" and in the "Scarlet Letter," he has produced two works it is impoſſible to read, without making many excurſions into other ſcenes; and no one who ever reads theſe tales will eaſily forget them. His "Blithedale" is in-

ferior, but the ſame diſtinctive lines are there. The volume is on the table, and bears the marks of another reader than its preſent owner. Let us ſee what the paſſages are.

"The greateſt obſtacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove oneſelf a fool; the trueſt heroiſm is to reſiſt the doubt, and the profoundeſt wiſdom, to know when it ought to be reſiſted and when to be obeyed."

The great obſtacle in the way of our being true to ourſelves and others, as well as heroic, is leſs perhaps the fear of committing a folly; than that of appearing to do ſo, and thus making ourſelves look ridiculous. How potent is this with many, and how much evil may reſult from ſuch acts of moral cowardice or weakneſs, or rather both! It reſts very often, however, upon ſomething more than a mere fear of ridicule. Doubt and uncertainty, as to our judgment on paſſing events, or in any preſent conjuncture; does more to paralyſe even ſtrong and well developed intellects, than is perhaps generally known or ſuſpected. We ought to be very cautious how we weaken people's faith in themſelves. Their judgment may very often be at fault, and with the beſt can never be infallible. But remember, you ſtrong minded men, (and ladies too,) that it is often, nay

generally, all theſe weaker veſſels have to depend upon, to carry them through difficult paſſages and over ſhifting ſands, the ſhoals and rocks of life, where you would find it irkſome enough to follow perhaps;—and where in effect, you have not the ſlighteſt intention of following them, either for your own amuſement or their benefit! And when a really ſenſible perſon, capable of appreciating what has been right or wrong, wiſe or fooliſh, in their paſt lives, looks back and weighs his or her actions in the balance, how often is the reſult quite ſatisfactory? Or are we not very generally conſcious of moſt egregious blunders and miſtakes; and little acts of cowardice or meanneſs, to ſave ourſelves the diſagreeable taſk of ſpeaking out an unpalatable truth, or of ſacrificing a vanity? Let us not forget this, but learn to be tolerant of a brother's weakneſs; and above all, reſpect in him any faith he may have, which will give him the courage ſo often wanted,—to act upon his own judgment and to the beſt of his knowledge; inſtead of halting miſerably in doubt and heſitation between two opinions, until it is too late to adopt either.

"It was hardly poſſible to help being angry with her from mere deſpair of doing anything for her comfort. Moſt men have a natural indifference, if not an abſolutely hoſtile feeling

towards thoſe whom diſeaſe or weakneſs, or calamity of any kind, cauſes to falter and faint amid the rude joſtle of our ſelfiſh exiſtence."

The charge conveyed in this extract, marked by one both gentle and delicate, who had perhaps in a life's experience ſeen reaſon to come to a like concluſion, has too much truth in it. And mainly is it to be attributed, we fear, to intenſe ſelfiſhneſs. Some little, (it may be ſaid in extenuation of the more brutal part of ſuch ſelfiſhneſs,) of this impatience of weakneſs, is to be attributed to an uneaſy feeling of impotence, of inability to remove that which is a ſource of pain or injury to another;—and of one who perhaps looks to man for help and comfort, both rightfully and naturally.

The "Houſe of the Seven Gables" is full of cloſe ſtudies of character: a Flemiſh painting is not more minute in its fineſt touches. There is a ſubtile truth in the following remarks, and all the more note-worthy that only keen obſervers would be likely to mark it in the every-day developments of character about them.

"He had a more exquiſite enjoyment of Priſcilla's ſilent ſympathy with his purpoſes, ſo unalloyed with criticiſm; and therefore more grateful than any intellectual approbation, which always involves a poſſible reſerve of latent cenſure."

Perhaps much of the ſecret or partially covert diſſonance often developed in married life among the more cultivated, might find its explanation here. Man does not naturally or habitually appeal to woman for *criticiſm;* that is, for *intellectual* approbation or cenſure. Neither as woman nor wife does it come gracefully from her,—nor is it natural to him to receive it. To her he looks for, yearns for Sympathy—Sympathy with his feelings, thoughts and purpoſes,—with his hopes and aſpirations: and when in ſearch of this he meets with a critic on intellectual grounds, he feels as one who aſked for bread, and had received a ſtone or a ſerpent. It is hardly juſt to ſay that this is the feeling of a little or a jealous mind that cannot bear oppoſition or criticiſm, although ſuch comment is often made perhaps by fair critics; but rather is it true that the ſource from whence the criticiſm comes gives a character of incongruity and diſſonance, to all that flows from it of a diſparaging or excluſively critical character. Yet why, it may be aſked, the argument ſtill purſued, is it that man aſſerts ſuch ſuperiority, both mental and moral, that woman's voice in matters of opinion, principle, or taſte ſhould never be heard in oppoſition,—is the ſneer put in the free-ſpoken biſhop's mouth by Browning, true of man in general, and flattery or *ſubſervience* alone will content him?

The negative may not be altogether ſo clear as might be wiſhed. Some baſer alloy ſtill mingles with our better nature, intellectual and moral.

We ſhould do well to remember, in connection with this ſubject, that to every one as to the hero, it ſometimes happens that a criſis comes, "in which his intellectual perceptions cannot altogether help him out." He feels the deficiency, but only turns for help to a ſympathetic ſource of inſpiration. It is in ſuch circumſtances, eſpecially, that he is apt to feel the want of a large heart and expanſive ſympathies in thoſe near him: while it narrows his own field of viſion in what concerns himſelf, and reſtricts his influence over others, he is conſcious of its analogous effect in them. In truth, our influence over others is generally proportioned to the breadth, the catholic univerſality, and the warmth of our ſympathies. A man ſo conſtituted as to be reduced to his intellectual perceptions, and the inſight into the hearts and influence over others which the intellectual merely can ſecure, muſt often fail to comprehend all the finer influences which move a woman's ſoul.

"So tendereſt thoughts, deep feelings unexpreſt,
Lie hidden oft in ſome miſconſtrued breaſt,
Which yields its treaſures up but to Love's faithful gueſt."

Upon this text, indeed, the author ſupplies un-

conſciouſly a truthful commentary and illuſtration.

" How many a woman's evil fate has yoked her with a man like this! Nature thruſts ſome of us into the world miſerably incomplete on the emotional ſide. No paſſion ſave of the ſenſes, no holy tenderneſs, nor the delicacy that reſults from this; when a woman wrecks herſelf on ſuch a being, ſhe ultimately finds that the real womanhood within her has no correſponding part in him. Her deepeſt voice lacks a reſponſe; the deeper her cry, the more dead his ſilence. The fault may be none of his; he cannot give her what never lived within his ſoul. But the wretchedneſs on her ſide, and the moral deterioration, attendant on a falſe and ſhallow life, without ſtrength enough to keep itſelf ſweet, are among the moſt pitiable wrongs that mortals ſuffer."

Le fin mot of many a life is there. And a *pendant* full of worldly wiſdom, and of truth too, is ſupplied in another work of the ſame author, full of tragic intereſt, the " Scarlet Letter."

" Let men tremble to win the hand of woman, unleſs they win along with it the utmoſt paſſion of her heart. Elſe it may be their miſerable fortune, as it was Roger Chillingworth's, when ſome mightier touch than their own may

have awakened all her ſenſibilities, to be reproached even for the calm content, the marble image of happineſs, which they will have impoſed upon her as the warm reality."

True,—and ſad as true; for ſuch riſks are full lightly run by thouſands, and in ſin and miſery the fruit is eaten; the laſt in the form of a diſcontented and unſatisfied heart,—while the firſt too often comes of it. The huſband who has not begun by winning the heart of his wife, has but ſcant ſecurity for all the reſt. Angels may guard the gate, but there is no garriſon worthy of truſt to keep watch and ward within or man the walls. Of all the miſtakes made in worldly things, perhaps this is the ſaddeſt; and well has the author elſewhere remarked, "It is a truth (and it would be a very ſad one, but for the higher hopes which it ſuggeſts) that no great miſtake, whether acted or endured in our mortal ſphere, is ever really ſet right." Wrong, indeed, never comes right, to the end of the world; and, as ſome one has alſo not leſs truly ſuggeſted, ſo far is the commiſſion of one miſtake and the experience it brings any ſecurity againſt a ſimilar folly, that, *à propos* to marriage eſpecially, he who has once made a very ſilly match, is pretty ſure to repeat his miſtake a ſecond time, if he has the opportunity! To be accounted for perhaps, by the fact, that all our ſins and follies, all

the miſtakes and crimes of our life are generally the reſults of ſome proclivity;—ſome ſet and current of habitual thoughts, impulſes, and principles, which are very rarely entirely eradicated or changed, even after the ſevereſt leſſons; and therefore, with the opportunity for full play, the ſame cauſes which led to the firſt fault or failure again make their appearance, and lead to a ſecond and a third, and ſo on to the end.

Here is a fitting moral to cloſe with: would we could all take it into our hearts and reduce it to action.

"Among the many morals which preſs upon us from the poor miniſter's miſerable experience, we put only this into a ſentence; Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worſt, yet ſome trait whereby the worſt may be inferred."

PART II.

"O! for the ſight of a flower,
Our longing eyes to greet,
O! to recall for an hour,
The life of the daiſy ſweet,
We ſo often have cruſh'd with our careleſs feet."

HAVE you ever ſpent an idle hour, reader, in turning over the pages of Longfellow's "Hyperion?" He has prefixed two mottos to

his romance, both good, but they tell two very different tales. On the title-page he ſays,—"Look not mournfully into the paſt. It comes not back again; wiſely improve the preſent. It is thine. Go forth to meet the ſhadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

And to his firſt book he prefixes the old quatrain which ſpeaks of a paſt ſorrow, in the words of one who had drunk deep of the cup and found hope only at the laſt draught.

"Who never eat his bread in ſorrow,
Who never watch'd the midnight hours,
Weeping and ſighing for the morrow,
He knows ye not ye unſeen powers!"

True are the morals both convey. As regards the firſt—an enervating, aimleſs, endleſs ſorrow, haunting us like a "dream of one we have loved, and loſt for ever," has ſomething not feminine, but effeminate, and unworthy in it. Fanny Kemble had a right perception of this when ſhe wrote:—

"Shall love lay on my ſoul the ſin
Of caſting from me God's great gift of time!
Shall I, theſe miſts of memory lock'd within,
Leave and forget life's purpoſes ſublime!"

A modern French author has ſummed up in few words ſome very ſterling truths bearing on this ſubject.

"Les exiſtences foibles, vivent dans les dou-

leurs au lieu de les changer en apothègmes d'expérience. Elles s'en ſaturent et s'uſent en retrogradant chaque jour dans les malheurs conſommés. Oublier eſt le grand ſecret des exiſtences fortes et créatrices,—oublier à la manière de la Nature, qui ne ſe connait point de paſsé, qui recommence à toute heure les myſtères de ſes infatigables enfantements."

When we have extracted from the paſt the leſſons of experience, it is well to linger no longer over our buried hopes and pleaſures; repentance is too apt to become repining. Sorrow, like love, may be either divine or diabolic in its tendencies and influence; both may be thoroughly ſelfiſh, morbid, and repining; an incarnation of diſcontent, rather than the embodiment and expreſſion of a holy grief or a noble paſſion. Alas, for humanity,—that even the nobleſt and beſt of our ſentiments and emotions ſhould have their counterfeit, and be ſo eaſily mocked by what is vile and unworthy. Yet the old ballad points to a great truth. Sorrow brings with it influences and teachings which are alike divine. The heart that ſoftens to the gueſt of ſad and forbidding mien, hath often entertained in the ſable garb of mourning and death, an angel unawares. Joy and love both have their divine inſpirations; but the deepeſt and holieſt of all which ever ſwell the

heart with grateful praiſe and a truſt and wiſdom not its own, are perhaps more often to be found among the humble and the ſorrowing. There are well-ſprings of life and faith only to be reached by ſhafts driven deep through the outer ſhell, and buried in the heart,—though it bleed, and ſuffer by the violence.

To bear ſuch ſorrow wiſely, receive it rightly, and find in it a bleſſing in diſguiſe, is only the portion of a few; to hold it ſacred, not to be trampled down or caſt off recklеſſly—but ſtill leſs to be nouriſhed morbidly as a pretext for inertneſs or miſanthropy, and a ſelfiſh indulgence in repining againſt our lot and an irremediable paſt—this is what it behoves a Chriſtian and a loving man to make good, whenever death flings his gaunt ſhadow on the hearth-ſtone; or ſickneſs lays its palſied hand upon our frame, or that of another's ſtill dearer to us than our own.

"The ſetting of a great hope is like the ſetting of the ſun. The brightneſs of our life is gone, ſhadows of evening fall around us, and the world ſeems but a dim reflection, itſelf a broader ſhadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The ſoul withdraws into itſelf. Then ſtars ariſe and the night is holy."

Thus it ſhould be; though when a man feels "his houſehold gods are broken and that he has no home," the ſtruggle to be cheerful and

to be ſtrong, is like the ſtruggle for the great Redan; there is life and death in the effort, as victory or defeat is ours. The world ſeems leſs beautiful, while the warfare of life becomes more earneſt, and the burden grows heavier.

He repreſents his hero as given to that dangerous habit of pulling up his principles "as children do the flowers they have planted, to ſee if they are growing, ſo that they never have time to take root." This is what the French as a nation have been doing this century paſt nearly, in both political and religious things; apparently unconſcious of the fact that the eternal diſcuſſion of firſt principles is incompatible with a firm faith in any. Again his hero, he ſays, "had living ſprings of feeling, enriched by many faded hopes that had fallen upon it like dead leaves." Do faded hopes and the decay and death of our moral offspring bear ſuch reſtorative and enriching power to the grave with them? This ſeems very doubtful: not thus, nor by ſuch means are living ſprings of healthy action fed.

"One half of the world muſt ſweat and groan, that the other half may dream."—Rather let us ſay that the other half may have leiſure, to turn the hours to a better uſe, and life itſelf to ſome nobler and worthier purpoſe than mere amuſement or idleſſe.

"The Chineſe proverb is true,—a ſingle converſation acroſs the table with a wiſe man is better than ten years' mere ſtudy of books."—Yes, true enough, whether of Chineſe or "New York" manufacture. Yet there are ſingle books from which more practical wiſdom is to be extracted than from ten years of converſe with ſome—aye, many men. But the ſaying is true in this, that action and living converſe with our fellows, is more eſſential to man's development than book-learning, however profound; though he who would approach excellence muſt be able to combine both. We ſeldom think out our thoughts to a practical end, except when we come in contact with others, and give to our opinions expreſſion, or their practical application; then they and we alike, are teſted and perfected.

This is very true alſo—"How eaſily, under certain circumſtances, one may glide into habits of ſecluſion, and in a kind of undreſs ſlipſhod hardihood, with a pipe and a proof-ſheet, defy the world. But becauſe ſolitude and books are not unpleaſant to me, nay, wiſhed for and ſought after, ſhall I ſay to my brother "Thou fool!" Shall I look ſociety in the face and ſay "Thou art heartleſs!" Heartleſs! Beware of that word! The good Jean Paul ſays that "Life in every ſhape ſhould be precious to us for the

ſame reaſon that Turks carefully collect every ſcrap of paper that comes in their way becauſe the name of GOD may be written upon it." Nothing is more true than this, yet nothing more neglected. Yes!—and hence we may ſee why our Saviour pronounced the moſt grievous of ſins to be contempt—contempt for our fellow-man—whether of high or low degree:—"Whoſoever ſhall ſay to his brother 'Raca,' ſhall be in danger of the council: but whoſoever ſhall ſay 'Thou fool,' ſhall be in danger of hell fire." This is perhaps one great drawback to life in the Eaſt, or among people of inferior civilization. We are apt to get the habit of looking on all about us and whole maſſes of human kind, with a ſcornful and depreciatory, if not a ſelf-glorifying feeling. Many have felt, and tried to ſtruggle againſt this danger; and perhaps becauſe they were conſcious of a ſecret tendency to look with impatience, if not contempt, upon all who fall ſhort of their own ſtandard, (alas! how miſerably the while they probably fall ſhort of their own!) they have chafed in company of people given to a cenſorious and depreciatory habit; who reverſe the poet's happy thought of "finding the ſoul of good even in things evil," and find in all things good, ſome EVIL, a canker or a blight, a weakneſs or a failing, a ſore on which to preſs their fingers! Who

would not rather dwell with a downright fool, if a good natured one, than man or woman, (though they poſſeſſed the genius and wit of Burke or Sheridan or fifty poets and ſtateſmen,) if their pleaſure was perpetually to rail at and find defects in all about them;—from the ſervant who waits to do their bidding, to the maſter whom they in turn ſhould ſerve loyally and with truth. The writer of the "Evening Thoughts" has ſome admirable obſervations on this ſame ſubject, and ſo has Goethe. The latter ſays:

"Are not the maſs of men ſo marred and ſtunted, becauſe they take pleaſure only in the element of evil ſpeaking and evil wiſhing? Whoever gives himſelf to this, ſoon comes to be indifferent towards God, contemptuous towards the world, ſpiteful towards his equals, and the true, genuine, indiſpenſable ſentiment of ſelf-eſtimation corrupts into ſelf-conceit and preſumption." The Apoſtle claſſes evil ſpeaking, lying and ſlandering together, and verily, it is hard to ſay which is moſt to be contemned, or moſt inimical to peace and good will among men. But this we do know, and have often ſeen and felt, that no man may permit himſelf to fall into any one of the three vices without degrading his own ſoul and riſking his perdition. People uſually begin by being hard to their inferiors, cenſorious of their neigh-

bours, and jealous of their ſuperiors; to end by being falſe to all,—but to none ſo much or ſo perilouſly as to themſelves and their God! Not that we are denied all judgment on the actions and conduct of others; or that we are ever called upon to make our "judgments blind." On the contrary, it is clear that there is ſometimes no duty more imperative on the Chriſtian than to bear his teſtimony to the truth—the truth as regards both perſons and things; and when that involves the condemnation of others, it may often require great ſelf-denial, and the higheſt effort of moral courage. When we paſs a cenſure on others with a feeling of pain and regret; with no ſecret conſciouſneſs that we are gratifying ſome hidden ſpleen, ſome inward jealouſy or envy, or ſome Phariſaic conceit of our own ſuperiority—and are ſure of our motive, (even ſhould we be miſtaken in the matter or the judgment,) the effort may be, and in all probability is, a virtue. It was not to preclude this that our Saviour ſaid "Judge not,"—for his whole life was a proteſt againſt evil and hypocriſy, and ſloth, and wrong doing in every ſhape. And that is our buſineſs alſo; at a humble diſtance to ſeek to follow His example. The precept had, for its object, to inculcate caution in forming uncalled for, raſh, or uncharitable judgments, eſpecially of motives;

(reſpecting which we can know ſo little) and to warn us not to ſeek the exerciſe of a faculty ſo difficult rightly to apply;—but to remember of what need we ſtand of the largeſt meaſure of indulgence, of forbearance and long-ſuffering; and do to others as we would they ſhould do to us! Shall you, whom your Sovereign perhaps places in a poſt of honour and truſt, and largely ſalaries—you who feel and know that were that ſovereign to be "extreme to mark what is amiſs," or could know how often you fail to give perfect, willing, and devoted ſervice; how often you do his work lukewarmly or neglect it altogether, commit errors and are guilty of overſights;—ſhall you—profitleſs ſervant that you are, with many hundreds or thouſands a year to ſecure zeal and courage and devotion, with all the advantages of a Chriſtian education and culture of mind—rail at your poor pagan or ill-educated ſervant, and ever be on the watch to find fault in him to whom you do not pay as many ſhillings a year—expect from him that perfect ſervice *you* cannot render, who with the higheſt motives to exertion, are paid moreover largely and liberally? But more, if you fail to a worldly maſter, how will your ſervice to a Heavenly Lord bear ſcrutiny? Let us at leaſt avoid this ſin to add to others of omiſſion; and neither to friend or ſervant ſeek carpingly for ground of

cenſure. But there are other reaſons which in our own intereſt and that of others, ſhould teach us moderation in what we demand, and indulgence even when reaſonable expectations are not fulfilled. We cannot always rail, even at a ſervant, without tending to that great ſin of contempt for the being habitually paſſed under our condemnation. Then again, there is no obedience to another which is not degrading if it do not ſpring from love; we may exact ſervice, it is true, out of the neceſſities of thoſe who are poorer and muſt work for the beheſt of a maſter, be he good or bad, a hard—or a kind and conſiderate maſter; but only to the latter is it poſſible to render loving, willing ſervice;—the ſervice alone that honours him who receives, and him who ſerves alike. All other ſervice ſinks a man in his own eſtimation; and if we do not deſire this, we muſt uſe other means than reproach, or taunt, or cenſure. Theſe only appeal to what is ignoble and evil in our nature; whereas it is our bounden duty to appeal to that which is higheſt, in every living ſoul we come in contact with; and how irreparable may be the evil we inflict on thoſe dependent, or more or leſs liable to be influenced by us; if we reſort only to ſuch ſources of influence as are moſt pernicious, and in their eſſence and tendencies, degrading! But many conſcientious maſters and miſtreſſes (not

too much in the habit perhaps of conſidering that the ſervant of this world may be the preferred in the next) will exclaim, "What then, ſhall we, with your impracticable theories of life and conduct, ſtand by and ſee our property ſpoiled by ſloth or pillaged by diſhoneſty; our comfort deſtroyed by neglect of orders—is there to be no true ſervice demanded becauſe *we* are not PERFECT? Shall I not blame when negligence or worſe occurs—exact that for which I engage and pay ſervants, and puniſh where it fails?" Not ſo: but while requiring as we ought, even for their own ſakes, that they rightly perform the duties which belong to their ſtation; we ſhould require it IN THE WAY MOST LIKELY TO ANSWER THE END and to obtain the deſired ſervice, in the way that is moſt conducive to THEIR WELL-BEING AND OUR OWN. We ſhould try to make them feel and know, that in the maſter or the miſtreſs they had a friend—to whom they were not as mere chattels, or at beſt, domeſtic animals for their uſe; a friend in whoſe breaſt a heart ſtill beat for them the ſervants, as well as for ourſelves and the reſt of the world! Continental nations in Europe, and Eaſtern races, have no doubt many vices, from which we are comparatively free; but it is not ſo certain that ſervants in any of theſe countries are not really in a better

relationſhip with their maſters than in nineteen out of twenty places in England. Nowhere is a ſervant held at ſuch arm's length as of another ſpecies, with leſs of human ſympathy, or encouragement of ſuperior minds,—unleſs it be in the United States, and there be colour in the blood. The ſlave in the Eaſt may become before he dies, the Prime Miniſter or General of his Sovereign. The true ſlave is the white ſlave, and where he and ſhe fare the hardeſt, as regards the nouriſhment of the heart and all their better feelings—is England!

It is not mere indulgence however, not chiefly this perhaps, that is wanting. We may be very indulgent, both to friends and ſervants, becauſe it falls in with our own idleneſs or weakneſs, or want of courage to find fault; and in that caſe the indulgence will generally be in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and be in itſelf a ſource of further evil. It is only the indulgence that is conſiſtent and continued;—that ſprings from a right feeling and is maintained upon a right principle, of requiring no more from man or woman than, with all the infirmities of human nature in general and what we know in them individually, they are capable of performing, without a greater effort than moſt people can make. And then, having pitched our ſtandard of efficiency with ſome reference to the ability

of the people we have to deal with, the further principle is eſſential, of keeping them up to the higheſt point, whatever this may be, *in the beſt way;* and in no caſe by inceſſant railing, ſcolding, worrying, and burſts of petulance or paſſion, becauſe we feel the irkſomeneſs of diſciplining ourſelves in order to diſcipline them. Let us withal mingle ſome human intereſt and ſympathy in our chidings; and not only ſeek, but ſhow them that for their ſakes, apart from our own more ſelfiſh intereſt, we would fain induce them well and rightly to perform their part in life. "Oh! but they are ſuch a bad and thankleſs ſet, ſo ready to take advantage of you if any kindneſs is ſhown; it is ſo impoſſible to make an impreſſion upon them; they are ſo ready to leave you to better themſelves, &c. &c.!" Well, ſuch as they are, and you deſcribe them, Sir, or Madam, ſuch does our whole ſyſtem tend to make them; and the evil is only to be remedied by maſters and miſtreſſes mending themſelves, and their mode and principle of dealing with thoſe dependent upon them. Bad maſters make bad ſervants; hard, ſelfiſh, exacting and unreaſonable or inconſiſtent miſtreſſes, make deceitful, obdurate and thankleſs ſervants. "Ready to better themſelves!" Why ſhould they not? Have they reaſon to think there is any intereſt for them perſonally, for their well-

being or futurity in the breaſt of either maſter or miſtreſs? Let us be juſt to ourſelves and to them; do our duty to them in a loving and God-fearing ſpirit, regarding them alſo as worthy of His care and ours; do right, whatever the effort, or ſmall the worldly fruit, and right will come of it in the end; if not in our time, perhaps in that of our children; and we ſhall profit in this, that we ſhall not have the ſin of contempt laid on our ſouls. Above all, O maſters!—and miſtreſſes too—remember that they are not cattle; they are human beings with like feelings, paſſions, and infirmities;—like feelings to wound, paſſions, and weakneſſes, which make impoſſibilities to them (as to you) of virtue, if theſe are not taken into account by thoſe who have power over them. And forget not, as you would be forgiven yourſelves, that they have ſouls to ſave, of as much importance in the eyes of God as your own!

Speaking of the calamities of authors, it is ſaid that many of them ſpring from falſe and exaggerated ideas of poetry and the poetic character, and "from diſdain of common ſenſe, upon which all character worth having is founded. This comes from keeping aloof from the world, apart from our fellow men, diſdainful of ſociety, as frivolous. By too much ſitting ſtill the body becomes unhealthy; and ſoon the mind. This is Nature's law."

There is much truth in this, but it is very doubtful whether the characteriſtic calamities of authors can rightly be traced to keeping aloof from their kind. Too excluſive dwelling on their own merits, and in the realm of thought alone, without practical application to the common work of life, ſeems a much more fertile and general cauſe of miſchief. Contemplation and action muſt go hand in hand, if we would avoid going perilouſly aſtray.

"Where ſhould the ſcholar live? In ſolitude, or in ſociety? In the green ſtillneſs of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark grey town, where he hears and feels the throbbing heart of man?" The author ſays, "in the dark grey town:" but the anſwer ſhould ſurely be IN BOTH. Although we may agree with him in thinking, that—

"Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. The river of life, that flows through ſtreets tumultuous, bearing along ſo many gallant hearts, ſo many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and houſeholds, each a little world in itſelf, revolving round its fireſide as a central ſun; all forms of human joy and ſuffering, brought into that narrow compaſs; and to be in this acting, thinking, rejoicing, ſorrowing with his fellow men; ſuch ſhould be the poet's life. If he

would deſcribe the world, he ſhould live in the world. The mind of the ſcholar, if you would have it large and liberal, ſhould come in contact with other minds."

He obſerves elſewhere, on a uniformity, pleaſing or unpleaſing, "which for the moſt part makes to-day ſeem twin-born with yeſterday." A fireſide life is eſpecially obnoxious to this reproach of monotony. Such is the life of many, and it ſeems the hardeſt lot to bear. Too often it is woman's lot, and monotony is the ſecret worm that eats away her heart.

"Therefore ſhould every man wait—not in liſtleſs idleneſs, not in uſeleſs paſtime, not in querulous dejection; but in conſtant, ſteady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accompliſhing his taſk—that when the occaſion comes, he may be equal to the occaſion." Very good advice, but not always, or to all perſons, eaſy to follow.

True, as has been ſaid, "the end is not yet, and we none of us know for what we are reſerved, or what may be the final work we may be called upon to undertake." This perhaps affords the beſt encouragement to us to develop all our faculties and powers,—waiting with cheerful ſpirit, though it be the eleventh hour before we are called into the vineyard, there to earn a whole day's wages! He ſays rightly,

—"Believe me, the talent of ſucceſs is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and DOING WELL WHATEVER YOU DO."

"Such was the philoſophical profeſſor. Solitary, but with a mighty current, flowed the river of his life, like the Nile, without a tributary ſtream, and making fertile only a ſingle ſtrip in the vaſt deſert." Happy if it do that; but the tendency of moſt ſolitary lives, it is to be feared, is rather to run to waſte. Better compared to the caterpillar that, coiled in its own web, lives on its own ſubſtance, feeding itſelf, and no other end ſubſerving, until the hour comes for its tranſmutation to another ſtate. "To ſay the leaſt, a town life makes every one more diſpoſed to be tolerant and liberal in their judgment of others; one is not eternally wrapped up in ſelf-contemplation, which, after all, is only a more holy kind of vanity." This has more truth in it than the firſt idea. The following paſſages too recommend themſelves by their intrinſic worth and happy expreſſion:—

"Therefore, whoſoever thou art that ſuffereſt, try not to diſſipate thy ſorrow by the breath of the world, nor drown its voice in thoughtleſs merriment. It is a treacherous peace that is ſo purchaſed. Rather take this ſorrow to thy heart, and make it a part of thee; and it ſhall nouriſh thee till thou art ſtrong again."

"The ſhadows of the mind are like thoſe of the body. In the morning of life, they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they ſtretch long, broad, and deepening before us. Morning ſhadows ſoon fade away, while thoſe of evening reach forward into the night and mingle with the coming darkneſs. The life of man upon this fair earth is made up, for the moſt part, of little pains and little pleaſures. The great wonder flowers, bloom but once in a lifetime." "Cultivate a plentiful undergrowth of ſmall pleaſures,"—ſome one has ſaid,—"for theſe come every day."

"I have a dear friend. He was one of thoſe well-oiled diſpoſitions which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking." Would to heaven there were more of them! How many there are who never turn upon the hinges of this world without a grinding, that ſets the teeth of a whole houſehold on edge. And ſomehow or other, it has been the evil fate of many of the beſt ſpirits to be ſo circumſtanced;—both men and women, to whom life is "a ſweet habitude of being," which has gone far to reconcile them to ſolitude as far leſs intolerable! To theſe, eſpecially, the creaking of thoſe ſaid rough hinges of the world is one continued torture, for they are all too finely ſtrung; and

the oft-recurring grind jars the whole ſentient frame,—mars the beautiful lyre, and makes cruel diſcord in a ſoul of muſic. How much of ſadneſs there is in ſuch thoughts. Seems there not a Paſt in ſome lives, to which it is impoſſible ever to become reconciled!

"The little I have ſeen of the world, and know of the hiſtory of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in ſorrow not in anger;" and ſuch, doubtleſs, is the right ſpirit, nor by any means unattainable. The hard taſk is to look upon our own errors; errors it is too late to rectify, and for them to feel only ſorrow. Errors that have ſtruck downwards, taken root and brought forth fruit, bitter fruit, to live for ever:—therein lies more than ſorrow.

Yet ſuch, after all, may be the hard training needful to ſome, to make for them a chance of victory, and a —

> "Life that ſhall ſend
> A challenge to its end,"

or to enable them when it comes to ſay—

> "Welcome Friend!"

INFIRMITY OF WILL AND INSANITY.

HABITUAL infirmity of will and inſanity are almoſt convertible terms. He is of unſound mind who labours under an incapability of exerciſing his Will, to reſtrain himſelf from the commiſſion of acts which he knows to be reprehenſible,—and would even deſire to avoid, if he felt he had the power. But ſuch a perſon is not of unſound mind in a ſenſe which ſhould exempt him from reſponſibility to the law, as one fully conſcious of the evil conſequences of his acts, and the diſtinction between right and wrong. A very important diſtinction this, which in many caſes both lawyers and medical witneſſes have ſeemed moſt ſtrangely to forget or to myſtify. They have argued that becauſe a man has loſt all reſtraint over himſelf he is inſane, and therefore irreſponſible. Inſane he certainly is, if this be held to mean unſound mind; but not mad, becauſe this does

rightly relieve a man from reſponſibility, as one who *confounds right and wrong, and cannot make the diſtinction.* Theſe are two very different ſtates, and it does ſeem ſtrange that they ſhould ever be confounded. The confirmed drunkard is an inſtance of ſuch infirmity of will; but inaſmuch as he always knows when he is ſober, that it *is* evil,—and bringing ruin and miſery on his family, he may juſtly be held reſponſible; and be treated for that diſeaſed ſtate which takes from him the power of reſtraining his deſires, though he knows their gratification to be criminal, and the conſequences to be fatal to himſelf and others. But Martin, who ſet fire to York Minſter, believing that he was commiſſioned to that end, and was doing a virtuous action, was a lunatic in the proper ſenſe of the term. He could not be held juſtly reſponſible for his acts, and was rightly conſigned to Bedlam.

A Phyſician * has written a ſtrange, half-myſtical book, entitled "The Philoſophy of Spirits," in relation to matter, dealing of courſe very largely in what is purely hypothetical. He has however given ſome good and practical views on moral and legal reſponſibility in relation to inſanity, in contradiſtinction to a perverted will;

* Dr. Burnett on the Philoſophy of Spirits.

ſhowing the clear ground of diſtinction between the two. "The loſs of the power of the will," he obſerves, "is independent of the power of the conſcience, which may yet dictate benefit, or injury, or right, or wrong, though the will may have no power to act. This is ſhown in the caſe of old eſtabliſhed and habitual ſins. The will, as an attribute of the mind, muſt of courſe be ſeparate from deſire, and the neceſſity, in a medico-legal ſenſe, not only of ſo doing, but of marking with true diſtinction the nature of the difference between the deſire and the attribute, is of far greater importance in determining many urgent points relating to the welfare, the happineſs, and the liberty to be enjoyed by every individual, or by a community of men. If it can be ſhown, as moſt unqueſtionably it can, that the power of the will, as an attribute of the mind, may be loſt over one particular deſire, while its power over ſome other deſire in the ſame individual is retained; there can be little doubt that ſuch a perſon as relates to the particular deſire thus affected, is certain in the matter of his own intereſts to ſuffer loſs of property, character, and health, according to the nature of the deſire ſo implicated, which conſtitutes, in a true pſychological ſenſe, an unſoundneſs of mind; the circumſtance of the individual knowing the conſequences in ſuch

caſes, does not give to the will greater power or choice while the object of deſire is within reach. If therefore thoſe objects, from their nature or poſition, cannot be removed from the individual, rather than that others ſhould ſo ſeriouſly ſuffer, the individual ſhould be removed from them. By this means the liberty of the ſubject is really extended; for otherwiſe, all thoſe who are implicated by the conduct of ſuch a perſon are tied down by the moſt arbitrary and unjuſt fetters, becauſe evils are brought upon them by the ſelfiſh and ungovernable acts of others; and where manifeſt infirmity of will exiſts, the application of ſome ſalutary but legal reſtraint would doubtleſs not only ſerve as a protection to others, but exert a marked influence upon all ſo affected.* When a man voluntarily, or ra-

* While this ſheet is going through the preſs, the following letter has appeared in the public journals, fully confirming all that is here advanced:—

"THE INTOXICATING DRINKS MANIA.—The following letter on the exceſſive or immoderate uſe of ſpirits has been addreſſed by Dr. Nicolls, medical officer, Longford Union, to the Lunatic Aſylum Commiſſioners of Ireland:—

"'I beg reſpectfully to requeſt your attention to a ſpecies of madneſs which (though not legally recognized as ſuch) has led to more individual and family deſtruction than any other form of inſanity I have met with, in an extenſive practice of more than twenty years, ſixteen of them as medical officer of this workhouſe. The

ther, having forfeited the healthy balance of his will in this point, involuntarily deprives himself of reason by habitual intoxication, he ought either to be legally regarded of unsound mind, or else be made criminally responsible by the act of drunkenness. I do not think the question of moral responsibility can be doubted in these cases; for that responsibility goes much farther into cases of genuine insanity than is generally supposed, is now no longer to be denied. To wait, as the law now does, till the poor reason-stricken being commits some offence more or

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mania I allude to, is an insane and irresistible desire for intoxicating drinks, induced by an over-indulgence in fermented or distilled liquors. I could, if necessary, give many, very many, most distressing instances of the sad effects of this madness, not confined to the humbler classes, but extending to men of higher attainments and intellectual superiority—not even to those, but to ladies of superior education and family connection. It occurs to me, that it would be a great blessing if this monomania was recognised by law as temporary insanity, and those labouring under it be allowed to be put under proper restraint in private or public asylums until restored to a sound state of mind; thus might many murders and suicides be prevented, and the propagation of a malady which I have reason to believe is transmissible from parent to child, arrested. The dread of the restraint and discipline of an asylum, if held out in time, might act as a salutary check to this most destructive madness. I trust that for humanity's sake you may give some attention to this worst description of mania.' "

leſs heinous, of which he was unconſcious, and then to charge him with crime committed when he was without reaſon, this is not wiſdom. The privation of liberty ſhould not be made to turn ſo excluſively upon the conſcience as it generally is, as in ſuch caſes we get the worſt conſequences in no reſpect more hopeful or conſolatory, becauſe the individual is perfectly conſcious of the tendency of his acts. The will, when weighed down by the ſpirit of evil, is like an impetuous torrent that cannot be ſtayed."

It cannot indeed be too ſtrongly inſiſted upon that an habitual infirmity of will conſtitutes an unſound mind, dangerous to the individual and to ſociety; and that this ſame infirmity of will may be coexiſtent with an acute conſcience, and certainly with a full conſciouſneſs of the moral and legal conſequences of actions. Ignorance of theſe cannot therefore be pleaded as any bar to legal and moral reſponſibility for the acts done. It may, as the writer ſuggeſts, conſtitute a good and ſufficient reaſon, as inſanity does, for putting a man under legal reſtraint and a hygienic courſe of treatment and moral diſcipline, but not for exempting him from reſponſibility. We may ſucceed in affecting a cure in the inſane even,—when there is no organic change of ſtructure in the brain:—as

has been well obſerved by another writer,—" if we can excite into activity the *will* to do. The moſt miſerable of all ſtates is an inability to will anything. Irreſolution is a wretched convulſion of the mind, which only too readily terminates in intellectual paralyſis. Strong volition is the deepeſt and moſt ſpecial of all mental impulſes."

A Reviewer* on Spinoza's " Syſtem of Neceſſity," made a few remarks ſome time back, which bear ſo directly upon the argument under conſideration, of moral and legal reſponſibility, that their quotation here may ſerve to round the whole ſubject, and bring the queſtions involved to a direct iſſue.

" The main point of offence is not on the phyſical, it is rather on the moral ſide. In that excuſe for evil, and for evil men, which the neceſſitarian theory will furniſh, diſguiſe it in what fair ſounding words we will. So plain this is, that common-ſenſe people, and eſpecially Engliſh people, cannot bring themſelves even to conſider the queſtion without impatience, and turn diſdainfully and angrily from a theory which confuſes their plain inſtincts of right and wrong. Yet, in thus deciding, we have cloſed our eyes to certain grave facts of experience,

* Weſtminſter Review, No. xv. July 1855, Art. " Spinoza."

and thereby given the fataliſt a vantage ground of real truth. Life, and the neceſſities of life, are our beſt philoſophers, if we will only liſten honeſtly to what they ſay to us. The popular belief is, that right and wrong lie before every man, and that he is free to chooſe between them, and the reſponſibility of choice reſts with himſelf. The fataliſt's belief is, that every man's actions are determined by cauſes external and internal, over which he has no power, leaving no room for moral choice whatever. The firſt is contradicted by plain facts, the ſecond by the inſtinct of conſcience.

"Even Spinoza allows that for practical purpoſes we are obliged to regard the future as contingent and ourſelves as able to influence it: and it is incredible that both our inward convictions and our outward conduct ſhould be built together upon a falſehood. Butler ſays, whatever be the ſpeculative account of the matter, we are practically forced to regard ourſelves as free. This is but half the truth, for it may equally be ſaid that, practically, we are forced to regard each other as NOT FREE, and to make allowance every moment for influences for which we cannot hold each other perſonally reſponſible. But in the ſwift haſte of ſocial life and coarſe generalizations of political neceſſity we cannot make theſe allowances; and the

graduation of punishment by the scale of guilt is a mere impossibility. A thief is a thief in the law's eye, whatever his training; and definite penalties must be attached to definite acts, the conditions of political life not admitting of any other method of dealing with them. And yet there are many cases in which, as Butler again allows, if we trace a sinner's history to the bottom, the guilt attributable to himself appears to vanish altogether. This is all plain matter of fact, and so long as we continue to deny, or ignore it, there will be found men who will see only what we neglect, and build their system upon it.

"And again, if less obvious, yet not less real, are the natural tendencies which each of us brings with him into the world; which we did not make, and yet which almost as much determine what we are to be, as the properties of the seed determine the tree which shall grow from it. There is as large difference in the dispositions of men as in their features, and that by no original act of their own. Duties which are easy to me, another finds difficult or impossible. It is with morals as it is with art. Two children are taught to draw; one learns with ease, the other hardly, or never. In vain the master will show him what to do. It seems so easy; it seems as if he had only to will, and the

thing would be done; but it is not ſo. Between the deſire and the execution lies the incapable organ, which only wearily and after long labour, imperfectly accompliſhes what is required of it. And the ſame, to a certain extent—unleſs we will deny the plaineſt facts of experience—holds true in moral actions, though evaded and thruſt aſide as theſe things are in the popular belief."

"It is often ſaid that, all ſuch reaſonings are merely ſophiſtical; that, however we entangle ourſelves in logic, we are conſcious that we are free, we know, we are as ſure as we are of our exiſtence, that we have power to act this way, or that way, exactly as we chooſe. But this is leſs plain than it ſeems; and if we grant it, it proves leſs than it appears to prove. It may be true that we can act as we chooſe,—but can we chooſe? Is not our choice determined for us? We cannot determine from the fact, becauſe we always have choſen as ſoon as we act, and we cannot replace the conditions in ſuch a way as to diſcover whether we could have choſen anything elſe. The ſtronger motive may have determined our volition without our having perceived it. A conviction, nevertheleſs, aſſures us that there is ſomewhere a point of freedom. Where that point is, where other influences terminate and reſponſibility begins, will always be of intricate, and often, impoſſible

ſolution. But if there be ſuch a point at all, it is fatal to neceſſitarianiſm. Moral life, like all life, is a myſtery; but there are a ſet of feelings which cannot be ſet aſide, which do prove that, in ſome ſenſe or other, in ſome degree or other, we are the authors of our own actions; that there is a point at which we begin to be reſponſible for them. It is one of the cleareſt of all inward phenomena, that where two or more courſes involving moral iſſues are before us, whether we have a conſciouſneſs of power to chooſe between them or not, we have a conſciouſneſs that we ought to chooſe between them 'a ſenſe of duty,' *oli dei touto prattein*, as Ariſtotle expreſſes it, which we cannot ſhake off. Whatever this involves (and ſome meaſure of freedom it muſt involve, or it is nonſenſe), the feeling exiſts within us,* and refuſes to yield before all the batteries of logic; though Spinoza tells us that ſuch feelings are mere miſtakes ariſing out of a falſe philoſophy."

The ſubject has been very ably handled in a little work,† only ſeen after the above was written; at firſt, publiſhed anonymouſly, but in a later edition, with a name of ſterling weight.

* "We feel that we are free, and that is all about it," as Dr. Johnſon, in his ſagacious way ſaid, thus ending an argument on the freedom of the will.

† Pſychological Inquiries, by Sir Benjamin Brodie.

This paper, which is rather a digeſt of what others have written, than an attempt to propound any new view on a ſubject of infinite importance, and which has often occupied the thoughts of both legal and medical men; may very fitly be concluded with two or three extracts from the "Pſychological Inquiries."

The whole eſſay in its purport is well ſummed up at the end by one of the ſpeakers:— "Believing, as I do, with Crites, that the ſubject which you are now diſcuſſing is one of great importance, as it affects ſociety at large, I have liſtened with much intereſt. You, Crites, have pointed out the neceſſity of not confounding, as has been ſometimes done, miſchievous or abſurd propenſities, however ſtrong, with actual inſanity. You, Ergates, have endeavoured to ſhow that there is no broad line by which the former can always be diſtinguiſhed from the latter; and I am inclined to agree with both of you. But I alſo cannot but aſſent to the opinion of Crites, when he farther ſtated that the exiſtence of illuſion is not in every inſtance to be regarded as juſtifying the plea of want of reſponſibility. It certainly ſeems to me not leſs abſurd in itſelf than it is dangerous to ſociety at large, to hold that any one, whom the dread of being puniſhed might deter from the commiſſion of a crime, is not a fit ſubject for puniſh-

ment. At the ſame time, I fully admit that a more or leſs unſoundneſs of mind may afford a ſufficient reaſon for commuting, or modifying, the nature of the penalty."

Dr. Mayo, in his "Croonian Lectures on the direct teſtimony and evidence in caſes of lunacy," ſeems to have come to a concluſion fully bearing out the opinions above quoted. "He has ſhown," obſerves Sir Benjamin Brodie, in a note, "that many of the caſes deſcribed as belonging to the category of moral inſanity were neither more nor leſs than examples of inſanity, according to the ſtrict and ordinary interpretation of that term. He has ſhown, that others, in which the plea 'of moral inſanity' has been ſet up as an excuſe for crime, deſerved no better appellation than that of 'brutal reckleſſneſs;' and that to acquit criminals of this claſs on the ground of irreſponſibility, is only to induce others to follow in the ſame courſe, who might otherwiſe be reſtrained by a wholeſome fear of puniſhment."

Touching the cauſes of mental hallucinations and derangement, and the mutual influence of the body and the mind, there is in this Eſſay a very maſterly review of all the leading facts which ſcience and obſervation have made known, and one which will richly repay the moſt careful ſtudy. The author points out from certain

well-known phyſiological data, "that blood of an improper quality, or containing ſomething which healthy blood ſhould not contain, may diſturb the functions of the brain, ſo as even to influence the mind itſelf:" and proceeds to argue that, "There is nothing more intereſting in philoſophy, nor important as to practical purpoſes, than a juſt appreciation of the influence which the body exerciſes over the conceptions and feelings of the mind. Certain conditions of the former induce certain conditions of the latter. This is one of the principal trials to which we are here ſubjected; and according to our original conſtruction, and ſome circumſtances extraneous to ourſelves, the trial is greater to ſome of us than it is to others. A diſeaſed condition of the blood, where a morbid poiſon, as that of the ſmall pox, or the more terrible one of hydrophobia, has been admitted into it, will diſturb the nervous ſyſtem in ſpite of ourſelves. But though this cannot, there is much that can be helped.—We are told, on high authority, of the neceſſity of ſelf-control. We are alſo told how the effort of ſelf-control may be rendered more eaſy by avoiding thoſe ſenſual indulgences which tend to derange the functions of the animal ſyſtem. That for which we have moſt reaſon to be anxious, not only for our own ſake, but alſo for that of others, is ſuch

a ſtate of our bodily functions, as will enable us to make uſe of our higher faculties, and promote in us happy and contented feelings."

Again, as to the very difficult queſtion, how far mental alienation is, in any given inſtance, the reſult of ſome wrong condition of the body, either functional or organic; or whether there be any exceptions to this rule: all who have given much thought to the ſubject, muſt be diſpoſed to agree with the author in his opinion, that, "Probably there is no degree of knowledge which it is in the power of man to attain, which could enable us to give a poſitive anſwer to this queſtion." There are many facts, certainly, which juſtify the opinion that, generally, mental alienation proceeds from phyſical derangement—either organic or functional—but that moral influences are the firſt cauſe in another claſs of caſes, there can be as little doubt, ſometimes violent and ſudden in their operation, at others, ſlow and inſidious, acting like a ſlow poiſon. But although the moral cauſe may ſtand as the original ſource, it may alſo act as the proximate cauſe of inſanity, by effecting changes in the blood or in the brain. On the other hand it muſt alſo be confeſſed, as the author obſerves, that we are very far from being warranted in aſſerting "that the one indiviſible percipient and thinking being, which each of us

feels himſelf to be, may not be in itſelf liable to changes, independently of any previous change in the material ſtructure with which it is aſſociated."

But in reference to the ſubject more particularly under conſideration,—under the name of Moral, or Inſtinctive Inſanity, a ſtate of mind is deſcribed by ſome authors, as "ſimply a perverſion of the moral ſentiments; the individual labouring under an impulſe to perform certain extravagant and outrageous acts, injurious to himſelf or others; ſuch impulſe being irreſiſtible, ſo that he is to be held as being no more reſponſible for his conduct than an ordinary lunatic." Whatever may be thought of the ſoundneſs of ſuch doctrine—and there are at leaſt the ſtrongeſt grounds for doubting it—we muſt heartily agree with Sir Benjamin Brodie, "that it is dangerous to admit the plea of irreſponſibility for thoſe who labour under this ſo-called Moral Inſanity, to the extent to which Dr. Pritchard and others have claimed it for them."

Both the pſychology, and the pathology of this claſs of caſes, appear to admit of a very brief ſummary. Admitting that in the end all power of ſelf-reſtraint or control is utterly gone, while the victims of this morbid propenſity are fully conſcious of the ill conſequences which may

ariſe to themſelves and others from its indulgence, there are two or three conſiderations of great importance to be borne in mind, both as regards the law, and the moral reſponſibility of ſuch perſons for their acts.

We all have to learn the difficult taſk of ſelf-reſtraint; all are born with evil tendencies and paſſions,—and if theſe grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen with our ſtrength, under adverſe influences as regards our bodily conſtitution, or the moral atmoſphere in which we are brought up, and the temptations to vicious indulgence;—the time comes no doubt, to the leaſt fortunate of thoſe ſo circumſtanced, when the only barriers between them and crime are of the ſlighteſt kind. Their ſole ſtrength reſting on fear of conſequences; in ſome evil hour the external temptation and the internal proclivity coinciding, theſe combined, are too much for the attenuated power of reſiſtance;—and the crime is perpetrated, for which a man ſtands before a jury with a plea of "moral inſanity" as his only hope of eſcape from the laſt penalty of the law. But in that caſe, thoſe who judge ſuch a man, have two queſtions to determine before they give a verdict:—Was the conſciouſneſs of ſin or crime, and of the reſponſibilities attaching to its commiſſion, exiſtent or not? Secondly, was there a total abſence of power to refrain,—and

if ſo, on what dependent? If from a continual courſe of indulgence in a vicious habit, whether of act or imagination, there can be no doubt ſuch a man is a criminal in the fulleſt ſenſe of the term, and ſhould ſuffer the penalty of all the previous ſapping, in great degree voluntary —which thus ended in the ultimate proſtration of all healthy moral power. For the truth is, that not only is it the imperative duty of all,—(and a taſk which no one eſcapes, though to ſome it is more difficult than to others,)—to ſtrive againſt whatever evil tendency or impulſes there may be in them, whether ariſing from phyſical conſtitution or moral pravity and vicious indulgence;—but if ſuch reſiſtance be made ſtrenuouſly in the firſt inſtance, when an evil idea firſt ſuggeſts itſelf to the imagination, it is rare that ſtrength is not found to get rid of it; whereas, if harboured, a time will full ſurely come when it will be ſo far beyond all effective control, that the ſpirit of evil has only to preſent the opportunity to enſure the crime. A Judge of one of the Pruſſian courts, Feuerbach, has written a volume, giving ſome of the reſults of his long forenſic experience, in a ſeries of tragic hiſtories drawn from the authentic records of crime under his hand; which muſt be ranked among the moſt graphic and inſtructive of the efforts made to warn by example and precept.

The peculiar ſyſtem of juriſprudence and criminal procedure in Pruſſia, at the time referred to, which made it eſſential that a criminal ſhould confeſs the crime before he could be condemned, leads to a far more elaborate ſifting of evidence againſt a priſoner than is ever ſeen with us. Often extending through a whole life, the reſearches lay bare all the hidden cauſes; and trace them, ſtep by ſtep, from the firſt germ, or the earlieſt and fainteſt beginnings, to the laſt fatal act. In every one of theſe appalling hiſtories, ſo dramatically unfolded, the reader is allowed, after being ſtartled with the bare recital of the firſt diſcovery of a crime, to go back and mark all the ſubtle and hidden links of connection,—watch how, ſtep by ſtep, they are drawn round one particular being, until the long ſearched for aſſaſſin ſtands at laſt confeſſed;—and conviction of the utter hopeleſſneſs of eſcape is carried to the ſoul of the moſt ſucceſsful and hardened criminal. And the leſſon conveyed in the moſt emphatic and convincing manner, in every ſingle caſe, is this:—that no great crime was ever committed, the idea or germ of which, in one form or other, had not been long harboured, nurſed in the thoughts, and allowed to poſſeſs the imagination. Thus an evil ſuggeſtion, which could with eaſe have been reſiſted and caſt out in the beginning, but not ſo dealt with when it

firſt made its appearance, ended by poſſeſſing the victim like an evil ſpirit, and urging him beyond all power of control or ſelf-reſtraint, to the commiſſion of the fouleſt crimes. Should theſe great offenders have been acquitted on a plea of moral inſanity *becauſe at laſt they had loſt all control* over their evil propenſity? There is no fact better eſtabliſhed, perhaps, than this which a phyſician * of large experience has recorded, that "a man may allow his imagination to dwell on an idea until it acquires an unhealthy (and often an irreſiſtible) aſcendancy over his intellect." What an argument this furniſhes for the neceſſity of guarding our thoughts, and the imperative duty which is laid on every man to keep a pure heart and a clear conſcience; watching with jealous care the earlier ſuggeſtions and firſt beginnings of evil which are then, like the young weed, eaſily plucked out and deſtroyed, without damage to the wholeſome crop;—but, if allowed to take root, may twine inextricably round the fibres of the heart and become irradicable; fatal alike to purity of life and peace of mind. Even if the inward thought ſhould never drive him who harbours it into criminal acts;—the ſtruggle to avoid it will be inceſſant, the effort exhauſting—and the danger imminent.

* "Anatomy of Suicide," by Forbes Winſlow, M.D.

DESPAIR AND PRESUMPTION.

"O! Thou that makeſt free—
From this ſoul ſlavery deliver me!
Theſe clanking chains of care and grief unbind,
Galling each ſenſe, and weighing down the mind;
That mind with all its powers by Thee beſtow'd
To Thee I fain would dedicate, my God,—
Alas the talent to theſe hands from birth
Till now conſign'd, lies buried in the earth;
No intereſt haſt Thou of Thine own,—and I,
Of my life's charge, if queſtion'd—no reply."

Anon.

DESPAIR AND PRESUMPTION.

TWO very diſſimilar writers—Carlyle, and Dr. Wilberforce—taking the Chriſtian's battle of life as the ſubject, have dwelt upon theſe different, and indeed oppoſite dangers, with great force. Carlyle ſelecting David's example of crime, repentance and acceptance, as his text; and Dr. Wilberforce, Balaam's half-heartedneſs in God's ſervice. Theſe are preciſely the two dangers which ſeem moſt eaſily to beſet the Chriſtian's path; deſpair at perpetual failure, or, in the other extreme, preſumption that a half-hearted and imperfect ſervice will ſuffice. Of David's fall, Carlyle writes:—

"On the whole, we make too much of faults, the details of the buſineſs hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greateſt of faults, I ſhould ſay, is to be conſcious of none. Readers of the Bible, above all, one would think, might know better. David, the Hebrew king, had fallen into ſins enough, blackeſt crimes, there

was no want of ſins. And thereupon the unbelievers ſneer and aſk, 'Is this your man according to God's heart?' The ſneer, I muſt ſay, ſeems to me but a ſhallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner ſecret of it, the remorſe, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended ſtruggle of it be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his ſteps.' Of all acts, is not for a man repentance the moſt divine? The deadlieſt ſin, I ſay, were that ſame ſupercilious conſciouſneſs of no ſin, that is, death; the heart ſo conſcious is divorced from ſincerity, humility and fact, is dead. It is pure, as dead dry ſand is pure. David's life and hiſtory, as written for us in theſe Pſalms of his, I conſider to be the trueſt emblem ever given of a man's moral progreſs and warfare here below. All earneſt ſouls will ever diſcern in it the faithful ſtruggle of an earneſt human ſoul towards what is good and beſt. Struggle often baffled, ſore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a ſtruggle never ended, ever with tears, repentance, true, unconquerable purpoſe begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking in truth, always that, a ſucceſſion of faults? Man can do no other. In this wild element of a life he has to ſtruggle, he has to ſtruggle onwards, now fallen, deep abaſed; and ever with tears, repentance, with

a bleeding heart, he has to riſe again, ſtruggle again ſtill onwards. That his ſtruggle be a faithful, unconquerable one:—that is the queſtion of queſtions. We will put up with many ſad details, if the ſoul of it were true. Details by themſelves will never teach us what it is."

That the ſtruggle be true, faithful to the heart, unending, unconquerable. Yes, this is what God requires, and the conſcience of man approves. This, nor more, may the beſt of us hope to achieve, if ſubjected to fiery ordeal;—and leſs than this is perdition. If the heart fail, we are loſt. The will may indeed be beaten down, fail us, alas, in foreſt need; but the deſire, the hope, and the wiſh to be able to will aright,—woe to us if that fail. Or, the effort for victory, undying effort, this is the loweſt condition of ſalvation, amidſt all the toils, the perils and temptations of this life of probation; by ſuch effort alone may Heaven be reached,—broken-hearted and exhauſted, it matters little; but with the effort ſtill maintained to our laſt ſigh, the ſoul ſhall fly upward in ſpite of all the powers of Hell."

But does not Carlyle, after all, avoid the real point at iſſue? As the true love of God "caſteth out fear," ſo, ought it not to caſt out ſin, and render man incapable of committing it in word, deed, or thought? Incapable even of wiſhing or deſiring it,—that is, of being *tempted* to

commit a ſin? Is ſuch love as this unattainable? So it would ſeem. Judging by the event, David had it not; for neither to ſin nor crime was he a ſtranger; and if not the Pſalmiſt and Prophet King, whom God regarded with peculiar favour, then who may hope for ſucceſs in the ſame direction? Judging by the exiſtence of temptation (for how can this exiſt where there is no inclination or deſire for the thing offered?) muſt we not infer that Chriſt, as man, had it not, in the ſenſe contended for,—as entirely caſting out evil proclivity and precluding all liability to ſin? On the other hand, how can he be ſaid to love God truly and entirely who is conſcious of ſome ſecret attraction towards any kind of ſin or evil, which, as ſuch, he knows muſt be diſpleaſing to Him he profeſſes to love and ſerve? And if a man has not this entire love of God in his heart, how can he be ſaved, wanting that which is the firſt and chief condition? In this lies the true knot of the difficulty. All that Carlyle ſays about the ineſtimable worth of repentance, and the grievouſneſs of the fault to be unconſcious of any ſin, is wholly beſide the queſtion, and leaves the real iſſue untouched. Conſidering the matter further, we find that much in the Goſpels and of the teaching of the Apoſtles leads to this concluſion that we are never without ſin, whatever may be the love of

God in our hearts. "If we ſay that we have no ſin, we deceive ourſelves, and the truth is not in us," the Apoſtle tells us. Then muſt there always be proclivity to ſome evil, ſide by ſide with it, in our inmoſt being. For where this is not, it is difficult, as has been obſerved, to ſee how temptation can find vantage-ground or place for attack. The love of God, and of evil, too, are they then wholly incompatible? This is the queſtion of queſtions, on which the whole iſſue hinges; not that with which Carlyle concludes. If they are not eſſentially and wholly incompatible, all the reſt is intelligible enough. If, on the contrary, they are;—then the whole lapſes into darkneſs and confuſion, with David's ſins and Chriſt's temptation in the wilderneſs, rendering the darkneſs only more impenetrable and palpable.

Certainly David's life, his ſtruggles, fall, and earneſt repentance, followed by a renewal of faith and hope—in like manner as the pardon of Mary Magdalene, and the penitent thief on the croſs—may well be regarded as providentially deſigned, in all ages, to ſave the conſcience-ſtricken, but repentant criminal from deſpair: and this, whatever may be the difficulties ſuggeſted as to the moral proceſs of regeneration taking place in the heart of the repentant, and the pardoned.

Wilberforce takes up the ſhield of truth, to exhibit another hiſtory graven upon it, of a totally oppoſite tendency, ſuggeſting the poverty and worthleſſneſs of all effort, or ſacrifice, or worſhip, which is only half-hearted, which is not complete and abſolute. To look upon the penitent ſinner on the croſs, and hear the ſolemn aſſurance given him of an entrance into Paradiſe,—may not the greateſt criminal take heart again, and ſee ſufficient reaſon for not deſpairing? But Wilberforce forces us to turn, and look at the half-hearted Balaam, longing to "die the death of the righteous," yet utterly failing, becauſe his whole heart was not in the prayer. Speaking of a Chriſtian who deſires much, and yet accompliſhes nothing, he ſays:—

"What elſe is his character than that of a half-hearted Chriſtian! He longs to die the death of the righteous, his heart kindles as he hears God's words, and, like Balaam, he can ſpeak well of the things of God. Nay, it may be, he goes even further; he gives up ſomething for God, he is not exactly what he would be if he did not believe in God and judgment; he refuſes ſome of the 'rewards of divination;' he gives up ſome of the honours, the gratification of ſome appetites, ſome advantages, ſome ways of pleaſing himſelf, ſome opportunity of ſhining or of riſing in the world, ſomething

which has attractions for him, but which he cannot enjoy without going directly counter to the will of God; for this open rebellion he is not yet ripe.

"Yet, in every such instance, he makes an unwilling and a partial sacrifice; he keeps back something, he goes as near as he dares to sin, he wishes that he could go farther. He allows some evil affection, some unholy affection, some unlawful practice, to abide within his soul. He is failing in his trial—failing in such little instances, perhaps, that he does not know what it is that he is doing. He looks, perhaps, to some great sacrifice which he has made for right, to some signal instance in which he sent back the world's messengers, and refused its bribes; and he takes comfort from the view, though the evil remains in him; though in little things and on smaller occasions he is yielding to it; though he longs, if he dared, to yield to it altogether. He is just what Balaam was, an uncertain, irresolute, wavering, half-hearted man, with many better principles and feelings, but, withal, with an undergrowth of evil which he will not utterly root out, and which therefore grows upon him and promises too surely to choke all his nobler hopes, all his holier purposes, and at last to destroy the very spiritual life of his soul.

"Giving to God our hearts and our affec-

tions, this, and this alone, is truly to ſerve Him. All partial ſacrifices ſhort of this are but inſtruments of ſelf-deſtruction, of ſelf-deception. To attain this is the very end of our being. For this were we born, for this were we redeemed. If we have not come to the ſolemn deciſion of ſerving Him with our whole hearts, and without reſervation, all our life hitherto, as far as concerns its moſt important iſſue, has been thrown away. For until this choice is truly made by us, our life is nothing better than a miſerable ſelf-contradiction. There can be neither plan, ſhape, nor order, nor keeping, in the life of the half-hearted man. To love God, to ſerve Him, this alone gives order, meaning, and bleſſedneſs to every ſeparate act of our lives. The want of this makes the higheſt acts of religion utterly worthleſs and unmeaning,—in vain we ſay prayers, in vain we read God's Word, and hear it, in vain we deny ourſelves and faſt, give alms and communicate, unleſs there be this one ruling principle governing our lives. And where this indeed is, the commoneſt actions become acts of Religion; if they are done to pleaſe Him, our little daily inſtances of ſelf-denial grow into real ſacrifices; common offerings become true oblations: not prayer only, and alms, and receiving the holy Euchariſt; but every deed of kindneſs to a neighbour, nay, every

meal, every action, all are holy things, ſanctified by the word of God and prayer; all are the fruit of His Spirit, all are the reaſonable ſervice of a redeemed and renewed life.

"If we allow any one ſin to continue, all our work is in vain; all our other labours, all our religious offices, all our prayers, are in vain, if we ſuffer any ſin to abide in our hearts. It is a poiſon-root which will kill all the verdure of the ſoul. Here is where ſo many fail. They are conſcious of ſome one evil which has ſuch a hold upon them, that they either do not ſtrive againſt it at all, or ſtrive faintly, and as thoſe who expect to be ſubdued. They do not mean to give up all, far from it: they mean to be religious, and ſo they pray, perhaps, and give up other things, and have religious feelings; but they do not bring them to bear on this cheriſhed form of evil, on their own weak point. Secretly they indulge the hope that this ſin is rather more excuſable, becauſe in other things they are ſo religious. Thus they make their religion the cloak and excuſe for ſin, inſtead of the means of deſtroying ſin; they would not dare to indulge it ſo far, if they were not ſo religious; if there was not ſome make-weight againſt it of this ſort; ſomething which makes it ſeem to them a leſs unreaſonable expectation, that they ſhould die the death of the righteous.

"This is the very character of half-heartedneſs; it matters not what the ſin is, it may be Balaam's ſin of covetouſneſs, or love of this world, or ſenſuality, or unkind and ſuſpicious tempers, or diſhoneſty, or moral cowardice;—but whatever it be, it is your deſtruction. It is bringing all falſehood and contradiction into your ſoul. If you are conſciouſly allowing one ſin to rule within you, you are turning all the reſt of your religion into a poiſonous narcotic, and a mother of hypocriſy. The moſt hopeleſs of all characters is that of him who (half conſciouſly and to quiet conſcience) has cultivated religious feelings as a ſet-off againſt his faults, inſtead of uſing religion as a means of curing them."

A true leſſon this, and full of inſtruction to all men; nevertheleſs, the reaſoning here adopted ſuggeſts more than one remark as to the neceſſity—of ſome limitation perhaps,—certainly of ſome further elucidation to prevent an utterly diſheartening effect; and the inſidious approach of a feeling in the minds of many earneſt Chriſtians, very near akin to deſpair.

To ſtigmatize as half-hearted, and utterly reject as worthleſs, *all effort which fails in being continuous or in the end ſucceſsful*,—is to condemn in the Chriſtian nearly all that conſtitutes the true battle of life. Alas, for the majority

of men, if this be a true reading! "An unwilling and partial ſacrifice" cannot indeed find acceptance, yet, even in the beſt, how often muſt ſacrifice and effort be of this imperfect character —that is, neither continuous nor wholly ſucceſsful! No doubt, if, while making efforts to keep God's law and do His will, we knowingly "go as near as we dare to ſin," and wiſh that we "could go further," there can be but little true love of God in our hearts. The love of evil muſt be the predominant feeling, merely held in check by the fear, and not by the love of God. Such a ſtate of mind we muſt believe to be hateful to Him who is too pure and holy to look upon ſin; and while conſcious of this ſtate, we muſt know our heart is not right towards Him. Our condition muſt, on the contrary, be full of peril ſo long as this laſts. That there is a ſtruggle within may be the only ſource or ground of conſolation; and not altogether to be truſted either, for it may be the ſtruggle not of the loving, but of the craven ſpirit. Still there is this to be obſerved, in reference to the concluſion drawn by Wilberforce, when he ſays that, until "a choice has been truly made, and a ſolemn deciſion taken" of ſerving God "with our whole hearts and without reſervation, all our life has been thrown away."—When the choice has been made in all earneſtneſs and ſin-

cerity, and without any mental reſervations, that will not ſave us from perpetual conflict and ſtruggle. During which we ſhall be more or leſs open to this ſerious charge of half-heartedneſs, and all the reprobation attaching to it. Is not this ſomewhat too much loſt ſight of by the writer, and is not the inevitable tendency of his argument to generate that diſcouragement and ceſſation of all effort which would be the moſt fatal reſult of all? Are not theſe great ſcriptural examples ſpecially given us to protect fallen and erring man from this laſt and worſt evil? Perhaps to the really earneſt Chriſtian, painfully alive to his own weakneſs and imperfect ſervice, there is far greater danger of deſpair than the preſumption of over-weening confidence. In avoiding the one, let us not fall into the other.

The concluſion to which this train of thought naturally leads appears to be this. We muſt indeed have adopted in our hearts the governing principle of entire, and not partial or ſtinted ſervice, for our guidance in all the chances and changes of life; even while forewarned by all paſt experience in our own caſe, and that of others, that there may be times when we ſhall be defeated, and fail utterly to give effect to this principle, if under ſore trial or temptation. The preſcience or foreboding of this poſſibility may not juſtly be interpreted as the ſure indication

of half-heartedneſs, or weakneſs of reſolution; or otherwiſe there are ſome, habitually diſtruſtful of themſelves, and unſanguine in temperament, who would be ſhut out altogether from the liſts. Only when a foreboding, or a fear of poſſible failure, (a natural reſult of over-anxiety as to the reſult,) ſhould be made a pretext for ſtriving leſs earneſtly, or being ſatisfied with leſs in attainment; only then does it become an alarming ſymptom, and one that indicates ſomething radically wrong. Its true and ſalutary operations ſhould be as a preſervative againſt deſpair, or too great diſcouragement; a reaſon for "taking heed leſt we fall," and of "working out our ſalvation in fear and trembling," knowing of what duſt we are made, and with what infirmity of purpoſe and terrible proclivity to evil in a thouſand ſhapes the moſt devout may at times be painfully conſcious.

Again, the ſame writer continues,—"If we allow any one ſin to continue, all our work is vain." This ſhould ſurely be written,—"If we allow (willingly, deliberately, and with deſign) any one ſin to continue." It is not the *continuance* of ſin which damns—or who ſhall be ſaved that is born of woman?—but the wilful, the determined continuance, and the abſence of all earneſt or honeſt effort to eradicate the ſin. It is the falſe dependence on good deeds and

religious veneration, as a ſet-off or balance againſt perſiſtent evil, as though in Heaven's higheſt court of appeal a debtor would be allowed to plead a balance of good or evil in the general account of a life. Nothing can be more unſcriptural, nothing more fatal, than ſuch an idea. No debtor and creditor account can be appealed to; no iſſue determined by a balance. The ſpirit that would ſay, or does in effect ſay, in the heart,—"Give me, Lord, to enjoy this one ſin, (is it not a little one?) and I will ſerve Thee in all elſe truly and faithfully all the days of my life,"—is loſt ſo long as that deſire has any exiſtence. This, perhaps, is the moſt dangerous of all errors and deluſions; and hence againſt it more eſpecially, one of the moſt emphatic of Chriſt's denunciations was levelled,—"Verily I ſay unto ye, that he who is guilty of the leaſt of theſe is guilty of all."

It is this imperative demand for guiltleſſneſs "in the leaſt of theſe," taken in connection with the manifeſt incapability of any of human race being "without ſin," which makes the difficulty, by an apparent irreconcilability in the conditions of ſalvation, with the neceſſary and declared conditions of humanity. But the guiltleſſneſs inſiſted upon in the paſſage cited from the Goſpels, has it not obvious reference to a *conſenting will* to deſigned evil? In which

caſe the contradiction diſappears. When we deſign miſchief wilfully, or with a forethought commit a ſin, though the leaſt in all the catalogue, then are we guilty of all; that is, our heart muſt be wrong towards God. A creed that would preclude all hope of ſalvation in thoſe who are conſcious of ſinful deſires ſpringing up unbidden in their hearts, and of a ſtill ſmouldering fire living in their frame, deſpite all efforts to extinguiſh it utterly—that is, all the effort they find themſelves able to make in order to conform their heart and actions to the will of God and in obedience to His Law—muſt of neceſſity involve ſome fallacy; and one certainly of a very miſchievous tendency.

If we are ſo conſtituted that, as deſcendants from Adam, we muſt of neceſſity inherit a ſinful nature,—a permanent proclivity to ſin as long as life ſhall exiſt in this frame; then no man can be wholly free. Notwithſtanding the countervailing inheritance from Chriſt of a capacity and regenerative deſire for the oppoſite, the Chriſtian will ſtill be conſcious of a ſtruggle, and a conflict, never ending, between the two antagoniſtic elements of his human nature; and yet he may hope for ſalvation, and forgiveneſs for his daily treſpaſſes. In ſome diſcourſes lately publiſhed, on the Lord's Prayer, by C. P. Reichel, the inconſiſtencies and contradictions in

our life have been rightly interpreted as the conflict between two natures not only deſtined to be co-exiſtent, but ſpecially conſtituted to be ſo. Salvation, he repreſents, "in ſo far as it conſiſts in a removal of the guilt of man's inherited corruption, extends to all; but what is partial in the diſeaſe is alſo partial in the remedy. As there is a wide difference between that ſinfulneſs which is common to all, by virtue of their common deſcent (a never-failing proclivity to evil), and which attaches alike to the moſt determinately vicious, and the moſt endeavouringly righteous, as there is a wide difference between the common and general ſinfulneſs, and thoſe wilful and deliberate tranſgreſſions which reſult from a deliberate yielding to the worſe nature we have inherited; ſo is there a wide difference between that remiſſion which extends to all merely inherited ſinfulneſs, and that favour which is given to thoſe who deliberately yield to that better nature which Chriſt has introduced into mankind. The acts of Adam and of Chriſt extend reſpectively to every individual of our race: every human being has a ſinful nature, by natural deſcent from Adam, the firſt tranſgreſſor, the whole neceſſary effects of which are neutralized and made good by Chriſt's atonement; but further than this the general effects of the reparation made by

Chriſt do not extend. If we knowingly and wilfully chooſe rather to comply with the ſinful nature we have inherited from Adam, than with the new nature introduced by Chriſt; if we chooſe rather to connect ourſelves with Adam's ſin, than with Chriſt's reparation, we cannot complain if that reparation be finally loſt to us."

"And, indeed, does not the very fact that Chriſt has made a reparation for Adam's ſin, and all thoſe conſequences thereof which are either involuntary or are repented of—does not this very fact exclude from mercy all who ſlight that reparation by making the ſimilitude of Adam's ſin their own voluntary choice? The Apoſtle reſtricts the proſpect of a happy immortality to thoſe who, inſtead of indulging the corrupt nature tranſmitted from the firſt, yield to the better nature imparted by the ſecond Adam! As therefore only they are loſt who give themſelves up of ſet purpoſe to follow Adam's ſin, ſo only they are ſaved who give themſelves up of ſet purpoſe to follow Chriſt's righteouſneſs, throughout all the various degrees of ignorance and enlightenment."

"What is the nature of the change which the Saviour (John iii. 2, 3) calls a new birth, and St. Paul, a new creation? (2 Cor. v. 17). In our natural ſtate we ſuffer eſpecially from three defects:—from want of knowledge, want of

will,* and want of power, to do what is right." "We may have both the knowledge and the

* We ſpeak of the will; but what the Will is, conſtitutes in itſelf one of the hardeſt metaphyſical and pſychological problems to ſolve. In laſt reſort the Will muſt be held to be the expreſſion of what the heart, the whole man, deſires moſt at the moment of action. We often act againſt our conſcience, our reaſon, and judgment; but, ſtrictly ſpeaking, can we ever be ſaid to act againſt our will? We ſometimes will to do right when our ſecret deſire is to do wrong; but even then muſt there not be co-exiſtent a deſire alſo to act rightly, and one which, in effect, muſt be ſtronger than the oppoſing deſire, of which we may be perfectly conſcious? The reſult in this caſe would then be the final iſſue of a ſtruggle between two conflicting deſires. So may there not thus be a true love of God prompting to right action, co-exiſtent with a deſire, that is, a love, for things evil and forbidden, creating the true battle of life? Is this life-long ſtruggle not that of a ſoldier devoted to his general or his ſovereign;—willing, nay, anxious to do battle in his cauſe; voluntarily and deliberately engaging in his ſervice, and enrolling himſelf in his army;—yet ever and anon liable to be overcome by temptation, ſometimes abandoning his poſt, or diſregarding his orders; and ſtill invariably repenting his diſgraceful lapſe, and praying to be reſtored to his place in the ranks of the faithful, willing to accept the puniſhments aſſigned for his faults; and in thoſe ranks willing to battle, and die there if occaſion require it, to prove his undiminiſhed loyalty and redeem, as beſt he may, an irrevocable paſt? Do not David's, and Peter's hiſtory—Solomon's life, his idolatry, and hundred concubines—Mary Magdalene, and the penitent thief's lives, with

will (desire?) to do that which is right in very high degree, with very little of the power."

"To conceive this, we must conceive that the implanting of the new nature in the regenerate does not at once destroy the old: that the two natures exist together in the Christian, and that the struggle between them is not ended, the victory of the one over the other is not complete, till death releases us from that body which is the very stronghold of our natural corruption. Now the influence of our body is particularly felt in our actions, because they practically require its instrumentality: and it therefore contracts our power of performing what is right, much more than either our knowledge of it or our inclination for it. Hence, St. Paul, describing the struggle between the two natures which co-exist in every Christian, until death frees him from the one, with the deepest truth represents our inclination as neutralized by our inability.

"'For that which I do I allow not: for what

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their conclusion—each and all point to the same momentous truth, that even faltering soldiers and erring servants, such as these were, shall be allowed to return to their duty; to be enrolled among the faithful, and to redeem the past, by loving and persistent efforts, though varying degrees of success may attend them in the battle of life?

I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.' (Rom. vii. 15—19.)

"For that this passage describes the state of man, in so far as he is actually under the renewing influence of the Holy Spirit, is decided by the words which follow in the 22nd verse, 'I delight in the law of God after the inward man.' For the inward man is nothing but the new creature, the new-implanted, never-dying nature, the regenerated will. Two opposite principles are therefore struggling in every Christian, the victory of one of which, though assured, is slowly and painfully achieved. All the sins of omission and commission which we incur during the progress of this struggle, provided only we truly and heartily repent, God engages to forgive, by the very fact of the existence of that struggle. It rests upon the fact that God, who hath begun, will not abandon."

Nothing can well be clearer, or more to the purpose than this: and very little remains to

be added on theſe momentous queſtions or the general bearing of the facts. It has been ſaid that "the affections are ſo cloſely connected with the will, that, for all practical purpoſes, they may be conſidered as identical;" but it is neceſſary to bear in mind that there may be two contending and wholly irreconcilable affections; their being irreconcilable by no means involving incompatibility in the ſenſe of co-exiſtence. Contending deſires thus ariſe, and the reſult is either a neutralized—that is a paralyzed—will, or perpetual contradiction and inconſiſtency. How many labour under the thraldom of a vicious habit, who contend againſt it, who feel it is wholly incompatible with ſome other deſire or affection, and yet, day after day, fall before the ſtrong temptation! Take one of the moſt common and fatal—drink—the habit of intoxication. An infirmity of will reſults which conſtitutes a phaſe of inſanity and diſeaſe, as has been pointed out in a previous paper. The victim may really have ſtrong affection for wife or children; know, and bitterly regret, the ruin he brings upon them, and the daily miſery; yet the deſire for the wonted ſtimulus overrides all other conſiderations. The two cannot be reconciled, but they are co-exiſtent in the ſame individual. It may be ſaid, ſuch a man may not be without ſome ſort of affection for his family;

but he manifeſtly loves his wine better. Is it quite certain, however, that this is the true ſolution? The affection or deſire which predominates at the moment, no doubt, decides the iſſue, and, for the time, the will. He who is conſcious of a ſtruggle, and in the end commits the ſin, muſt be held at that time more to deſire it, than the approval of Him whoſe law he diſhonours by the act. But it does not ſeem in any way to prove that in his inmoſt heart he may not, or does not, reverence and love God; though clearly not with ſuch power as to enable him at the deciſive moment to reſiſt all the temptations of the "fleſh and the devil." Is not this the true theory of life—is it not the Chriſtian's life—a never-ending ſtruggle for unattainable purity and that perfect conſiſtency in thought, word, and action, which it were perfection to realize,—but perdition not to ſtrive for in all ſincerity and earneſtneſs?

INFLUENCE OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT ON CONDUCT AND ACTION.

THE apparently irreconcilable contradiction between profeſſions of faith and practice with the aberrations from principle noticed in ſo many inſtances in thoſe outwardly devout, muſt often have ſuggeſted the queſtion, What is the influence of devotional feeling and religious ſentiment on conduct? Many will anſwer that, A religion which is true and earneſt muſt of neceſſity be all-powerful, and that there is no limit to its influence and control. Is there no limit to our poor human nature? Then, to reconcile this with univerſal experience and fact, we muſt accept, as a logical ſequence, the further concluſion—that there is no true Religion in the world! Religion ſo underſtood would neceſſarily preclude all ſin in thought or feeling, in word or deed:—and we know that the beſt of men cannot boaſt of

any ſuch entire exemption. Whatever may be the influence, therefore, of the Religion of the Goſpel on men's hearts, and of high devotional feeling, it evidently ſtops ſhort of this. Hence ariſes the ulterior queſtion, Are we ſo conſtituted, with our inheritance of a ſinful nature, that Religion ever can have this perfect fruit? It is uſual to attribute the inconſiſtency ſo conſtantly obſerved between the religious faith of individuals and their practice, to hypocriſy—inſincerity in the profeſſion made. And yet in ſome, if not in the majority, the proofs of ſincerity are often too abundant and concluſive, notwithſtanding the moſt glaring want of correſpondence between the faith and the acts done, for this convenient and ſweeping judgment to be accepted as a ſatisfactory ſolution of the problem. This muſt often have been felt by thoſe who look upon life and its anomalies as ſubjects of ſerious ſtudy.

It would ſeem that a foregone concluſion, the abſtract truth of which, taken ſingly, can hardly be diſputed, often miſleads us in ſuch caſes. Let us take the following, as a fair ſtatement of the grounds on which a judgment in ſuch caſes is too frequently made to reſt.

"Conſcience is governed in a great meaſure by what men believe; indeed, faith is the legitimate regulator of the conſcience. If a man

has correct views of duty to God and man, he will have a correct conſcience."* And in this concluſion many think they ſee the principle ſo much inſiſted upon by Chriſt and His Apoſtles. The all-importance of faith, as though a right faith included all other things; and that its ſufficing virtue, like a ſpell, would guarantee its poſſeſſor from every deviation from truth and right conduct;—a ſpell exerciſing ſuch unceaſing and irreſiſtible control over words and actions, that evil could find no place or means of action within its circle. And, to carry out this inference to its legitimate concluſion, there has been much ſpeculation expended in the effort to define what that faith is, in its ſcriptural ſenſe, to which the promiſe of ſure ſalvation is attached. But the moſt orthodox definitions are ſuch as leave no alternative, whenever we trace it in its application to conduct or practice in the beſt of men, but to deny its exiſtence —thus ſtamping every ſhortcoming of a profeſſing Chriſtian as damning proof of hypocriſy, either the want of ſincerity or right faith.

It is time, however, that we recognized the truth, that it is not ſincerity or faith that is wanting, in the majority of caſes, but ſome

* "Philoſophy of the Plan of Salvation," by an American Citizen.

other condition, eſſential to render it effective. Of Phariſees and hypocrites, alas! there is no deficiency; but the prevalence of theſe will not in any way meet the difficulty, or tend to explain the fact of a true belief and earneſt ſincerity being compatible with conduct ſadly at variance with the courſe ſuch faith would preſcribe. Granted that the faith to which ſuch ſaving virtue is attached in the Goſpels is not mere intellectual acceptance of certain truths; for otherwiſe, as has been obſerved, we muſt number fallen ſpirits among the elect, for they no doubt believe in God and Chriſt;—granted that the faith referred to muſt be a living faith, capable of influencing the heart, as well as convincing the underſtanding, and of moulding the whole character of man:—yet to ſay that it is able to do ſo under all circumſtances, is to beg the whole queſtion, and leave the difficulty preciſely where we found it. Faith, no doubt, involves a belief in the Goſpel truths—nay, more, a full and earneſt deſire to make thoſe truths the guiding principles of our lives; but are we ſo conſtituted that no antagoniſtic habits, tendencies, or external circumſtances, can exerciſe a contrary influence, and develop other and nullifying action? If we are, then to acquire faith, is to be under the abſolute and irreſiſtible dominion of a power which muſt

ſave us the neceſſity of all effort—ſet us far above all temptation, and make us by its one gift perfect. But we know too well that in the Divine Economy no ſuch reſult can find place. We know that in this ſcene of probation it is never permitted to man, to find himſelf wholly beyond the reach of temptation, and be thus relieved from all neceſſity for watchfulneſs and effort: elſe had the Apoſtle not declared that on him, too, was laid the obligation "to work out his ſalvation in fear and trembling," leſt, "while preaching to others," he ſhould be "a caſtaway" himſelf; and by ſo ſtartling a demonſtration of the inefficacy of the higheſt faith, (inefficacy, that is, to preclude failure,) adding force to his exhortation, "to take heed leſt they ſhould fall"—an exhortation addreſſed to all—the trueſt and the beſt not excepted. But, even without this authoritative declaration, it is ſurely eaſy to ſee, that neither a phyſical law, ſuch as inanimate matter obeys, nor a neceſſitating inſtinct governing the brute creation—abſolute in their requirements, and irreſiſtible in their operation—would be adapted to the government of a rational being, who is at the ſame time a moral and reſponſible agent; for it has been truly obſerved, "the application of either to the ſoul would deſtroy its free agency." Who does not perceive that the ſuſceptibility

to evil impulſes, and the capability of giving effect to ſuch ſuggeſtions and influences are, in a life of trial and progreſſive exiſtence, inſeparable conditions of virtue, and of the development of man's higheſt powers? It is accordingly in perfect harmony with theſe premiſes; and with ſuch conditions of being, that there ſhould be no faith attainable by man which can withdraw him from the chance of the riſk of ſubjection to other and antagoniſtic influences: —no faith that can releaſe him from the obligation of perpetual watchfulneſs and anxious effort to guard againſt a fall. Influences have too ſadly and ſurely prevailed in a thouſand inſtances, deſpite continued effort—ſometimes plunging into darkeſt night the ſoul moſt open to impreſſions of light and truth—for us to doubt the fact that to ſuch danger all are expoſed. Both ſacred and profane hiſtory furniſh ſtartling examples; but it is ſufficiently brought home to us by daily obſervation among living men and women. This fact in the hiſtory of mankind has been admirably touched upon in the following paſſages, by a popular writer of the preſent day:—

"The hiſtory of David leaves one impreſſion on the mind, deeply and plainly, and that is, that moral principle does not always correſpond with devotional ſenſibility. It may be found in

many perſons who are weak in right principles and unſtable in right purpoſes. How fervently could David pray, but how feebly did David practiſe! What more excellent than his ſentiments, or more condemnable than his paſſions! How ſublimely could his ſpirits mount to Heaven, but how terribly could he wrong his neighbour! Strange indeed are the inconſiſtencies of our nature; one part of a man's life will ſeem often the direct reverſe of another. Yet, David was not really inſincere. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it?' Much, and ſtrange contradiction there is in life, but leſs of poſitive hypocriſy than is imagined. David is a type of many kings, and of many men. Yes, both by conſciouſneſs and obſervation, we know that guilt and folly may diſorder a life which has alſo in it fountains of religious ſenſibility. Inſtability and inconſiſtency there are in this, but ſincerity there is in it alſo. The real philoſophy of the matter is, that the religious element—the faculty which connects with the inviſible and eternal world—like the other elements of our nature, muſt be good or bad, as it is directed. Hence the merely devotional man is not neceſſarily a virtuous man, nor a benevolent man. He may fail in rectitude, or he may fail in humanity."

Another writer* obſerves that "Spiritual action is only ſecure and perfect with practice. To minds of a certain temperament and conſtitution, elevation of thought, of feeling, and of devotion, may give way to very fatal errors of conduct." The fact is univerſal; but the explanation ſeems to lie deeper than either of theſe writers have ſought for it; and the true philoſophy of the matter would appear to be, that ſuch incongruities are a mixed reſult or conſequence of the conjoined action of antagoniſtic forces—univerſal laws emanating from a Divine ſource on the one hand;—and the conſtitution of man in which are elements of corruption and evil on the other. Our will determines our conduct—but what determines the will? Many antagoniſtic powers mingle in this field of battle; and, as far as man's efforts to determine aright are concerned, it happens in this, as in other battles;—that things apparently the moſt fortuitous often ſeem to decide the day and turn a promiſed victory into defeat. "The battle is not always to the ſtrong, nor the race to the ſwift," we are told; and we ſee that the ſtrongeſt ſwimmer is often drowned, while weaker arms win the deſired ſhore, againſt all human calculation and probability. The timidity of the one, a uſual ſource

* "Chriſtian Thought on Life," by Henry Giles.

of danger, may have been a ſaving cauſe; while over-confidence in well-tried ſtrength may have been the perdition of the other. Of courſe nothing is really fortuitous, ſtrictly ſpeaking; yet how often the whole deſtiny of a life ſeems determined by chances the moſt trivial, and the influence of which is not ſeen until long after the event. The meeting of an acquaintance, or a ſtranger, a fall on the pavement —five minutes' delay, the being too late for a train or a boat—have all ſufficed to make or mar a deſtiny. So in great events of national concern, the miſcarriage of a meſſage; or incidents which no foreſight could anticipate, have often decided the event irrevocably. In a campaign or a battle; the attacking force which ſeemed contemptible either diſplays greater vigour and obſtinacy, or the troops oppoſed, offer leſs reſiſtance:—aſſailed perhaps in ſome unſuſpected weak point. A general may then ſuddenly find the whole aſpect of affairs changed; —the ſtrongeſt poſitions are loſt one after another, the centre broken, the flanks turned, and defeat is everywhere;—beyond all generalſhip or effort to retrieve, until another day and under happier conditions,—the conflict ſhall be renewed. But how often to nations, and to armies, the one battle decides their fate:—and is it not often thus in every-day life and experience? We awake in the morning prepared for

the fight, and confident of victory;—to retire, ere night, covered with the ſhame of an unexpected defeat—all our outpoſts carried, our ſtrong places ſtormed, and the enemy triumphant; the hope of another day and a happier iſſue alone remaining!

Whatever concluſion we may come to as regards the philoſophy of the ſubject in connection with the preſent problem; this one fact muſt ſtrike all inquirers as beyond diſpute—namely, the co-exiſtence of conſcience, and even of religious ſentiment manifeſted in high devotional feeling,—with occaſional, or habitual deviations from principle and right conduct. There are caſes in which the conſcience is neither blunted nor ſilent, but yet wholly powerleſs. In other words, the power of the will—that faculty or ſtate of being which determines action—is paralyzed or loſt. Sometimes this is obſerved as regards one particular deſire only, while its power over all others is firm, and eaſily enough brought into play. The circumſtance of the individual knowing, and being fully alive to, all the legal or moral conſequences of his acts, does not avail in ſuch caſes to give the will greater power when the object of deſire is within reach.* To ſee the

* The following note of the gambling at White's

better courſe, and chooſe the worſt—true in ancient Rome when Horace wrote—is not leſs ſo now. Neither the philoſophy of the heathen, nor the religion of the Chriſtian, ſuffices to inſure conſtant victory. Man's control over himſelf is ſtrangely and fearfully limited; and his

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during the eighteenth century, extracted from a well-written article in the "National Review," which has juſt appeared, furniſhes a very apt illuſtration:—

"Into this vortex of gambling were drawn the beſt hearts and largeſt brains of the century. The parts of Lord Edgecumbe, the wit of George Selwyn, the amiability of Lord Carliſle, the ſplendid talents of Charles Fox, were alike impotent to ſave from the maelſtrom. Lord Carliſle—in a letter endorſed by George Selwyn, 'after the loſs of the £10,000'—writes in an agony of ſelf-reproach, 'I have undone myſelf, and it is to no purpoſe to conceal from you my abominable madneſs and folly. . . . I never loſt ſo much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the houſe for the whole.' A day or two after, he writes, 'Lady Carliſle is very well. You may be ſure I ſhall prevent this man from ſetting ruin like a bull-dog at her. She is very nearly made familiar with it; and if it is not made to fly at her, ſhe will approach it with as little fear as any one I know.' Lord Carliſle's life, for many years, was a conſtant ſtruggle between the temptations of the gaming table and the warnings of conſcience and affection. At moments he hung on the verge of ſuicide. His letters to Selwyn—who had both good ſenſe and good feeling, though neither could keep him from the dyce-box—are a moſt afflicting revelation of the hell to which the gambler with an unſeared conſcience and ſtrong affections perforce condemns himſelf."

beſt efforts are often traverſed by ſuch potent and perſiſtent influences as might well ſuggeſt a demon world, with power to diſturb the better impulſes of humanity, and the order of this.

In ſome ſenſe, at ſome point of time, it would ſeem we muſt be free to chooſe between the good and evil placed in our path; for without ſuch freedom we cannot underſtand moral reſponſibility attaching to our acts. But how myſteriouſly and incomprehenſibly are our beſt intentions, wiſhes, efforts rendered nugatory, or converted into a ſnare and a deluſion, leading us blindly into deeper wrong. Theſe things are, and it is idle to attempt to myſtify a truth ſo plainly revealed by daily experience and the conſciouſneſs of every individual. There are natural tendencies born with us, independent of any voluntary effort or act of ours. External influences, too, are ſometimes ſtrangely and fatally appoſite to the particular proclivity which from ſome inward influence prompts to ſin or crime. Habits again grow up with our growth, often imperceptibly, until they finally fetter every ſpontaneous movement, and envelop in their ſerpent-folds the whole nature and being of man. Theſe are all ſo many influences or forces conſtraining us with varying degrees of power, ſometimes for good—and too often for evil! There is a large difference in the original nature and diſpoſitions of men,

quite as ſtriking as any diverſity of feature, of phyſical conſtitution or of type, affecting different races;—as well as an infinite variety of external conditions and circumſtances, determining the life of each individual. By and through theſe it is, that duties which are eaſy to one are made difficult, or ſeemingly impoſſible, to another. It appears indeed ſo eaſy, but the leſs favoured tries and tries again, each time to end in failure. It ſeems as if he had only to will it, and the thing would be done. But it is not ſo eaſy to will what we deſire. Between the deſire and the act "lies the incapable organ of the will, which at beſt, perhaps, only wearily, and after long labour, imperfectly accompliſhes what is required of it. It may be true that we can act as we chooſe—but can we chooſe? 'I know what I ought to do, and would do it,' ſaid one of his inſane patients, in a lucid interval, to M. Eſquirol, 'but give me the power—the ability which is wanting—and you will have cured me.'"* How many men are there in the world who, if we could read their ſecret hearts, would reveal the ſame thought, and the ſame ſenſe of an inſuperable difficulty!

The true ſource of much of the inconſiſtency and ever-recurring contradictions between divine aſpirations and failing purpoſe—indicating

* Wigan "On Duality of Brain."

the inefficacy of devotional feeling though ſeconded by the ſtrongeſt dictates of conſcience, to make man's practice conform in all things to his faith and his moral convictions—muſt be ſought in the will itſelf. On whatever phyſical or ſpiritual condition the power and action of the will may depend, it is often weak or inadequate to the conſtant ſtrain which the lower deſires or the emotional nature put upon it; and then the human being drifts away; "his will a bondſman to the dark"—like a helmleſs bark on a ſtormy ſea—full on to the rocks and ſhoals the ſteerſman plainly ſees, but is powerleſs to avoid.

The concluſion to which theſe various reflections lead is not far to ſeek. Faith,—a right belief, genuine religious ſentiment, are all very precious aids to right conduct; without theſe indeed, no one may claim to be conſidered a Chriſtian, or lead a Chriſtian life, in which practice ſhall truly reflect, or at leaſt bear *ſome true relation* to the faith. But there are other appointed means to ſecure this end, without which, as to the final reſult, the moſt devout feelings are vain as the tinkling of cymbals before the Temple gates. Chriſtianity is not merely a ſet of dogmas, or any kind of doctrine, but a life to be lived in conformity with a principle of vital and tranſmuting power—a principle to be

made tangible and ſubſtantive in action, made incarnate and viſible to eyes of fleſh in daily acts, by which habits are ſlowly, but ſurely formed;—and ſo thoroughly grafted on the wild ſtem, that nothing but ſuch violence as rends limb from limb can ſeparate the two, or divide parts which are held together by vital bonds, and have grown to be parts of one whole. Then, indeed, acts conſonant with the faith adopted—acts which the conſcience dictates—the will may find power to perform. No oppoſing deſires can then avail to break through the triple line of defences, long continued diſcipline and unbroken habit have built up round the ſpirit, enthroned in ſtrength and conſcious ſecurity. The *habit* of command and ſelf-denial fails not under ſevereſt trial. Unqueſtioning, unheſitating, and habitual obedience, makes all things eaſy, even the moſt arduous and forbidding. But where theſe conditions are wanting, there is no ſecurity, and no true development of religion in the life and daily practice of any man;—no development, as a governing and vital principle, ſanctifying and guarding from injury every hour of labour or of pleaſure, is poſſible. The religious ſentiment may indeed be there without theſe; and the *deſire* to give it fitting embodiment in word and deed: but religion, in a true and practical ſenſe—a religion which

guards all the iſſues of life, and mingles with every thought and pulſe, making an integral part of theſe and of the proper buſineſs and daily labours of each ſucceeding year, there cannot be. The Religion which hallows all the moſt trivial as well as the greateſt efforts has no exiſtence where daily and hourly practice has not built up a rampart of habitual virtue, and obedience to the dictates of an enlightened and ſenſitive conſcience. Habits of ſelf-indulgence are utterly incompatible, for the whole fabric is built up by the ſpirit of ſacrifice, under the law which requires a life—not its idle moments, or its refuſe, but the whole life—as a willing and a loving offering laid on God's altar-ſteps. The greateſt empire in the world, the ſtrongeſt and the moſt deſpotic, is the empire of habit.

Archbiſhop Whateley, in his Bampton Lectures, makes the following excellent remarks, when ſpeaking of the uſe of human learning in matters of religion, and on the neceſſity of making our religion practical, if we would give any worth to the religious ſentiment.

"Another caution muſt be to apply practically to our own hearts, and exemplify in our conduct, whatever we learn, and whatever we teach reſpecting religion. We muſt never forget that the utmoſt proficiency in theological knowledge will be not only uſeleſs, but perni-

cious to the ſtudent who does not at the ſame time labour to become ſpiritually-minded, and to 'bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.' For he who is not careful thus to apply to himſelf perſonally, and reduce to practice, what he learns, will only become the more hopeleſſly irreligious, becauſe he will, through long familiarity, have hardened himſelf againſt religious impreſſions. To uſe the words of the acute and judicious Biſhop Butler, 'going over the theory of virtue in one's thoughts,—talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it, this is ſo far from neceſſarily or certainly conducing to the habit of it, in him who thus employs himſelf, that it may harden the mind in a contrary courſe, and form a habit of inſenſibility to all moral obligations. For from our very faculty of habits, paſſive impreſſions, by being repeated, grow weaker, and thoughts, by often paſſing through the mind, are felt leſs ſenſibly.' This fully accounts for any apparent inconſiſtency in thoſe who after having talked well all their lives on the theory of virtue, and 'preached to others,' themſelves become, in the words of the Apoſtle, but 'caſtaways.' Without the conſtant attendant effort, and ſome degree, at leaſt, of ſucceſs, to reduce our moral theories to practice, and to give the religious ſentiment its proper work to do, in daily life the tendency of

things is, as Butler remarks, by habit of paſſive thought to become more hopeleſſly irreligious in deed and action, and in the matter of religious precepts."

The will of man may be ſtrong to enable him to reſiſt all the ſolicitations and influence of deſire, if an originally firm nature has been ſtrengthened and ſuſtained, like an Athlete's frame, by long habit and ſevere training. What the mind conceives, or the moral ſenſe dictates, may be that which alone determines the act in ſuch a nature, fortified by habitual exerciſe; notwithſtanding the conſciouſneſs of ſtrong and imperious deſire for ſomething wholly incompatible. But it is far different with the ſelf-indulgent and the weak. With them the moſt paſſionate, earneſt, prayerful deſire, fails in its object, and does not control the acts—not ſo much becauſe the deſire is weak in compariſon to others of a contrary tendency, but becauſe the will is weak; has been too little exerciſed for the continued exertion of an effective controlling power, or been too completely under the dominion of ſome vicious habit. Such minds are weak either by acquired depravity or original infirmity. Moſt frequently imperfect training, deſuetude in early life, and the conſequent want of habits of ſelf-denial and command, in giving effect to the better ſuggeſtions of the ſpirit of

man, is the determining cauſe. For deſuetude, which we ſee in a muſcle leads to loſs of ſtrength —waſting and final deſtruction of muſcular power, is but a palpable manifeſtation of the ſame law by which development of the brain with the moral and intellectual faculties is regulated. There is the ſame evidence in the oppoſite direction. See with what eaſe and perfection the artizan, the muſician, the juggler, will, without conſcious effort, perform the moſt delicate and complicated movements of the fingers, acting under the combined influence of many mental proceſſes. Habit and long practice alone make this *poſſible;* but they do more, they render that which without ſuch aids is impoſſible, *eaſy*, and the performance free from fatigue or mental exhauſtion—there is no ſtrain, becauſe there is an abſence of conſcious effort. So it is with the will, and the power of controlling the lower deſires or any vicious impulſes. All men are not alike; and as in muſic, or mere mechanical employments, equal excellence cannot be attained by all; neither is it attainable in the higher regions of the will and moral control: but there is reaſon to conclude that to all born without leſion or defect of brain;—power is given to attain that degree which is eſſential for the labour of this life, and their preparation for another.

With this conviction we must rest satisfied. In regard to faith, however, and its true place in the Christian scheme, there seems to be much misapprehension of a very dangerous nature. The faith to which merit and efficacy is ascribed in the Scriptures is certainly a morally efficient cause, not only convincing the judgment, but sanctifying all the heart's affections: yet when it is described, as we often see it in theological works, in such terms as the following—we cannot help inquiring, who then shall be saved?

"If holiness be not discerned in a man, that lack of holiness is a proof that he has not yet faith—for by their fruits ye shall know them." This is the doctrine of the Church of England, as may be seen by reference to the Articles of Religion, 11, 12, 13. Again it is said, "Faith is that belief which necessarily leads to a course of action corresponding with the thing believed." Now if this be a true definition of faith, in the Apostolic sense, where is such faith to be found? Not on earth; otherwise, as has been already observed, humanity would have attained perfection. St. Paul and St. James dwelt respectively on the necessity of faith and of works as the essential conditions of salvation. To many it has seemed their views were contradictory; but a true Christian feels very certain

no ſuch contradiction can really exiſt between the inſpired writers, and that there muſt be a ſenſe in which the precepts conveyed by both, are ſtrictly conſonant and conſiſtent with each other. Luther ſeemed to have a much clearer view of the true relation between faith and works than many of his followers; but he has been both miſquoted and miſunderſtood in this particular. He evidently contended for the all-importance of faith as the firſt and eſſential condition of ſalvation, and for works in true relationſhip, but ſtill ſecondary. Was not this in effect St. Paul's view? Both the Apoſtle and his humble follower in the ſixteenth century had before them, probably, the knowledge and full conviction of the utter impoſſibility, in man's fallen ſtate, of that perfect correſpondence between faith and works which it is the *tendency* of that Divine power to induce; and therefore inſiſted firſt, and principally, upon the vital and tranſmutative principle;—knowing that where this was, the reſt muſt follow as naturally as effect to cauſe, though not in all with equal degree—not in any to perfection. It was, no doubt, in view of this latter condition, undeniable and invariable as it is, that Luther laid himſelf open to attack when he declared ſuch was the all-ſaving power of faith that even deepeſt crime could not avail to rob him who

poſſeſſed it of his ſalvation. It was in this recognition of a fact, which many devout people repudiate, namely,—that a want of conſiſtency between faith and works is poſſible (not only poſſible, but in various degrees univerſal), that he gave offence; and a ſeeming juſtification to the injurious inference that he deemed works no neceſſary part of the conditions of a Chriſtian's ſalvation. But the ſame reproach, on ſimilar grounds, has been addreſſed to St. Paul. It ſeems much more rational and juſt to conclude that Luther drew his conviction from a deep inſight into human nature and its inherent conſtitution—from a wide and comprehenſive view of the whole field of human experience. He ſaw reaſon to believe that there *was* faith in the world, and at the ſame time he ſaw that it did not, either in ſaints or martyrs, prevent imperfection in the fruit; and hence logically concluded, that the relationſhip, however true and neceſſary, between faith and works; could never during this life be without flaw, or ſome leaven of inconſiſtency. It had not ſaved David from crime—nor Peter from a denial of his Saviour, (though he gladly devoted a life to his ſervice ever after, and his body to the croſs;) and he inferred that neither were we entitled to look for more perfect fruit, or a never-failing perfection in humbler men; and ſtill leſs

to conclude, as too many are diſpoſed, that where this was not, no ſaving faith exiſted; and that deſpair ſhould mark the erring Chriſtian's ſteps.

Is this to frame an excuſe for error, or for crime? God forbid. To deal with faith and human nature in their blending, as the world's experience alone juſtifies, cannot be a ſin. It is not truth, but error, that is miſchievous; and to claim for faith, in its ſcriptural ſenſe, and as an operative cauſe, effects the world has never yet ſeen, is to take to our hearts a lie or a deluſion; which carries a fatal poiſon to the ſoul, whiſpering deſpair, not humble truſt and unceaſing effort to fallen man.

That our conduct is naturally influenced, whatever may be the degree, by our belief, is a propoſition few will be diſpoſed to diſpute; nor even the farther deduction from the recognized principles of human nature, that man is led irreſiſtibly to worſhip a ſuperior being, and, "by worſhipping, becomes aſſimilated to the moral character of the object which he worſhips." Both propoſitions are true in the abſtract, but eſſentially falſe if applied to human beings without reference to other and antagoniſtic circumſtances—to conditions which have the neceſſary effect of *limiting and modifying* their effect. The *tendency* is there; the tend-

ency to lead man "to abandon everything in himſelf, and in his courſe of life, which is condemned by the character and precepts of the God he worſhips, and to conform himſelf to that ſtandard which is approved by the ſame criterion." But this obviouſly conſtitutes only a very partial view of the whole. There are other and conflicting tendencies—deſires in direct antagoniſm—which muſt alſo be taken into account in the ſum of life, if we would arrive at any true and complete reſult. For inſtance, when it is ſaid by the ſame author,* in reference to the aſſimilating power of belief or worſhip, that "love for another always influences the will to act in ſuch a way as will pleaſe the object loved. So ſoon as the affections move towards an object the will is proportionably influenced to pleaſe and benefit the object." We feel that the aſſertion, without limitation or reſerve, is eſſentially untrue. Were it otherwiſe, the life of every family—every married couple—every earneſt Chriſtian—would be little better than a lie and a juggle. If it were true abſolutely, whence then come quarrels and feuds, where love the moſt earneſt and impaſſioned, has been too manifeſt and certain for doubt? How can one who loves ever utter complaint or re-

* "Philoſophy of the Plan of Salvation."

proach, in ſuch an hypotheſis—ſhow impatience or inflict injury, where the object of love is concerned? Is it ſaid ſuch things have never been? Speak then, countleſs millions of lovers—huſbands and wives, parents and children, friends in every relation of life, where love enters—who have felt its influence, recogniſed its obligations;—and yet have miſſed the happy reſult of perfect harmony! Speak, all ye generations of Chriſtians of every age and race—who have loved your God and prayed each night, "Forgive us our treſpaſſes," but who, deſpite of effort and prayerful endeavours, have each night, as it came round, reaſon to pray for that ſame forgiveneſs of treſpaſſes, on to the end of a long life! Speak of all ye millions, him who has been daily ſinleſs—Prophets and Apoſtles firſt! No, this is not true, elſe would ſuch a prayer as Chriſt taught his diſciples be a ſurpluſage to all who loved God. The prayer of Chriſt's followers muſt proceed from love and faith; for not only could it have no efficacy without theſe, but the act itſelf would be a mockery and an inſult to the Supreme Being, as either motiveleſs—or proceeding from ſuch inferior motives as are abhorrent to His nature. But if dictated by love, and proffered in faith, (the only conditions contemplated in the Saviour's injunction,) and the thing to be prayed

for is the *forgiveneſs of daily treſpaſſes*, then is the neceſſity for ſuch a prayer proof enough that love does not ſo "affimilate the worſhipper to the object worſhipped" that the will is ſovereignly acted upon in a way to enſure perfect conformity of life. No demonſtration can be more complete or unanſwerable;—and the inconſiſtency between faith and practice reſolves itſelf into a queſtion of degree only. Either there is no true love of God on earth, or that love does not practically inſure perfect conformity of life. Let theologians who inſiſt upon ſuch conformity as the inſeparable ſign of a genuine love and a ſaving faith—that freedom from treſpaſs and wrong, which one only in human form has ever yet diſplayed—chooſe between the two alternatives. As man and woman may love each other earneſtly and truly even to the death, and yet offend,—ſo may the erring and repentant Chriſtian ſtill invoke the Father's pardon as one who loves,—even while he errs. Perfect obedience, and ſuch love as caſteth out not only fear, but all taint or leaven of the "old Adam"—"defects of will, and taints of blood," which makes men dead to ſin and every evil impulſe—cannot be his lot until the grave has cloſed over theſe mortal bodies, and death ſets free the germs of a new life and regenerated being.

It is impoſſible to overſtate the importance of a right judgment on this ſubject, which is one of deepeſt intereſt to all men. Perhaps the ſtudy of our own hearts and our human relations to each other may go far to ſuggeſt a true ſolution—theſe ſame human relations being the pſychical reflection or type of the Divine,—both acting in harmony with the laws of Eternal Power. The antitype of theſe human relations is to be ſought in the ſphere of the ſpiritual, which is thus ſhadowed forth in tangible human form, to teach us thoſe higher things which eye hath not ſeen, or ear heard;—and make us apprehend, through the earthly mould, the Divine Original. What can be the *Sonſhip* of Chriſt—the filial bond with the Father, who is a Spirit without parts or ſubſtance? Obviouſly not that which conſtitutes the earthly relationſhip of father and ſon; but this latter is a ſymbol, or type, of that which is Divine,—and the neareſt approach our limited intellect can make, to the apprehenſion of the higher truth conveyed in the terms employed. The Scriptures again tell us that man himſelf has been made in God's image—this, in like manner, muſt evidently refer to ſome ſpiritual likeneſs—ſome participation of nature, that ſo we might better learn to love and know Him. It is in accordance with this ſcriptural view that our

apprehenſion of the nature and attributes of God is, by ſome fixed law, always in the proportion of our likeneſs or aſſimilation to Him in nature. "The pure of heart ſhall alone ſee God;" and it is through the purifying and ennobling influence of our affections that the heart is enlarged, made holy,—and a fitting veſſel for bleſſings and inſtruction to be poured into it. We feel that the love borne to us by others, human beings like ourſelves,—in its ſtrong faith and earneſt ſincerity,—is not only ſufficient to make amends for many errors in their conduct often diſtaſteful to us—things ſometimes repugnant to the ſtrongeſt inſtincts of our nature—but to make us *love them* in return. Strange myſtery of love! Is there not thus revealed to us, day by day in the experience of our own hearts, the potency of the ſpell attaching to it; home truths and familiar illuſtrations telling us in language too clear to be miſtaken, how ſurely we may truſt in its efficacy with a Heavenly Father! To thoſe who have loved much, much ſhall be forgiven, our Saviour has aſſured all mankind; and our own hearts give reſponſe that ſuch a law has already been written there. That love which begets in *us* patience for failings, and even love in return for the love of the faulty, reveals a myſtery, and ſolves the problem —how God may love the ſinful and accept the

imperfect offering; and how, in proportion to the *sincerity and depth of our love*, is His goodness, mercy, and love towards us. Love will not indeed make fallen man, either sinless or perfect. Human infirmity and error *will* mingle with our highest aspirations and our best sustained efforts —but the tendency of love is evermore to diminish these; while it wins acceptance for the imperfect, in lieu of that completed work and obedience which we cannot give, by reason of the corruption of our nature. Do not human beings the same by each other, impelled by the strong power of love? To those who love us not—law, strict justice: but to the loving another code is applied! Nay, the benefits we confer, and the sacrifices we make to serve or save others, become vital motives to more love and effort; new links to bind us more strongly to them. The love we have bestowed and the sacrifices made, often form the best claims to our continued affection in human relations. So hath it been graciously disposed that the heart of man, in which God's image was originally graven, though that image may have been well-nigh blotted out, shall still be the best interpreter of His Eternal Law and Divine Nature; revealing some of the higher mysteries of both, and of the government of the Universe. Not without adequate design has it been made known to

man—that to him alone on earth was the privilege beſtowed of being created in his Maker's image. Something of the ſame nature and affections, however immeaſurably inferior, muſt, as has been remarked above, have conſtituted this likeneſs to the Creator—the germs, it may be only, of characteriſtic qualities and ſpecific nature, deſtined in another ſtate of being to further development—to receive, like the Lapula, reſplendent wings, where now only the bare rudiments can be traced, beneath the covering of coarſer mould adapted to an inferior life, and the groſſer elements of a ſtagnant pond;—wings of angel and of ſpirit, and all glorious adaptations and developments for higher ends, but vaguely indicated in humanity, as the prophetic promiſe of a future deſtiny. The germ alone arrives at ſuch maturity here, as may ſuffice to ſhow that all the rudimentary members and parts of a more glorious being *exiſt*, for higher life and for wider development hereafter, under other and more favourable conditions. Amore limited and gradually progreſſive development is alone provided for here—to the end that this ſame human nature may approach nearer and yet nearer to the Divine Archetype.

Taking this ſcriptural view for our guidance, it will at once be ſeen how all the relations of life, between man and his kind, are ſpecially

adapted;—not only to develop in us the rudimental elements of a future being, but to fulfil the ſcarcely leſs important office of teaching us our relations to God, and thoſe he maintains towards us—a revelation of ſpiritual affinities and analogies—the way and the life, wherein love is the "firſt beſt cauſe" of all, ſupplying the myſtic links of connection between matter and ſpirit—between God and man. From the ſocial and blood relations of mankind, and from the works of nature,—all Chriſt's moſt touching parables are derived. By and through theſe from the beginning, the Prophets, and in the cloſe of the revelation,—the Saviour himſelf ſought to enable the human race to realize the myſteries of their being, and of the relationſhip maintained between them and their God;—whence flow as from a fountain-ſource, all their duties in this life,—all their hopes of another and a better ſtate of exiſtence.

If we glance through theſe ſymbolic teachings with the Scriptures for our guide, we ſhall ſee the parental and the filial ſtand firſt in order of myſtery and importance; God is revealed as our Creator and Father—the race of man as His children: and wonderfully do theſe relations of parent and child on earth ſeem adapted to teach by example and the daily experience of life, by what each from the other reſpectively

feels, deſires, expects or demands in that relation-ſhip—the myſtery of the ſpiritual. If, indeed, our relationſhip to God is that of child to parent, how could we ſo well learn what we may reaſonably hope from Him; and what we ought and muſt render to Him in return; or what our feelings and relations to Him through life ſhould be, if we would enter into our inheritance as ſons of God? He is juſtified of men by the teaching of ſocial relations; and, as the Father Almighty, He is ever repreſented as enforcing our duties, preciſely in the way the beſt of human parents who loved his child would naturally and ſurely adopt:—by advice and inſtruction, by entreaty and motives of love and devotion;—by fear for the froward, and chaſtiſement for the perverſe:—with juſtice and with wiſdom, but with untiring goodneſs and patience alſo.

What does the father rightly expect of his child, and what does the child render unto the father with gladneſs and affection? Is it not abſolute and loving obedience; faith in his truth, truſt in his goodneſs and care, ſervice unwearied, reſpect and devotion in all his thoughts? This does God require of us as His children. We do not think it too much for a good and noble father here on earth—one who has a princely inheritance to beſtow on the child worthy of his love; do we deem leſs can be accepted by

our God who created us, and has preſerved us from our cradle upward;—who ſhowers daily bleſſings upon our heads, and a thouſand mercies,—and would fain reſerve for us a crown of imperiſhable glory in a kingdom without end?

Without purſuing the ſymbolic teaching further into all the relations of life, we ſee enough to learn, with chaſtened heart and humble ſpirit, that the perfect ſervice of the Law and Love combined, none may render—but the loving heart, the willing deſire, the loyal effort, the untiring thought and ſpirit of devotion and reverence,—theſe indeed are indiſpenſable; and theſe come all from Love. What earthly father, or huſband, or ſovereign, will be content with leſs; or hold child, or wife, or ſubject true, and worthy of love in return, who has leſs to offer? To our own hearts we are referred for judgment. True motive and unheſitating effort, we know, is the leaſt we require from child or ſervant. For involuntary failure, unwilling or unconſcious offence,—all which infirmity, not predetermined will, is reſponſible for—there is in love large ſtore of grace and power to forgive,—to the extent of the erring one's incapacity to conform, under trying conditions, to all which duty demands. We have ſeen that the power to ſhape our volitions according to the dictates of conſcience is not abſolute. It has

been obſerved very truly that, "by the very conſtitution of human nature, a vehement contrariety exiſts between the principles of the higher and the lower life, which is never abſolutely reconciled, and preſſes always as an annoyance and a burden upon the high-wrought ſenſibilities of ſerious meditative minds." The teſtimony of Foſter, a true and earneſt minded preacher of the Goſpel, is emphatic and concluſive on the point. "I know," he ſays, "I know from experience, that habit can, in direct oppoſition to every conviction of the mind, and but little aided by the elements of temptation, ſuch as preſent pleaſure, &c., induce a repetition of the moſt unworthy actions. The mind is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle reſtored can become as firm as one that has never been moved. It is as in the caſe of a mound of a reſervoir, if in one place broken, whatever care has been taken to make the repaired part as ſtrong as poſſible, the probability is that if it give way again it will be in that place." And this alſo is true, that "our ordinary conduct is determined much more by the general tone of our feelings, (that is, our habitual feelings,) than by the direct force of precepts and prohibition. The heart is in a perilous ſtate when the vulgar ſolicitations of appetite, intereſt, or pride, are encountered and oppoſed

only by the ultimate or ſtrongeſt motives that may be applicable to the occaſion."* Without habits of ſelf-denial and control there is, indeed, no ſecurity; and with the curſe of evil habits once contracted, whatever love of God may ſurvive or take root in the heart, the victim might well deſpair and exclaim, "who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?" did we not believe that to ſuch love and prayerful effort Divine aid is vouchſafed—ſo terrible is the power of habit over the living organization and the ſpirit of man, as he is conſtituted. "There are hundreds of thouſands of human beings," wrote a phyſician † at the cloſe of a long life ſpent in daily practice and obſervation, "who paſs their whole exiſtence in the inceſſant ſtruggle between two volitions, making the moſt heroic efforts to overcome their tendency to evil and to error." Dr. Wigan dwells on the fact that there are two brains in every human head, the exact counterparts of each other, (as are the two eyes, ears, and many other organs in the human body, each capable of exerciſing ſingly all the functions, habitually performed by both)—that one of theſe brains or hemiſpheres may be in an enfeebled or diſeaſed ſtate, requiring inceſſant control and watchfulneſs,—the conſtant neceſſity for which ſometimes

* "Saturday Evening," by Iſaac Taylor.

† Dr. Wigan, "On the Duality of the Brain."

exhauſts the controlling power of the other. It is not needful here to enter into this phyſiological queſtion. The fact of two contending volitions or deſires is all that is inſiſted upon, as placed beyond diſpute by univerſal experience; and the bearing which this fact has upon the character and conduct, as proving the poſſibility of contrary and utterly diſaccordant paſſions, deſires, and volitions coexiſting in the ſame mind. If this be true, it follows that a fervent and ſincere love of God, with a high development of the religious ſentiment and very devout feeling, may be compatible with the ſaddeſt inconſiſtencies in conduct and practice! What may be the effect on ſalvation who may venture to predict? God alone can diſtinguiſh what is the ſum of true thought, and love effort, buried beneath theſe conflicting evidences. We cannot know, but only gueſs in part, the proportion between the temptations and the reſiſtance offered, the true balance of the affections,—or of good and evil, in theſe dire conflicts which engage the ſoul. What in every period has been the true ſtate of the heart, He who reads its ſecrets alone can determine; and on this,—not on the outward acts, muſt a future deſtiny mainly depend. To men, ſo prone to judge, it may well be ſaid—

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But never what's reſiſted."

Thoſe who retain their virtue more from the

abſence of temptation or urgent inducements to evil, guarded by outward conditions or phlegmatic nature; may rank lower in the judgment-day than the deeply-ſtained penitent who never relinquiſhed hope or effort for victory under the moſt untoward circumſtances, or moſt grievous failures. Ruſkin has glanced at this with his uſual felicity of diſcrimination, when he remarks that* "it would be well if moraliſts leſs frequently confuſed the greatneſs of ſin with its unpardonableneſs. The two characters are altogether diſtinct. The greatneſs of a fault depends partly on the nature of the perſon againſt whom it is committed, partly upon the extent of its conſequences. Its pardonableneſs depends, humanly ſpeaking, on the degree of temptation to it." And he proceeds to ſhow that ſuch is the meaſure uſually taken—"men eſteeming thoſe faults the worſt which are committed under leaſt temptation."

God in His wiſdom has ſhed a Divine influence on all human affections and relations, (when theſe are true, not falſe or counterfeit);—and ſanctified the lowlieſt of their forms. The tenderneſs we feel for the ſufferings of dumb animals committed to our charge,—and grateful regard for the examples they furniſh of ſublime devotion and undying affection, is an intuitive

* "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

recognition of the Divine element. Love, we ſee daily, not only prompts to the devotion of all our faculties to others; but makes ſervice grateful to him who ſeeks to render it, and acceptable to the recipient. Service is indeed only irkſome or hateful where there is no love to ſanctify it—and that ſervice nor God nor man accepts! Love forms its judgments on the *heart's inclination*, the *motive*, and the *will*. The moſt imperfect ſervice, if the beſt in the power of the ſervant, is yet accepted:—but where the true love is wanting, even more perfect ſervice is ſternly rejected as worthleſs or diſtaſteful. So reads the Law—and its counterpart in the human heart, written by the ſame Divine hand.

When the erring Chriſtian, ſore-beſtraught with conſcious imperfection, and ever-recurring offence, droops under his burden—when the heart is oppreſſed with wearineſs, and doubt whether love and ſin may hold diſputed ſway in the ſame breaſt,—and ſtretching "lame hands of faith" ſtill "faintly truſts the larger hope"—it is in this direction hope firſt cometh. Perfect ſingleneſs—obedience that has no imperfection—is not the Goſpel doctrine; but conformity to the utmoſt limit of our capacity, with perfect love and faith for the ſanctifying principle. It has been obviouſly intended that our material organization ſhould have, and con-

tinually exerciſe, a ſtrong, and more or leſs deciſive action and controlling power. Love's proper work in man is, to guard his motives, and to mould the temper and habit of his mind. To eſtabliſh a perpetual guard over the ſtronghold of faith; and create a never-failing tendency, and a habit of ſtriving after the right and the true. So love is made to bridge over the chaſm—wide and deep though it be—between God's perfection and man's ſinfulneſs. It forms the link between a ſaving faith and imperfect works, reconciling juſtice with mercy. He who is ready to lay down his fortune or life for another, is held to love truly and earneſtly, even though he may have often done acts little in accordance with entire devotion; and more or leſs offenſive and diſtaſteful to the object of his affection. We who cannot read the heart do not the leſs accept the ſacrifice as the proof, deſpite all ſeeming contradictions and faults of which we may very juſtly have complained. The two things we know and feel are not incompatible, however inconſiſtent they may ſeem. There is a deeper receſs in the human heart, and a higher law in tranſcendant regions than we yet have reached. In moments of great trial, demanding ſupreme acts of reſolution or ſacrifice, we find the power of ſpiritualizing our being, ſubliming all its groſſer parts, ſeparating what is pure from the

baſer reſidue, and breaking all the fetters of habit and infirmity, for the one act which ſhall vindicate our true deſcent, and eſtabliſh our birthright. But we cannot always do this (not perfectly and with unvarying ſucceſs) in the abſence of the powerful motives which may once have ſupplied the ſtimulus needful to nerve the will, and give it, for a brief interval, an abſolute and ſovereign power over all inferior or contending deſires. And failing this, we ſometimes fall back into a woeful train of infirm purpoſes. Backed by long confirmed habits, the baſer inſtincts and deſires ſurround us with ſnares and pitfalls, into which many ſlip, when not thus rouſed to heroic action. In theſe circumſtances, the exiſtence of a ſtrong and abiding love for the Creator can alone eſtabliſh a ground for pardon and love in return, deſpite our imperfections. And if true, earneſt, faithful love be there, God will ſeal the ſuffering mortality to Himſelf; and when death rends the veil of mortality, earth-ſtained and ſoiled though it be, He who is mighty to ſave will waſh the ſins away—thoſe ſtains which concealed the purer ſpirit beneath, yet living and ſuſtaining to the end the battle for the right and the true.

One thing there is, however, wholly incompatible with true faith or love for God, and that is the conſcious, deliberate intention to

continue in any acknowledged ſin or evil courſe manifeſtly inconſiſtent with theſe. Where the love of God exiſts there muſt be a tendency to aſſimilation. There muſt be a *conſtant effort and deſire*—for this lies at the very heart of all living faith. The queſtion which will probably determine our final deſtiny, will it not be this,—"Is thy heart right towards me?" If to our God the anſwer can be, Yes, in all ſincerity, then may we conclude—but then only—that the outward acts will become wholly ſubordinate—not perhaps without any influence on the final judgment, but ſtill comparatively unimportant.

If then we turn to the original problem—What is the influence of devotional feeling, and the religious ſentiment on conduct?—we ſee that neither the one nor the other is any guarantee for purity of life or good works. So far as mere feeling or ſentiment is concerned, theſe may be found combined with great turpitude. Sir John Dean Paul may have had a great deal of both; ſuggeſting daily prayer, and a diamond edition of the Scriptures to be ever about his perſon,* but putting no veto on the

* It was ſtated in the public papers that, on his firſt committal to Newgate, one of the officials offered him a Bible, which he declined, ſaying he always carried a

groſſeſt frauds perpetrated during a ſucceſſion of years. Like any other kind of ſentimentality, it not only is uſeleſs for any practical good, but its tendency is miſchievous, as accuſtoming the mind to barren impreſſions and emotions which lead to nothing—and not unfrequently perhaps they ſerve to delude the weak-minded into a belief that theſe religious ſentiments and emotions may do duty for a true and working religion built on faith and active love. Even theſe, it has been ſhown, which do conſtitute religion, are no ſecurity againſt many and ſad inconſiſtencies in conduct; but where ſuch faith and love of God exiſt, there muſt be a conſtant tendency towards aſſimilation to the Divine

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diamond edition about with him, and hoped he was the better for it. Was he the ƀetter? His devotional feeling, aſſuming it to be real, had not ſaved him from crime and a long courſe of wrong doing—his practice had been ſadly inconſiſtent with any right belief—yet his conſcience may have ſpoken the while, and kept alive a ſtruggle, however inadequate, to amend his life:—and if ſo, who ſhall venture to ſay this outward cloak of piety was mere hypocriſy; or that, low as he had fallen, he was not "the better for it?" The ready expreſſion of the Religious Sentiment is, perhaps, the moſt painful feature; for in the circumſtances in which he ſtood, it would ſurely have been more natural, that he ſhould have ſhrunk from any diſplay calculated to bring into contempt the Chriſtianity he profeſſed, and which he had ſo fatally belied.

nature; and ever renewed effort to attain this end of life. Religion thus underſtood, muſt ever be practical—a living and a working principle; fruitful, therefore, in various degrees and ways, but never barren, or a mere idle ſentiment which exhales itſelf in religious exerciſes, or in pious ejaculations—and dreams never to be realized. It has been well ſaid that the higheſt life which we can have is contained in the practical life; and there is aſſuredly no true religion which is not practical, and made manifeſt in works and in action.

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